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THREE THOUSAND YEARS.

BY THE

AUTHORS AND ORATORS OF ALL COUNTRIES.

HENRY COPPÉE, LL.D.,
EDITOR.

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA:
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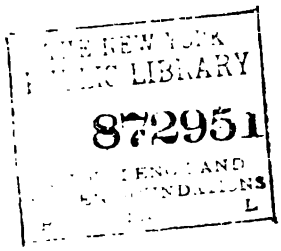

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MAJOR ANDRÉ AND BENEDICT ARNOLD.

A Letter from Hamilton to Laurens.

INCE my return from Hartford, my dear Laurens, my mind has been too little at ease to permit me to write to you sooner. It has been wholly occupied by the affecting and tragic consequences of Arnold's treason. My feelings were never put to so severe a trial. You will no doubt have heard the principal facts before this reaches you, but there are particulars to which my situation gave me access that cannot have come to your knowledge from public report, which I am persuaded you will find interesting.

From several circumstances, the project seems to have originated with Arnold himself, and to have been long premeditated. The first overture is traced back to some time in June last. It was conveyed in a letter to Colonel Robinson, the substance of which was that the ingratitude he had experienced from his country, concurring with other causes, had entirely changed his principles; that he now only sought to restore himself to the favor of his king by some signal proof of his repentance, and would be happy to open a correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton for that purpose. About this period he made a journey to Connecticut, on his return to which from Philadelphia he solicited the command of West Point, alleging that the effects of his wound had disqualified him for the active duties of the field. The sacrifice of this important post was the atonement he intended to make. General Washington hesitated the less to gratify an officer who had rendered such eminent services, as he was convinced the post might be safely entrusted to one who had given so many distinguished proofs of his bravery. In the beginning of August he joined the army and renewed his application. The enemy at this juncture had embarked the greatest part of their force on an expedition to Rhode Island, and our army was in motion to compel them to relinquish the enterprise or to attack New York in its weakened state. The general offered Arnold the left wing of the army, which he declined, on the pretext already mentioned, but not without visible embarrassment. He certainly might have executed the duties of such a temporary command, and it was expected, from his enterprising temper, that he would gladly have embraced so splendid an opportunity. But he did not choose to be diverted a moment from his favorite object, probably from an apprehension that some different disposition might have taken place which would have excluded him. The extreme solicitude he discovered to get possession of the post would have led to a suspicion of the treachery had it been possible, from his past conduct, to have supposed him capable of it.

The correspondence thus begun was carried on between Arnold and Major André, adjutant-general to the British army, in behalf of

Sir Henry Clinton, under feigned signatures and in a mercantile disguise. In an intercepted letter of Arnold which lately fell into our hands he proposes an interview "to settle the risks and profits of the copartnership," and in the same style of metaphor intimates an expected augmentation of the garrison and speaks of it as the means of extending their traffic. It appears by another letter that André was to have met him on the lines, under the sanction of a flag, in the character of Mr. John Anderson. But some cause or other not known prevented this interview.

The twentieth of last month Robinson and André went up the river in the Vulture sloop-of-war. Robinson sent a flag to Arnold with two letters, one to General Putnam, enclosed in another to himself, proposing an interview with Putnam, or, in his absence, with Arnold, to adjust some private concerns. The one to General Putnam was evidently meant as a cover to the other, in case, by accident, the letters should have fallen under the inspection of a third person.

General Washington crossed the river on his way to Hartford the day these despatches arrived. Arnold, conceiving he must have heard of the flag, thought it necessary, for the sake of appearances, to submit the letters to him and ask his opinion of the propriety of complying with the request. The general, with his usual caution, though without the least surmise of the design, dissuaded him from it, and advised him to reply to Robinson that whatever related to his private affairs must be of a civil nature and could only properly be addressed to the civil authority. This reference fortunately deranged the plan, and was the first link in the chain of events that led to the detection. The interview could no longer take place in the form of a flag, but was obliged to be managed in a secret manner.

Arnold employed one Smith to go on board the Vulture the night of the twenty-second to bring André on shore with a pass for Mr. John Anderson. André came ashore accordingly, and was conducted within a picket of ours to the house of Smith, where Arnold and he remained together in close conference all that night and the day following. At daylight in the morning the commanding officer at King's Ferry, without the privity of Arnold, moved a couple of pieces of cannon to a point opposite to where the Vulture lay, and obliged her to take a more remote station. This event or some lurking distrust made the boatmen refuse to convey the two passengers back, and disconcerted Arnold so much that by one of those strokes of infatuation which often confound the schemes of men conscious of guilt he insisted on André's exchanging his uniform for a disguise, and returning in a mode different from that in which he came.

André, who had been undesignedly brought within our posts in the first instance, remonstrated warmly against this new and dangerous expedient. But, Arnold persisting in declaring it impossible for him to return as he came, he at length reluctantly yielded to his direction, and consented to change his dress and take the route he recommended. Smith furnished the disguise, and in the evening passed King's Ferry with him and proceeded to Crompond, where they stopped the remainder of the night (at the instance of a militia officer) to avoid being suspected by him. The next morning they resumed their journey, Smith accompanying André a little beyond Pine's Bridge, where he left

him. He had reached Tarrytown, when he was taken up by three militiamen, who rushed out of the woods and seized his horse. At this critical moment his presence of mind forsook him. Instead of producing his pass, which would have extricated him from our parties and could have done him no harm with his own, he asked the militiamen if they were of the upper or lower party—distinctive appellations known among the refugee corps. The militiamen replied they were of the lower party; upon which, he told them he was a British officer and pressed them not to detain him, as he was upon urgent business. This confession removed all doubt, and it was in vain he afterward produced his pass. He was instantly forced off to a place of greater security, where, after a careful search, there were found concealed in the feet of his stockings several papers of importance delivered to him by Arnold. Among these there were a plan of the fortifications of West Point, a memorial from the engineer on the attack and defence of the place, returns of the garrison, cannon and stores, copy of the minutes of a council of war held by General Washington a few weeks before. The prisoner at first was inadvertently ordered to Arnold; but on recollection, while still on the way, he was countermanded and sent to Old Salem. The papers were enclosed in a letter to General Washington, which, having taken a route different from that by which he returned, made a circuit that afforded leisure for another letter, through an ill-judged delicacy written to Arnold, with information of Anderson's capture, to get to him an hour before General Washington arrived at his quarters—time enough to elude the fate that awaited him. He went down the river in his barge to the Vulture with such precipitate confusion that he did not take with him a single paper useful to the enemy. On the first notice of the affair he was pursued, but much too late to be overtaken.

There was some color for imagining it was a part of the plan to betray the general into the hands of the enemy: Arnold was very anxious to ascertain from him the precise day of his return, and the enemy's movements seem to have corresponded to this point. But if it was really the case, it was very injudicious. The success must have depended on surprise, and, as the officers at the advanced posts were not in the secret, their measures might have given the alarm, and General Washington, taking the command of the post, might have rendered the whole scheme abortive. Arnold, it is true, had so dispersed the garrison as to have made a defence difficult, but not impracticable; and the acquisition of West Point was of such magnitude to the enemy that it would have been unwise to connect it with any other object, however great, which might make the obtaining of it precarious.

Arnold, a moment before his setting out, went into Mrs. Arnold's apartment and informed her that some transactions had just come to light which must for ever banish him from his country. She fell into a swoon at this declaration, and he left her in it, to consult his own safety, till the servants, alarmed by her cries, came to her relief. She remained frantic all day, accusing every one who approached her with an intention to murder her child (an infant in her arms), and exhibiting every other mark of the most gen-

uine and agonizing distress. Exhausted by the fatigue and tumult of her spirits, her frenzy subsided toward evening, and she sunk into all the sadness of affliction. It was impossible not to have been touched with her situation; everything affecting in female tears or in the misfortunes of beauty, everything pathetic in the wounded tenderness of a wife or in the apprehensive fondness of a mother, and till I have reason to change the opinion I will add everything amiable in suffering innocence, conspired to make her an object of sympathy to all who were present. She experienced the most delicate attentions and every friendly office till her departure for Philadelphia.

André was without loss of time conducted to the headquarters of the army, where he was immediately brought before a board of general officers to prevent all possibility of misrepresentation or cavil on the part of the enemy. The board reported that he ought to be considered as a spy, and, according to the laws and usages of nations, to suffer death, which was executed two days after.

Never, perhaps, did any man suffer death with more justice or deserve it less. The first step he took after his capture was to write a letter to General Washington conceived in terms of dignity without insolence and apology without meanness. The scope of it was to vindicate himself from the imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous or interested purposes, asserting that he had been involuntarily an impostor; that, contrary to his intention—which was to meet a person for intelligence on neutral ground—he had been betrayed within our posts and forced into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise, soliciting only that, to whatever rigor policy might devote him, a decency of treatment might be observed due to a person who, though unfortunate, had been guilty of nothing dishonorable. His request was granted in its full extent, for in the whole progress of the affair he was treated with the most scrupulous delicacy. When brought before the board of officers, he met with every mark of indulgence and was required to answer no interrogatory which would even embarrass his feelings. On his part, while he carefully concealed everything that might implicate others, he frankly confessed all the facts relating to himself, and upon his confession, without the trouble of examining a witness, the board made their report. The members were not more impressed with the candor and firmness mixed with a becoming sensibility which he displayed than he was penetrated with their liberality and politeness. He acknowledged the generosity of the behavior toward him in every respect, but particularly in this, in the strongest terms of manly gratitude. In a conversation with a gentleman who visited him after his trial he said he flattered himself he had never been illiberal; but if there were any remains of prejudice in his mind, his present experience must obliterate them.

In one of the visits I made to him—and I saw him several times during his confinement—he begged me to be the bearer of a request to the general for permission to send an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton.

"I foresee my fate," said he; "and, though I pretend not to play the hero or to be indifferent about life, yet I am reconciled to whatever may happen, conscious that misfortune, not guilt, has brought it upon me. There is

only one thing that disturbs my tranquillity. Sir Henry Clinton has been good to me; he has been lavish of his kindness. I am bound to him by too many obligations and love him too well to bear the thought that he should reproach himself, or others should reproach him, on the supposition of my having conceived myself obliged by his instructions to run the risk I did. I would not for the world leave a sting in his mind that should embitter his future days." He could scarce finish the sentence, bursting into tears in spite of his efforts to suppress them, and with difficulty collecting himself enough afterward to add, "I wish to be permitted to assure him I did not act under this impression, but submitted to a necessity imposed upon me as contrary to my own inclinations as to his orders." His request was readily complied with, and he wrote the letter annexed, with which I dare say you will be as much pleased as I am, both for the sentiment and diction.

When his sentence was announced to him, he remarked that, since it was his lot to die, there was still a choice in the mode which would make a material difference to his feelings, and he would be happy, if possible, to be indulged with a professional death. He made a second application, by letter, in concise but persuasive terms. It was thought that this indulgence, being incompatible with the customs of war, could not be granted, and it was, therefore, determined, in both cases, to evade an answer to spare him the sensations which a certain knowledge of the intended mode would inflict.

In going to the place of execution he bowed familiarly as he went along to all those with whom he had been acquainted in his confinement. A smile of complacency expressed the serene fortitude of his mind. Arrived at the fatal spot, he asked, with some emotion, "Must I, then, die in this manner?" He was told it had been unavoidable. "I am reconciled to my fate," said he, "but not to the mode." Soon, however, recollecting himself, he added, "It will be but a momentary pang," and, springing upon the cart, performed the last offices to himself with a composure that excited the admiration and melted the hearts of the beholders. Upon being told the final moment was at hand and asked if he had anything to say, he answered, "Nothing but to request you will witness to the world that I die like a brave man." Among the extraordinary circumstances that attended him, in the midst of his enemies he died universally regretted and universally esteemed.

There was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of André. To an excellent understanding well improved by education and travel he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners and the advantage of a pleasing person. It is said he possessed a pretty taste for the fine arts and had himself attained some proficiency in poetry, music and painting. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence that rarely accompanies so many talents and accomplishments, which left you to suppose more than appeared. His sentiments were elevated and inspired esteem; they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome; his address, easy, polite and insinuating. By his merit he had acquired the unlimited confidence of his general and was making a rapid progress in military rank and reputation. But in the height of his career, flushed with new hopes from

the execution of a project the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he was at once precipitated from the summit of prosperity and saw all the expectations of his ambition blasted and himself ruined.

The character I have given of him is drawn partly from what I saw of him myself, and partly from information. I am aware that a man of real merit is never seen in so favorable a light as through the medium of adversity. The clouds that surround him are shades that set off his good qualities. Misfortune cuts down the little vanities that in prosperous times serve as so many spots in his virtues, and gives a tone of humility that makes his worth more amiable. His spectators who enjoy a happier lot are less prone to detract from it through envy, and are more disposed by compassion to give him the credit he deserves, and perhaps even to magnify it.

I speak not of André's conduct in this affair as a philosopher, but as a man of the world. The authorized maxims and practices of war are the satires of human nature. They countenance almost every species of seduction, as well as violence; and the general who can make most traitors in the army of his adversary is frequently most applauded. On this scale we acquit André, while we would not but condemn him if we were to examine his conduct by the sober rules of philosophy and moral rectitude. It is, however, a blemish on his fame that he once intended to prostitute a flag: about this a man of nice honor ought to have had a scruple; but the temptation was great. Let his misfortunes cast a veil over his error.

Several letters from Sir Henry Clinton and others were received in the course of the affair, feebly attempting to prove that André came out under the protection of a flag, with a passport from a general officer in actual service, and consequently could not be justly detained. Clinton sent a deputation composed of Lieutenant-General Robinson, Mr. Elliot and Mr. William Smith to represent, as he said, the true state of Major André's case. General Greene met Robinson and had a conversation with him, in which he reiterated the pretence of a flag, urged André's release as a personal favor to Sir Henry Clinton and offered any friend of ours in their power in exchange. Nothing could have been more frivolous than the plea which was used. The fact was that, besides the time, manner, object of the interview, change of dress, and other circumstances, there was not a single formality customary with flags, and the passport was not to Major André, but to Mr. Anderson. But had there been, on the contrary, all the formalities, it would be an abuse of language to say that the sanction of a flag for corrupting an officer to betray his trust ought to be respected. So unjustifiable a purpose would not only destroy its validity, but make it an aggravation. André himself has answered the argument by ridiculing and exploding the idea in his examination before the board of officers. It was a weakness to urge it. There was, in truth, no way of saving him. Arnold or he must have been the victim; the former was out of our power.

It was by some suspected Arnold had taken his measures in such a manner that if the interview had been discovered in the act, it might have been in his power to sacrifice André to his own security. This surmise of double treachery made them imagine Clinton would be induced to give up Arnold for André, and a gentleman took occasion to sug-

gest the expedient to the latter as a thing that might be proposed by him. He declined it. The moment he had been capable of so much frailty I should have ceased to esteem him.

The infamy of Arnold's conduct previous to his desertion is only equalled by his baseness since. Besides the folly of writing to Sir Henry Clinton that André had acted under a passport from him and according to his directions while commanding officer at a post, and that therefore he did not doubt he would be immediately sent in, he had the effrontery to write to General Washington in the same spirit, with the addition of a menace of retaliation if the sentence should be carried into execution. He has since acted the farce of sending in his resignation. This man is in every sense despicable. In addition to the scene of knavery and prostitution during his command in Philadelphia which the late seizure of his papers has unfolded, the history of his command at West Point is a history of little as well as great villanies. He practised every art of peculation, and even stooped to connection with the sutlers of the garrison to defraud the public.

To his conduct that of the captors of André formed a striking contrast. He tempted them with the offer of his watch, his horse and any sum of money they should name. They rejected his offers with indignation, and the gold that could seduce a man high in the esteem and confidence of his country, who had the remembrance of past exploits, the motives of present reputation and future glory, to prop his integrity, had no charms for three simple peasants leaning only on their virtue and an honest sense of their duty. While Arnold is handed down with execration to future times, posterity will repeat with reverence the names of Van Wart, Paulding and Williams.

I congratulate my friend on our happy escape from the mischiefs with which this treason was big. It is a new comment on the value of an honest man, and, if it were possible, would endear you to me more than ever. Adieu.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

THE BAGPIPE AND ITS MUSIC.

FROM QUEEN VICTORIA'S "LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS."

THE music of the Highlands is the pibroch of the great war-pipe, with its fluttering pennons, fingered by a genuine Celt in full Highland dress as he slowly paces a baronial hall or amidst the wild scenery of his native mountains. The bagpipe is the instrument best adapted for summoning the clans from the far-off glens to rally round the standard of their chiefs, or for leading a Highland regiment to the attack amidst the roar of battle. The pibroch is also constructed to express a welcome to the chief on his return to his clan, and to wail out a lament for him as he is borne by his people to the old burial-place in the glen or in the sainted Isle of Graves. To those who understand its carefully-composed music there is a pathos and depth of feeling suggested by it which a Highlander alone can fully sympathize with, associated by him, as it always is, with the most touching memories of his home and country, recalling the faces and forms of the departed, spreading forth before his inward eye panoramas of mountain, loch and glen, and reviving impressions of his early and happiest years. And thus, if it excites the

stranger to laughter, it excites the Highlander to tears as no other music can do, in spite of the most refined culture of his after-life. It is thus, too, that what appears to be only a tedious and unmeaning monotony in the music of the genuine pibroch is not so to one under the magic influence of Highland associations. There is, indeed, in every pibroch a certain monotony of sorrow. It pervades even the "welcome," as if the young chief who arrives recalls the memory of the old chief who has departed. In the "lament" we naturally expect this sadness, but even in the "summons to battle," with all its fire and energy, it cannot conceal what it seems already to anticipate—sorrow for the slain. In the very reduplication of its hurried notes and in the repetition of its one idea there are expressions of vehement passion and of grief—"the joy of grief," as Ossian terms it, which loves to brood upon its own loss, and ever repeats the one desolate thought which fills the heart, and which in the end again breaks forth into the long and loud agonizing cry with which it began. All this will no doubt seem both meaningless and extravagant to many, but it is nevertheless a deliberately expressed conviction.

The characteristic poetry of the Highlands is Ossian, its music the pibroch; and these two voices embody the spirit and sing the praises of "Tir na'm Beann, na'n Gleann's na Gaisgeach" ("the land of the mountains, the glens and the heroes").

NORMAN MACLEOD.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

AND be not thou cast down because thy lot
The glory of thy dream resembleth not.
Not for herself was woman first create,
Nor yet to be man's idol, but his mate.
Still from his birth his cradled bed she tends—
The first, the last, the faithfullest, of friends;
Still finds her place in sickness or in woe,
Humble to comfort, strong to undergo;
Still in the depth of weeping sorrow tries
To watch his deathbed with her patient eyes.
And doubt not thou—although at times deceived,
Outraged, insulted, slandered, crushed and grieved;
Too often made a victim or a toy,
With years of sorrow for an hour of joy;
Too oft forgot 'midst Pleasure's circling wiles,
Or only valued for her rosy smiles—
That in the frank and generous heart of man
The place she holds accords with Heaven's high plan.
Still, if from wandering sin reclaimed at all,
He sees in her the angel of recall;
Still, in the sad and serious hours of life,
Turns to the sister, mother, friend or wife;
Views with a heart of fond and trustful pride
His faithful partner by his calm fireside;
And oft, when barred of Fortune's fickle grace,
Blank ruin stares him darkly in the face,
Leans his faint head upon her kindly breast,
And owns her power to soothe him into rest—
Owns what the gift of woman's love is worth
To cheer his toils and trials upon earth.
Sure it is much, this delegated power
To be consoler of man's heaviest hour,
The guardian angel of a life of care,
Allowed to stand 'twixt him and his despair.
Such service may be made a holy task,
And more 'twere vain to hope and rash to ask.

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

JUST GOING OUT.

GOING out is sometimes a matter of exceeding difficulty; the phrase should rather be "getting out."

Morning is the time for the trial to which we allude. You have an appointment of very considerable importance, and it *must* be kept, or you have made up your mind, moved by the seductive serenity of the day, to take an easy stroll and clear off an arrear of pleasant calls; you *must* go. The sunny lookout is exhilarating after a week's wind and rain, which has held you prisoner in your chambers without so much as wafting or washing a single visitor to your door. You are tired of the house, and long for the fresh, calm air like a schoolboy for a whole holiday or a usurer for cent. per cent. Everything is looking quite gay, like a Christmas fire to one who has just come out of a Christmas fog. The people go by with smiling faces and in smart attire; you consequently take a little more pains than usual with your dress, rejecting this waistcoat as too Quakerish and selecting your liveliest pair of gloves to match, when, just as your personal equipments are all but complete, not quite, "rat-tat-tat—tat-tat—tat!" there is a knock at the door.

Well, a knock at the door is no very astounding occurrence, but in this knock there is something startling, something ominous, something unwelcome. Nobody has knocked—nobody in the shape of a visitor—for some days, and it has an unusual sound. Had it suddenly broke in upon you while you were shaving, its effect might have been felt acutely; but you were just fixing the last shirt-stud, and a slight crumple is the sole consequence. You ring the bell hastily, rather anxious.

"Tim," you cry, softly, admonishing the sleepy little sinecurist that attends to the door—"Tim, there's a knock. Now, pray be cautious; I am going out immediately and can't see any stranger. You know whom I am always at home to; don't let anybody in that you don't know well. Mind!"

You listen with your hands uncomfortably stretched toward the back of your neck in the suspended action of fastening your stock, and distinctly catch Tim's responsive "Yes, sir!" So, then, you are at home to somebody; and Tim immediately announces Mr. Bluff, your oldest and best friend, who is ever welcome and to whom you are at home at all hours. Yes, only— Only you are just now going out! But never mind. Will he wait five minutes? You won't be longer. And Tim hurries off to him with the *Times*.

Two minutes more bring you almost to the completion of your toilet, and one arm has already half insinuated itself into the—ay, in the hurry it happens, of course, to be the wrong sleeve of the waistcoat—when

alarm the second sounds; there's another knock.

"Tim, mind—pray mind—I'm going out. I can't see a soul, unless it's somebody that I must be at home to. You'll see who it is."

Tim returns with a card: "Mr. Joseph Primly."

"Primly? Primly? Oh! A—yes! That man. Yes! You didn't say I was at home?"

Tim had not said you were at home: he had said that he didn't know whether you would be at home to him or not, and that he would go and see.

"Stupid boy! Well, but this Primly—what can he want? I never spoke to him but once, I think. Must see him, I suppose, as he's a stranger. Give him the *Chronicle* and say I'm coming down in one minute. Just going out."

But before you can "come down," before you can quite coax on the last article of attire, the knocker is again raised, and rap the third resounds. Confusion thrice confounded!

"Now, Tim, who is that? I can't be at home to anybody; you'll know whether I can be denied. I'm going out, Tim. Where are my gloves? Pray mind!"

And with an anxious face you await the third announcement.

"Mr. Puggins Cribb." This is provoking. You can't be out to him. He is your quarrelsome friend, to whom you have just been reconciled; the irascible brother of your soul, who suspects all your motives, makes no allowances for you, charges you with the perpetual ill-usage which he himself inflicts. Should you be denied to him, he will be sure to suspect you are at home; and should he find you really are, he will make the grand tour of the metropolis in three days, visiting everybody who knows you and abusing you everywhere.

"Yes, Tim; very right. I must be at home to him. But, gracious goodness! what's the time? I'm just going out."

Misfortunes never come single, and visitors seldom come in twos and threes. Before you are fairly at the bottom of the stairs a fourth arrival is in all probability announced. What can you do? There was an excellent plan, first adopted by Sheridan, of getting rid of untimely visitors; but then his visitors were creditors. They came early, at seven in the morning, to prevent the possibility of being tricked with the usual answer, "Not at home," and of course they would not go away. One was shut up in one room, and another in another. By twelve o'clock in the day there was a vast accumulation, and at that hour the master of the house would say, "James, are all the doors shut?"—"All shut, sir."—"Very well; then open the street-door softly;" and Sheridan walked quietly out between the double line of closed doors.

But this plan, though a thought of it darts across your mind, you cannot put in operation against friends. You therefore face them, grasping this one vigorously by the hand, then begging to be excused for a single moment, while with a ceremonious bow you just touch the finger-tips of another, to whom you have scarcely the honor to be known, or nod familiarly to a third, in the farther corner, who, by the way, is testifying to the intimacy of his friendship by turning over your favorite set of prints with the

brisk manner of an accountant tumbling over a heap of receipts and parcels of bills.

For each you have the same welcome, modified only by the tone and action that accompany it: "You are so happy that they arrived in time, for you were just going out, having a very important engagement;" and, curious to remark, each has the same reply to your hospitable intimation, but it is delightfully varied in voice and manner: "I shall not detain you; don't let me keep you a moment." But each does—one because he's an acquaintance only, and exacts formality; and another because he's a devoted friend, and thinks it necessary to deprecate formality fifty times over with "Nonsense! Never mind me. Come! no ceremony. I'm going." In fact, those detain you longest with whom you can use most freedom; and, though you may bow out a formal visitor in twenty minutes, it takes you half an hour to push out a friendly one.

There are so many reasons why you must be at home to people—to a first, because he's a stranger; to a second, because he's a relation; to one, because he was married the other day and you must wish him joy; to another, because his play failed last night and you must condole with him; to this, because he doesn't come for money; to that, because he does, which is the oddest of all.

After a succession of pauses, hints and gentle embarrassments, three out of the four yield one by one to the pressure of appearances, and, as you are evidently "going out," allow you to get out by taking their departure. Only one will linger to say a few words that amount to nonsense, on business that amounts to nothing, occupying professedly a minute, but in fact fifteen, when, just as he is taking his fifth start and going in reality, crash! comes the knocker once more; and that man, of all your acquaintances, who never stops to ask whether you are at home or not, but stalks forward, in "at the portal," as the ghost of Hamlet senior stalks out of it, now dashes rather than drops in, delighted to catch you before you make your exit and modestly claiming just half an hour of your idle morning—not an instant more.

"My dear fellow, I'm going out; a particular engagement. Been kept in all the morning. Will Friday do? Or shall I see you at the club?"

No, nothing will do but listening; and your pertinacious and not-to-be-denied detainer has just settled himself in the easiest chair and commenced his story with "Now, come sit down, and I'll tell you all about it," when the knocker once more summons the half-tired Tim, who forthwith enters with a proclamation in an undertone:

"Mr. Drone, sir; comes by appointment."

Luckily, this occasions no difficulty. Mr. Drone was appointed to come at eleven, and it is now half-past two; he is therefore easily dismissed. Besides, appointments in these cases are never troublesome; you can always be very sorry at a minute's notice, be particularly engaged very unexpectedly, and appoint another hour and another day with perfect convenience. No, it is the dropper-in who blocks up your way; it is the idler who interrupts you in your expedition. The man of business who comes by appointment may generally be despatched without ceremony or delay.

You return again to your guest with a disconsolate air, though with a determination to look attentive, but sit you will not; for while you are poking the fire almost out you seem to be preparing for your exit, and while you saunter listlessly about the room you seem to be going, till at last you are brought to a standstill and compelled to submit to another bit of delay by your visitor—who dined out and stayed late somewhere the night before—asking for a glass of sherry and some soda-water. You hurry to the bell with the happiest grace in the world; you are ashamed of not offering something of the sort before; you beg pardon—really; and, taking a seat with a smiling countenance and a heavy heart, bid a mournful adieu to every thought about your hat for the next quarter of an hour at least.

At last he does go, and you feel that, although the cream of the morning is skimmed off, it may still be worth while to take quietly what remains. You may visit the scene of your broken engagement, though too late; you may enjoy a diminished stroll, although the flower of the day is cropped; and in this spirit, cane in hand and hat actually on head, you advance to the street-door delivered from every visitor. It is opened; you stand in the very doorway; and then—then, in that moment of liberty, when you seemed free as air—you behold close to the step and right in your path another unconscionable acquaintance, who never takes a denial, but always seizes a button instead. To retreat is impossible; to pass him unseen is equally so. Your hope of going out dies of old age and ill-usage within you: you can't get out. Your start of vexation and dismay is involuntary and not to be concealed, but what cares he for your disappointment, so that he catches you?

"Well, now I am lucky!" he exclaims; "one moment more, and, presto! I had missed you for the morning. Come, 'going out' is not 'gone,' anyhow; so I must just trouble you to turn back. I sha'n't keep you long."

Of course you explain and protest and are very civil and very sorry, but all this is idle. A visitor of the class to which the newcomer belongs knows very well the advantage he has over you. He smiles triumphantly, in a superb consciousness of your helpless and destitute condition. He is aware that you can't shut the door in his face; that if he persists in going in, under the pretence of a moment's interview, you must go in with him; that you are bound to be glad to see him or stand exposed to the imputation of rudeness and inhospitality; that he may let you off if he likes, but that you cannot decently bolt without his consent—in short, that you are at his mercy; and this conviction teaches him to have no mercy upon you.

The result? Who can ask it? You turn back, take off your hat, enter the nearest room, and without the slightest movement of hospitality beyond that, without the slightest hint to the remorseless being who has followed you in that there is such a thing as a chair in the room, you rest the fingers of one hand on the table and with your hat held resolutely in the other await your tyrant's pleasure. He—powers of impudence in the garb of intimacy, where will ye find a limit?—he, the most domesticated of animals, at once finds himself in his own house. He, when his foremost foot has once gained ad-

mittance into your sanctum, feels perfectly and entirely at home. He flings himself into a chair, and after a little parley about the weather (he acknowledges that it has been the loveliest morning of the season) and the glorious effects of exercise (he confesses that nothing on earth prevents him from taking his diurnal round in the bracing period of the day), launches boldly into a dissertation on some subject of immediate interest to himself, or connected, perhaps, with municipal institutions and the risk he incurs if he should decline to serve the office of sheriff. This suggests to him a recollection of the sheriff his grandfather, whose history he relates at some length, followed by a narrative of his father's remarkable exploits in the whale-trade, and of his own life down to the period of his second marriage.

During all this time you have stood, too tired to interrupt—too polite, at least, to interrupt to any purpose—until at last, reminded by the shade creeping over the apartment that the beauty of the day is vanishing, that your meditated excursion is all but hopeless, and that you have been for the space of a brilliant summer's morning a prisoner in your own house, you savagely endeavor to bring him to the point. What does he want with you? Nothing—nothing, of course, except a little rest after the pleasant saunter he has had, and a little refreshment also; for when he looks at his watch (as you fondly suppose with the intention of going), he discovers that it happens to be his hour for "a snack." In short, this inveterate and uncompromising customer forcibly has the tray up; you haven't strength or courage to misunderstand his wishes, feeling, rather faint yourself, sick of hope deferred and inclined to potted beef. You place your hat and stick, both of which you have all this time held, upon the table; you draw off one glove; you fall to with a famished fiend who has walked twice round the park in the bracing air; and another hour is gone.

So, at length, is he. And now, even now, the promised stroll may be seized. The coast is clear: you feel "like a giant refreshed," and, after all, you cannot help owning that it's a horribly vulgar thing to be seen strolling about before four o'clock in the day. You remember what the delicate philosopher said about the world not being properly aired before three, and bless your stars that what you have lost in health you have gained in reputation. On go your gloves once more, and—rap goes the knocker! It seem miraculous. All society is but one spiteful conspiracy against you. You forget that the same fine morning which quickened life in you kindled the fire of motion in others. No matter; the hour has at length arrived for "Not at home to any human being. No, Tim; not to a living soul." Unluckily, it is the fate of this most inflexible decree to be countermanded: there is one exception to the rule of not at home to anybody: "If the surveyor calls about repairs." Ay, and it *is* the surveyor. Well, the roof and the cracked wall must at once be looked to. However, that will not occupy ten minutes, and to the needful business you heroically devote yourself. Half an hour flies, and then you are finally released; but, unhappily, just at that moment the man brings home your two new coats: you must glance at one, for you may wear it at dinner. And then crawls up to the door that dilatory fellow whose tidings about the books you have

been waiting for—yes, at least for a fortnight; and while discussing with him a particular achievement in binding on which you have set your heart a letter arrives—a letter marked "important and immediate," though of no earthly consequence and anything but pressing. Still, it must be answered; and accordingly the hat is once more taken off, the gloves are petulantly flung down, the cane is tossed anywhere, and—

Rat-tat-tat, etc., resound once more through the rooms, and, following quick as though he were the visible echo of a single rap, Cool Sam comes in. He had found Tim at the open door chatting with the messenger in waiting. Cool Sam! Now own frankly that there is small chance of your escape on this side the dinner-hour; nay, there is none at all. An engagement you may have, a determination you may have formed, but do you for a single instant seriously expect to fulfil the one or hold to the other? Then you are a fool. We prophesy at once that you won't get out to-day. A man may be always going and going, and yet never be gone. You are Sam's till dinner-time, you are Sam's then, and you are Sam's afterward. Till bedtime—and he himself fixes that hour—you are his. Mark our words if you are not. True, you tell him you have to write a letter.

"Write away, boy," he responds; "I can wait."

You warn him that the moment this feat is accomplished you must sally forth on urgent and especial business.

"All right," he rejoins; "I'll jump into a cab with you, and we'll come back and dine. I came on purpose."

A glance tells you, if your ears do not, that your guest has settled the thing. His looks, his tone, his bearing, are in exquisite agreement; for a quiet conviction that what he has made up his mind to must take place there never was anything like it. You write a word or two, and in agitation blot; another line, and then an erasure again. Does he mean to stop? Your perplexity increases. No; this smudge of a note will never do. You take another sheet and recommence your epistle.

"Take your time, boy, take your time; we sha'n't dine till seven, I suppose."

Your eye wanders for an instant, and you discover that there is but one hat in the room, and that the one is your own. His is hanging up with his umbrella: he had disposed of both, like a man who means to stay, before he entered the apartment.

To struggle with Cool Sam is in vain; to attempt it, absurd. To cry like the starling, "I can't get out," doesn't open the door of your cage. Instead of complaining, you soon feel grateful to him for his great consideration in allowing you to finish that letter. Instead of biting your lips through and through, you laugh over your good luck in being permitted to complete the work he had interrupted. But beyond that you have no will of your own. Out! You might as well attempt to go out without your shadow. You may take a few turns at sunset attended by your Mephistophiles, but before you go you must issue orders for what he calls "a light dinner with a few extras" at seven. You may mourn your day lost if you will, but you must lose your evening, nevertheless; and when once more alone, at past midnight, you drop off to sleep, making to yourself many delicious vows of reform, the

foremost of which is that you will be up in good time in the morning, and get out.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

ONLY THE CLOTHES SHE WORE.

THERE is the hat
With the blue veil thrown round it, just as they found it,
Spotted and soiled, stained and all spoiled:
Do you recognize that?

The gloves, too, lie there,
And in them still lingers the shape of her fingers,
That some one has pressed, perhaps, and caressed,
So slender and fair.

There are the shoes,
With their long silken laces, still bearing traces,
To the toe's dainty tip, of the mud of the slip,
The slime and the ooze.

There is the dress,
Like the blue veil, all dabbled, discolored and drabbled:
This you should know, without doubt; and if so,
All else you may guess.

There is the shawl,
With the striped border, hung next in order,
Soiled hardly less than the white muslin dress;
And— That is all.

Ah! here is a ring
We were forgetting, with a pearl setting;
There was only this one. Name or date?
None!
A frail, pretty thing—

A keepsake, maybe,
The gift of another, perhaps a brother,
Or lover—who knows?—him her heart chose;
Or was she heart-free?

Does the hat there,
With the blue veil around it, the same as they found it,
Summon up a fair face with just a trace
Of gold in the hair?

Or does the shawl,
Mutely appealing to some hidden feeling,
A form young and slight to your mind's sight
Clearly recall?

A month now has passed,
And her sad history remains yet a mystery;
But these we keep still, and shall keep them until
Hope dies at last.

Was she a prey
Of some deep sorrow clouding the morrow,
Hiding from view the sky's happy blue?
Or was there foul play?

Alas! who may tell?
Some one or other—perhaps a fond mother—
May recognize these when her child's clothes she sees;
Then— Will it be well?

N. G. SHEPHERD.

THE STORY OF A GUN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

ONE of the carronades of the battery—a twenty-four-pounder—had got loose. This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean-accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail. A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard-ball; rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate; resumes its course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a battering-ram which assaults a wall at its own caprice. Moreover, the battering-ram is metal; the wall, wood. It is the entrance of matter into liberty. One might say that this eternal slave avenges itself. It seems as if the power of evil hidden in what we call inanimate objects finds a vent and bursts suddenly out. It has an air of having lost patience, of seeking some fierce obscure retribution. Nothing more inexorable than this rage of the inanimate. The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the obstinacy of the axe, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its flight is a wild whirl abruptly cut at right angles.

What is to be done? How to end this? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind falls, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out; but how to control this enormous brute of bronze? In what way can one attack it? You can make a mastiff hear reason, astound a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; but there is no resource with that monster a cannon let loose. You cannot kill it: it is dead; at the same time, it lives. It lives with a sinister life bestowed on it by Infinity. The planks beneath it give it play. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This destroyer is a plaything. The ship, the waves, the blasts, all aid it; hence its frightful vitality. How to assail this fury of complication? How to fetter this monstrous mechanism for wrecking a ship? How foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? Any one of these blows upon the sides may stave out the vessel. How divine its awful gyrations! One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction at each instant. How stop the course of something which must be avoided? The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts ambushes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies. The great danger of the situation is in the mobility

of its base. How combat an inclined plane which has caprices? The ship, so to speak, has lightning imprisoned in its womb which seeks to escape; it is like thunder rolling above an earthquake.

In an instant the whole crew were on foot. The fault was the chief gunner's: he had neglected to fix home the screw-nut of the mooring-chain, and had so badly shackled the four wheels of the carronade that the play given to the sole and frame had separated the platform, and ended by breaking the breeching. The cordage had broken, so that the gun was no longer secure on the carriage. The stationary breeching which prevents recoil was not in use at that period. As a heavy wave struck the port the carronade, weakly attached, recoiled, burst its chain and began to rush wildly about. Conceive, in order to have an idea of this strange sliding, a drop of water running down a pane of glass.

At the moment when the lashings gave way the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform in expectation of the command to clear for action. The carronade, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men and crushed four at the first blow; then, flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glanced off to the larboard side, and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it. The men rushed toward the ladder; the gun-deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was given up to herself. She was her own mistress, and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. This whole crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, trembled now. To describe the universal terror would be impossible.

Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant Vieuville, although both intrepid men, stopped at the head of the stairs and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended. It was their passenger, the peasant, the man of whom they had been speaking a moment before. When he reached the foot of the ladder, he stood still.

The cannon came and went along the deck. One might have fancied it the living chariot of the Apocalypse. The marine-lantern oscillating from the ceiling added a dizzying whirl of lights and shadows to this vision. The shape of the cannon was undistinguishable, from the rapidity of its course; now it looked black in the light, now it cast weird reflections through the gloom. It kept on its work of destruction. It had already shattered four other pieces and dug two crevices in the side—fortunately, above the water-line, though they would leak in case a squall should come on. It dashed itself frantically against the frame-work; the solid tie-beams resisted, their curved form giving them great strength, but they creaked ominously under the assaults of this terrible club, which seemed endowed with a sort of appalling ubiquity, striking on every side at once. The strokes of a bullet shaken in a bottle would not be madder or more rapid. The four wheels passed and repassed above the dead men, cut, carved, slashed them, till the five corpses were a score of stumps rolling about the deck. The heads seemed to cry out: streams of blood twisted in and out of the planks with every pitch of the vessel. The ceiling, damaged in several places, began

to gape. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his order the sailors threw down into the deck everything which could deaden and check the mad rush of the gun, mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, extra equipments and the bales of false assignats, of which the corvette carried a whole cargo —an infamous deception which the English considered a fair trick in war. But what could these rags avail? No one dared descend to arrange them in any useful fashion, and in a few instants they were mere heaps of lint.

There was just sea enough to render an accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable: it might have thrown the gun upside down, and, the four wheels once in the air, the monster could have been mastered. But the devastation increased. There were gashes, and even fractures, in the masts, which, embedded in the wood-work of the keel, pierce the decks of ships like great round pillars. The mizzen-mast was cracked, and the main-mast itself was injured under the convulsive blows of the gun. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were disabled; the breaches multiplied in the side, and the corvette began to take in water.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun-deck, looked like a form of stone stationed at the foot of the stairs. He stood motionless, gazing sternly about upon the devastation. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward. Each bound of the liberated carronade menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more, and shipwreck would be inevitable. They must perish or put a summary end to the disaster; a decision must be made, but how? What a combatant, this cannon! They must check this mad monster. They must seize this flash of lightning. They must overthrow this thunderbolt.

Boisberthelot said to La Vieuville,

"Do you believe in God, chevalier?"

La Vieuville replied,

"Yes. No. Sometimes."

"In a tempest?"

"Yes, and in moments like this."

"Only God can aid us here," said Boisberthelot.

All were silent. The cannon kept up its horrible fracas. The waves beat against the ship; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon. It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly into the midst of this sort of inaccessible circus, where the escaped cannon leaped and bounded, there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of this catastrophe, the gunner whose culpable neglience had caused the accident—the captain of the gun. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller-rope with a slipping noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun-deck. Then a strange combat began, a Titanic strife—the struggle of the gun against the gunner, a battle between matter and intelligence, a duel between the inanimate and the human.

The man was posted in an angle, the bar and rope in his two fists; backed against one of the riders, settled firmly on his legs as on two pillars of steel, livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited. He waited for the cannon to pass near him.

The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that she must recognize her master. He had lived a long while with her. How many times he had thrust his hand between her jaws! It was his tame monster. He began to address it as he might have done his dog.

"Come!" said he.

Perhaps he loved it. He seemed to wish that it would turn toward him. But to come toward him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. How to avoid its crush? There was the question. All stared in terrified silence. Not a breast respired freely, except, perchance, that of the old man who alone stood in the deck with the two combatants, a stern second. He might himself be crushed by the piece. He did not stir. Beneath them the blind sea directed the battle.

At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, some chance fluctuation of the waves kept it for a moment immovable, as if suddenly stupefied.

"Come on!" the man said to it.

It seemed to listen. Suddenly it darted upon him. The gunner avoided the shock. The struggle began—struggle unheard of. The fragile matching itself against the invulnerable. The thing of flesh attacking the brazen brute. On the one side blind force; on the other, a soul. The whole passed in a half light. It was like the indistinct vision of a miracle. A soul—strange thing; but you would have said that the cannon had one also—a soul filled with rage and hatred.

This blindness appeared to have eyes. The monster had the air of watching the man. There was—one might have fancied so, at least—cunning in this mass. It also chose its moment. It became some gigantic insect of metal having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. Sometimes this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun-deck, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger upon its four claws, and dart anew on the man. He—supple, agile, adroit—would glide away like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements. He avoided the encounters, but the blows which he escaped fell upon the vessel and continued the havoc.

An end of broken chain remained attached to the carronade. This chain had twisted itself, one could not tell how, about the screw of the breech-button. One extremity of the chain was fastened to the carriage; the other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun and added to the danger of its blows. The screw held it like a clenched hand, and the chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering-ram by its strokes of a thong, made a fearful whirlwind about the cannon—a whip of iron in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the battle.

Nevertheless, the man fought. Sometimes, even, it was the man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of understanding, and fled as if it perceived a snare. The man pursued it, formidable, fearless.

Such a duel could not last long. The gun seemed suddenly to say to itself, "Come, we must make an end!" and it paused. One felt the approach of the crisis. The cannon, as if in suspense, appeared to have—or had, because it seemed to all a sentient being—a furious premeditation. It sprang unexpect-

edly upon the guuner. He jumped aside, let it pass, and cried out with a laugh,

"Try again!"

The gun, as if in a fury, broke a carronade to larboard, then, seized anew by the invisible thing which held it, was flung to starboard toward the man, who escaped.

Three carronades gave way under the blows of the gun; then, as if blind and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned its back on the man, rolled from the stern to the bow, bruising the stem and making a breach in the plankings of the prow. The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man, who was watching.

The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and, without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an axe-stroke. The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a simultaneous cry.

But the old passenger, until now immovable, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of the false assignats, and at the risk of being crushed succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the carronade. This manœuvre, decisive and dangerous, could not have been executed with more adroitness and precision by a man trained to all the exercises set down in Durosel's *Manual of Sea-Gunnery*.

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree-branch turn an avalanche. The carronade stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon was stopped. It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slipping-noose of the tiller-rope about the bronze neck of the overthrown monster.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had subdued the mastodon; the pigmy had taken the thunderbolt prisoner.

The marines and the sailors clapped their hands. The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed.

The gunner saluted the passenger.

"Sir," he said to him, "you have saved my life."

The old man had resumed his impassible attitude, and did not reply.

The man had conquered, but one might say that the cannon had conquered also. Immediate shipwreck had been avoided, but the corvette was by no means saved. The dilapidation of the vessel seemed irremediable. The sides had five breaches, one of which, very large, was in the bow. Out of the thirty carronades, twenty lay useless in their frames. The carronade which had been captured and rechained was itself disabled; the screw of the breech-button was forced, and the levelling of the piece impossible in consequence. The battery was reduced to nine pieces. The hold had sprung a leak. It was necessary at once to repair the damages and set the pumps to work.

The gun-deck, now that one had time to look about it, offered a terrible spectacle. The interior of a mad elephant's cage could not have been more completely dismantled.

However great the necessity that the cor-

vette should escape observation, a still more imperious necessity presented itself—immediate safety. It had been necessary to light up the decks by lanterns placed here and there along the sides.

But during the whole time this tragic diversion had lasted the crew were so absorbed by the one question of life or death that they noticed little what was passing outside the scene of the duel. The fog had thickened; the weather had changed; the wind had driven the vessel at will; it had got out of its route, in plain sight of Jersey and Guernsey, farther to the south than it ought to have gone, and was surrounded by a troubled sea. The great waves kissed the gaping wounds of the corvette—kisses full of peril. The sea rocked her menacingly. The breeze became a gale. A squall—a tempest, perhaps—threatened. It was impossible to see before one four oars' length.

While the crew were repairing summarily and in haste the ravages of the gun-deck, stopping the leaks and putting back into position the guns which had escaped the disaster, the old passenger had gone on deck. He stood with his back against the main-mast. He had paid no attention to a proceeding which had taken place on the vessel. The Chevalier la Vieuville had drawn up the marines in line on either side of the main-mast, and at the whistle of the boatswain the sailors busy in the rigging stood upright on the yards.

Count du Boisberthelot advanced toward the passenger. Behind the captain marched a man, haggard, breathless, his dress in disorder, yet wearing a satisfied look under it all. It was the gunner who had just now so opportunely shown himself a tamer of monsters, and who had got the better of the cannon.

The count made a military salute to the unknown in peasant garb, and said to him,

"General, here is the man."

The gunner held himself erect, his eyes downcast, standing in a soldierly attitude.

Count du Boisberthelot continued:

"General, taking into consideration what this man has done, do you not think there is something for his commanders to do?"

"I think there is," said the old man.

"Be good enough to give the orders," returned Boisberthelot.

"It is for you to give them. You are the captain."

"But you are the general," answered Boisberthelot.

The old man looked at the gunner.

"Approach," said he.

The gunner moved forward a step. The old man turned toward Count du Boisberthelot, detached the cross of Saint Louis from the captain's uniform and fastened it on the jacket of the gunner.

"Hurrah!" cried the sailors.

The marines presented arms. The old passenger, pointing with his finger toward the bewildered gunner, added,

"Now let that man be shot."

Stupor succeeded the applause. Then, in the midst of a silence like that of the tomb, the old man raised his voice. He said,

"A negligence has endangered this ship. At this moment she is perhaps lost. To be at sea is to face the enemy. A vessel at open sea is an army which gives battle. The tempest conceals but does not absent itself. The whole sea is an ambuscade. Death is the penalty of any fault committed

in the face of the enemy. No fault is reparable. Courage ought to be rewarded and negligence punished."

These words fell one after the other slowly, solemnly, with a sort of inexorable measure, like the blows of an axe upon an oak. And the old man, turning to the soldiers, added,

"Do your duty."

The man upon whose breast shone the cross of Saint Louis bowed his head.

At a sign from Count dû Boisberthelot two sailors descended between-decks, then returned bringing the hammock winding-sheet. The ship's chaplain, who since the time of sailing had been at prayer in the officers' quarters, accompanied the two sailors; a sergeant detached from the line twelve marines, whom he arranged in two ranks, six by six; the gunner, without uttering a word, placed himself between the two files. The chaplain, crucifix in hand, advanced and stood near him.

"March!" said the sergeant.

The platoon moved with slow steps toward the bow. The two sailors who carried the shroud followed. A gloomy silence fell upon the corvette. A hurricane moaned in the distance.

A few instants later there was a flash. A report followed, echoing among the shadows; then all was silent; then came the thud of a body falling into the sea.

The old passenger still leaned back against the main-mast with folded arms, thinking silently. Boisberthelot pointed toward him with the forefinger of his left hand, and said in a low voice to La Vieuville,

"The Vendee has found a head."

Translation of FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD.

OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid,
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by,
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of Heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes like the flower and the weed,
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink;
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling,
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain,
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

WILLIAM KNOX.

GO, CALL FOR THE MOURNERS.

GO, call for the mourners and raise the lament,
Let the tresses be torn and the garments be rent,
But weep not for him who is gone to his rest,
Nor mourn for the ransomed, nor wail for the blest.

The sun is not set, but is risen on high,
Nor long in corruption his body shall lie;
Then let not the tide of thy griefs overflow,
Nor the music of heaven be discord below;
Rather, loud be the song and triumphant the chord:
Let us joy for the dead who have died in the Lord.

Go, call for the mourners and raise the lament,
Let the tresses be torn and the garments be rent,
But give to the living thy passion of tears,
Who walk in this valley of sadness and fears,
Who are pressed by the combat, in darkness are lost,
By the tempest are beat, on the billows are tossed.
Oh, weep not for those who shall sorrow no more,
Whose warfare is ended, whose trial is o'er:
Let the song be exalted, triumphant the chord,
And rejoice for the dead who have died in the Lord.

JAMES GLASSFORD.

TAM O' SHANTER.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late
An' folk begin to tak' the gate,
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter—
Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses.

Oh, Tam, hadst thou but been sae wise
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum—
That frae November till October
Ae market-day thou wasna sober;
That ilka melder wi' the miller
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that late or soon
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon,
Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames, it gars me greet
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises.
But to our tale: Ae market-night
Tam had got planted unco right
Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely.
And at his elbow souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for week thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better:

The landlady and Tam grew gracious
Wi' favors secret, sweet and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair and rustle:
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle;
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower: its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time or tide:
The hour approaches Tam maun ride—
That hour o' night's black arch the keystane,
The dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep and lang the thunder bellowed:
That night a child might understand
The de'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg—
A better never lifted leg—
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind and rain and fire,
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares
Lest bogles catch him unawares:
Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.
By this time he was cross the foord
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoored,
And past the birks and meikle stone
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane,
And through the whins, and by the cairn
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn,
And near the thorn aboon the well
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel'.
Before him Doon pours all his floods,
The doubling storm roars through the woods,
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll,
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil.
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared nae deils a boddle,
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light;
And wow! Tam saw an unco sight—
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new fre France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat Auld Nick in shape o' beast,

A towsie tyke, black, grim and large:
To gie them music was his charge;
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses,
And by some devilish cantrip slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table
A murderer's banes in gibbet-airns;
Twa span-long, wee, unchristened bairns;
A thief new-cutted frae a rape
Wi' his last gasp his gap did gape;
Five tomahawks wi' bluid red rusted;
Five scimitars wi' murder crusted:
A garter which a babe had strangled;
A knife a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft:
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark
And linket at it in her sark.

Now Tam—oh, Tam—had thae been queans,
A' plump and strapping, in their teens,
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen,
Thir breeks of mine—my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair—
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies;
But withered beldams auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenned what was what fu' brawlie:
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core—
Lang after kenned on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear;
Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.

Ah! little kenned thy reverend grannie
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie
Wi' twa pund Scots—'twas a' her riches—
Wad ever graced a dance of witches.

But here my Muse her wing maun cour:
Sic flights are far beyond her power,
To sing how Nannie lap and flang—
A souple jade she was, and strang—
And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glowered, and fidged fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud,—
So Maggie runs: the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.
Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin':
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'.
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin':
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman.
Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss:
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the keystane she could make
The fient a tail she had to shake,
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie pressed,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle.
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear:
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ROBERT BURNS.

RECLUSE.

A FOUNTAIN issuing into light
Before a marble palace threw
To heaven its column, pure and bright,
Returning thence in showers of dew;
But soon an humbler course it took,
And glid away a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,
Flies o'er its eddying surface played,
Birds 'midst the alder-branches sang,
Flocks through the verdant meadows strayed;
The weary there lay down to rest,
And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful to stand and watch
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
And from the sky such colors catch
As if 'twere raining diadems;
Yet all was cold and curious art,
That charmed the eye, but missed the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream
Whose unimprisoned waters run,
Wild as the changes of a dream,
By rock and glen, through shade and sun;
Its lovely links had power to bind
In welcome chains my wandering mind.

So thought I when I saw the face,
By happy portraiture revealed,
Of one adorned with every grace,
Her name and date from me concealed,
But not her story: she had been
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
And frolicked in a gayest ring,
Where fashion's high-born minions sport
Like sparkling fireflies on the wing;
But thence, when love had touched her soul,
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din and pageantry and strife,
'Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,

She treads the paths of lowly life,
  Yet in a bosom-circle reigns,
No fountain scattering diamond-showers,
But the sweet streamlet watering flowers.
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

GENEVIEVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
  Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
  And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour
When midway on the mount I lay
  Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve,
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
  My own dear Genevieve.

She leaned against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight;
She stood and listened to my lay
  Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve;
She loves me best whene'er I sing
  The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
  That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
  But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand,
And that for ten long years he wooed
  The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined, and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
  Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace,
And she forgave me that I gazed
  Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
  Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
  In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright,
And that he knew it was a fiend,
  This miserable knight;

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
  The lady of the land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain,

And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave,
And how his madness went away
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay,—

His dying words— But when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve—
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve,

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long.

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame,
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stepped aside—
As conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And, bending back her head, looked up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

HARMOSAN.

NOW the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive, "Lo, I perish in my thirst;
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet, but a while the draught forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foeman to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest, for around him angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man enclose.

"But what fear'st thou?" cried the caliph. "Is it, friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not: our gallant Moslem no such treacherous dealing know.

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for
thou shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water. This
reprieve is thine, no more."

Quick the satrap dashed the goblet down to
earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sank for ever, lost amid the
burning sand:

"Thou hast said that mine my life is till the
water of that cup
I have drained; then bid thy servants that
spilled water gather up."

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubtful
passions stirred,
Then exclaimed, "For ever sacred must remain
a monarch's word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the
noble Persian give:
Drink, I said before, and perish; now I bid
thee drink and live."

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THE MEN OF OLD.

I KNOW not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenuous brow;
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

Still is it true, and over-true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness
The world has since foregone—
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone.

With rights, though not too closely scanned,
Enjoyed as far as known,
With will by no reverse unmanned,
With pulse of even tone,
They from to-day and from to-night
Expected nothing more
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffered them before.

To them was life a simple art
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
A race where all must run;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know,
Content as men-at-arms to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

Man now his virtue's diadem
Puts on and proudly wears;
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them
Like instincts unawares.
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds
As noble boys at play.

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet:
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet;
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire;
Our hearts must die except they breathe
The air of fresh desire.

But, brothers, who up reason's hill
  Advance with hopeful cheer,
Oh, loiter not: those hearts are chill—
  As chill as they are clear;
And still restrain your haughty gaze
  The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
  On all that lies below.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES
(Lord Houghton).

THE STORM IS UP.

THE storm is up! The anchor spring,
  And man the sails, my merry men:
I must not lose the carolling
Of Ocean in a hurricane.
My soul mates with the mountain-storm,
The cooing gale disdains:
Bring Ocean in his wildest form,
All booming thunder-strains;
I'll bid him welcome, clap his mane;
I'll dip my temples in his yeast
And hug his breakers to my breast,
And bid them, "Hail! All hail!" I cry;
"My younger brethren, hail!"
  The sea shall be my cemetery
  Unto eternity.

How glorious 'tis to have the wave
For ever dashing o'er thee,
Besides that dull and lonesome grave
Where worms and earth devour thee!
My messmates, when ye drink my dirge
Go fill the cup from ocean's surge;
And when ye drain the beverage up,
Remember Neptune in the cup;
For he has been my brawling host
Since first I roamed from coast to coast,
And he my brawling host shall be.
  I love his ocean courtesy,
  His boisterous hospitality.

GEORGE GRAY.

MEMORIES.

ONCE more, once more, my Mary dear,
  I sit by that lone stream
Where first within thy timid ear
  I breathed love's burning dream;
The birds we loved still tell their tales
  Of music on each spray,
And still the wild rose decks the vale,
  But thou art far away.

In vain thy vanished form I seek
  By wood and stream and dell,
And tears of anguish bathe my cheek
  Where tears of rapture fell;
And yet beneath these wild-wood bowers
  Dear thoughts my soul employ,
For in the memories of past hours
  There is a mournful joy.

Upon the air thy gentle words
  Around me seem to thrill,
Like sounds upon the wind-harp's cords
  When all the winds are still,
Or like the low and soul-like swell
  Of that wild spirit-tone
Which haunts the hollow of the bell
  When its sad chime is done.

I seem to hear thee speak my name
  In sweet low murmurs now,
I seem to feel thy breath of flame
  Upon my cheek and brow;

On my cold lips I feel thy kiss,
  Thy heart to mine is laid:
Alas that such a dream of bliss
  Like other dreams must fade!

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
  As you were going to a feast,
Still to be powdered, still perfumed—
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free—
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art,
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

JULIA'S DREAM.

METHOUGHT I walked
Alone through that old gallery and talked
With all the ancient pictures one by one,
And questioned them of what they might have done
When they were living even as I live now;
And many an armèd man with serious brow
Muttered his warlike story as I stood
Thrilling to hear of bigotry and blood;
And one his sword pulled out as if to battle,
So fiercely that I heard his armor rattle.
Then came a row of ladies mincing out
Their lovers' names, but some had died without
Acknowledged love; and one with sun-bright hair—
In the true gallery is not one so fair—
Died in her bloom; and when she told me this,
With a pale smile bending my cheek to kiss,
She said, "And so shalt thou."

MISS A. BRADSTREET.

GOOD AND EVIL.

VENOMOUS thorns that are so sharp and keen
  Bear flowers, we see, full fresh and fair of hue;
Poison is also put in medicine,
  And unto man his health doth oft renew;
The fire that all things eke consumeth clean
  May hurt and heal; then if that this be true,
I trust some time my harm may be my health,
Since every woe is joinèd with some wealth.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

ADVICE TO LADIES.

LADIES, though to your conquering eyes
  Love owes his chiefest victories,
And borrows those bright arms from you
With which he does the world subdue,
Yet you yourselves are not above
The empire nor the griefs of Love.

Then rack not lovers with disdain,
Lest Love on you revenge their pain;
You are not free because you're fair:
The boy did not his mother spare;
Though beauty be a killing dart,
It is no armor for the heart.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

WOMAN.

ES, rail against woman, her arts and her wiles,
Her treachery, falsehood and snares;
Then find, if you can, a balm like her smiles,
A charm like her love that the bosom beguiles
Of its deepest and deadliest cares.

What were man—lordly man—unblessed and alone
Condemned o'er life's desert to rove?
What would urge him to glory, to honor, renown,
If beauty's bright glance on his pathway ne'er shone,
Nor blessed by her smiles and her love?

Ah yes, lovely sex! 'tis to you that we owe
All the blessings this world can impart,
All the pleasures that love and contentment bestow,
All that gives to existence a charm here below,
All the joys that are dear to the heart.

And perish the wretch, unmanly and base,
Undistinguished in life and unhonored in death
(May his name be for ever deep marked with disgrace,
Till fame shall with horror the characters trace),
Who would tarnish thy name with his slanderous breath!

WILLIAM R. SCHENK.

TWO KINGS.

TWO kings, in vanished ages,
Swayed kingdoms far apart;
One's sceptre was a bloody hand,
And one's a loving heart

The harvest cradled plenty
Where reaped that bloody hand;
The widows wailed, the orphans moaned:
War wedded a waste land.

The harvest-cradled plenty
That loving heart controlled;
The mother sang, the children played:
Peace bound her sheaves of gold.

The one prepared his tombstone—
The people's marbled groans,
The pyramid above forgot;
Below, the crumbling bones.

Dust in the vanished ages,
Dust lies that bloody hand;
That heart beats in the people still
And blossoms in the land.

That loving king is reigning;
He made no man a slave:
In the people's heart they laid him deep;
His laws are on his grave.

JOHN J. PIATT.

THE POND.

ONCE on a time a certain man was found
That had a pond of water in his ground—
A fine large pond of water fresh and clear,
Enough to serve his turn for many a year.
Yet so it was a strange, unhappy dread
Of wanting water seized the fellow's head.
When he was dry, he was afraid to drink
Too much at once, for fear his pond should sink;
Perpetually tormented with this thought,
He never ventured on a hearty draught;
Still dry, still fearing to exhaust his store,
When half refreshed, he frugally gave o'er;
Reviving of himself revived his fright.
"Better," quoth he, "to be half choked than quite."

Upon his pond continually intent,
In cares and pains his anxious life he spent,
Consuming all his time and strength away
To make the pond rise higher every day;
He worked and slaved, and oh how slow it fills,
Poured in by pailfuls and took out by gills!

In a wet season he would skip about,
Placing his bucket under every spout,
From falling showers collecting fresh supply,
And grudging every cloud that passèd by,
Cursing the dryness of the times each hour,
Although it rained as fast as it could pour.
Then he would wade through every dirty spot
Where any little moisture could be got;
And when he had done draining of a bog,
Still kept himself as dirty as a hog,
And cried whene'er folks blamed him, "What d'ye mean?
It costs a world of water to be clean."

If some poor neighbor craved to slake his thirst,
"What! Rob my pond? I'll see the rogue hanged first!
A burning shame these vermin of the poor
Should creep unpunished thus about my door!
As if I had not frogs and toads enoo,
That suck my pond whatever I can do."

The sun still found him, as he rose or set,
Always in quest of matters that were wet;
Betimes he rose to sweep the morning dew,
And rested late to catch the evening too;
With soughs and troughs he labored to enrich
The rising pond from every neighboring ditch;
With soughs and troughs, and pipes and cuts and sluices,
From growing plants he drained the very juices;
Made every stick of wood upon the hedges
Of good behavior to deposit pledges;

By some conveyance or another still
Devised recruits from each declining hill:
He left, in short, for this beloved plunder,
No stone unturned that could have water under.

Sometimes, when forced to quit his awkward toil
And forced against his will to rest a while,
Then straight he took his book, and down he sat
To calculate the expenses he was at—
How much he suffered, at a moderate guess,
From all those ways by which the pond grew less;
For as to those by which it still grew bigger,
For them he reckoned not a single figure:
He knew a wise old saying which maintained
That 'twas bad luck to count what one had gained.

"First, for myself. My daily charges here
Cost a prodigious quantity a year,
Although, thank Heaven! I never boil my meat,
Nor am I such a sinner as to sweat;
But things are come to such a pass, indeed,
We spend ten times the water that we need:
People are growing with washing, cleansing, rinsing,
So finical and nice, past all convincing;
So many proud, fantastic modes, in short,
Are introduced, that my poor pond pays for't.

"Not but I could be well enough content
With what upon my own account is spent,
But those large articles from whence I reap
No kind of profit strike me on a heap.
What a vast deal, each moment at a sup,
This ever-thirsty earth itself drinks up!
Such holes and gaps! Alas! my pond provides
Scarce for its own unconscionable sides.
Nay, how can one imagine it should thrive,
So many creatures as it keeps alive,
That creep from every nook and corner, marry!
Filching as much as ever they can carry?
Then all the birds that fly along the air
Light at my pond and come in for a share.
Item: At every puff of wind that blows,
Away at once the surface off it goes;
The rest in exhalations to the sun:
One month's fair weather, and I am undone."

This life he led for many a year together;
Grew old and gray in watching of the weather,
Meagre as Death itself, till this same Death
Stopt, as the saying is, his vital breath;
For as the old fool was carrying to his field
A heavier burden than he well could wield,
He missed his footing, or somehow he fumbled
In tumbling of it in, but in he tumbled.
Mighty desirous to get out again,
He screamed and scrambled, but 'twas all in vain:
The place was grown so very deep and wide
No bottom of it could he feel, nor side,
And so in the middle of his pond he died.

What think ye now from this imperfect sketch,
My friends, of such a miserable wretch?—
Why, 'tis a wretch, we think, of your own making;
No fool can be supposed in such a taking.

Your own warm fancy.—Nay, but, warm or cool,
The world abounds with many such a fool:
The choicest ills, the greatest torments, sure,
Are those which numbers *labor* to endure.—
What! for a pond?—Why, call it an estate:
You change the name, but realize the fate.

JOHN BYROM.

FAREWELL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

FAREWELL, my sire, my sisters dear, again;
Farewell, my walnut-shaded place of birth;
Farewell, my steed, now loitering o'er the plain;
Farewell, my dog, now lonely on the hearth.
Your image haunts me like the shade of bliss;
Your voices lure me with their fond recall;
Soon may the hour arise less dark than this—
The hour that reunites us all.

And thou, my country, tossed by winds and seas
Like this frail bark on which my lot is cast,
Big with the world's yet unborn destinies,
Adieu; thy shores glide from my vision fast.
Oh that some ray would pierce the cloud that broods
O'er throne and temple, liberty and thee,
And kindle brighter o'er the restless floods
The beacon-light of immortality.

And thou, Marseilles, at France's portals placed,
With thy white arms the coming guest to greet,
Whose haven, gleaming o'er the ocean's breast,
Spreads like a nest, each winged mast to meet,
Where many a hand beloved now presses mine,
Where my foot lingers still, as loth to flee,—
Thine be my last departing accents; thine
My first returning greeting be.

Translation of "FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW."

I HAVE LEARNED TO LOOK ON NATURE.

I HAVE learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts—a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth—of all the mighty world

Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive—well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PRECEDENCE.

"SIR, will you please to walk before?"—
"No, pray, sir; you are next the door."—
"Upon mine honor, I'll not stir."—
"Sir, I'm at home. Consider, sir—"
"Excuse me, sir; I'll not go first."—
"Well, if I must be rude, I must,
But yet I wish I could evade it;
'Tis strangely clownish, be persuaded."

Go forward, cits! go forward, squires!
Nor scruple each what each admires.
Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding:
It flies while you display your breeding—
Such breeding as one's grannum preaches
Or some old dancing-master teaches.
Oh for some rude tumultuous fellow,
Half crazy, or, at least, half mellow,
To come behind you unawares
And fairly push you both down stairs!
But Death's at hand; let me advise ye:
Go forward, friends, or he'll surprise ye.

Besides, how insincere you are!
Do ye not flatter, lie, forswear,
And daily cheat and weekly pray,
And all for this—to lead the way?

Such is my theme, which means to prove
That, though we drink or game or love
As that or this is most in fashion,
Precedence is our ruling passion.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

UP HILL ALL THE WAY.

DOES the road wind up hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place—
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin?
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE CHILDREN.

"WHO bids for the little children,
Body soul soul and brain?
Who bids for the little children,
Young and without stain?
Will no one bid," said England,
"For their souls, so pure and white,
And fit for all good and evil
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid," said Pest and Famine—
"We bid for life and limb;
Fever and pain and squalor
Their bright young eyes shall dim.
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own
And hide them in secret places
Where none may hear them moan."

"I bid," said Beggary, howling;
"I'll buy them, one and all;
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—
To lie, to skulk, to crawl;
They shall sleep in my lair like maggots,
They shall rot in the fair sunshine;
And if they serve my purpose,
I hope they'll answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime, with wolfish grin,
"For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity
And ripe for the law to slay.

"Prison and hulk and gallows
Are many in the land:
'Twere folly not to use them,
So proudly as they stand.
Give me the little children;
I'll take them as they're born,
And I'll feed their evil passions
With misery and scorn.

"Give me the little children,
Ye good, ye rich, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round
While ye shut your idle eyes;
And you judges shall have work
And you lawyers wag the tongue,
And the jailers and policemen
Shall be fathers to the young."

"Oh, shame!" then said Religion—
"Oh, shame that this should be!
I'll take the little children—
I'll take them all to me.
I'll raise them up with kindness
From the mire in which they've trod;
I'll teach them words of blessing,
I'll lead them up to God."

"You're not the true religion,"
Said a Sect, with flashing eyes.
"Nor thou," said another scowling:
"Thou'rt heresy and lies."
"You shall not have the children,"
Said a third, with shout and yell;
"You're Antichrist and bigot:
You'd train them up for hell."

And England, sorely puzzled
To see such battle strong,
Exclaimed with voice of pity,
"Oh, friends you do me wrong.
Oh, cease your bitter wrangling,
For till you all agree
I fear the little children
Will plague both you and me."

But all refused to listen:
Quoth they, "We bide our time;"
And the bidders seized the children—
Beggary, Filth and Crime;
And the prisons teemed with victims,
And the gallows rocked on high,
And the thick abomination
Spread reeking to the sky.

ANONYMOUS
(From a Liverpool paper)

THE DON'S ADVENTURE WITH THE WINDMILLS.

SELECTED FROM DON QUIXOTE. FROM THE SPANISH OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

AS they were thus discoursing they perceived some thirty or forty windmills, that are in that plain; and as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire,

"Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired. Look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where you may discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, with whom I intend to fight and take away all their lives. With whose spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves, for it is lawful war, and doing God good service to take away so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth."

"What giants?" said Sancho Panza.

"Those you see yonder," answered his master, "with those long arms; for some of them are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues."

"Consider, sir," answered Sancho, "that those which appear yonder are not giants, but windmills, and what seem to be arms are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the millstone go."

"One may easily see," answered Don Quixote, "that you are not versed in the business of adventures: they are giants; and if you are afraid, get aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in a fierce and unequal combat;" and, so saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, without minding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that those he went to assault were, without all doubt, windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them, but went on crying out aloud: "Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs, for it is a single knight who assaults you."

Now the wind rose a little, and the great sails began to move; which Don Quixote perceiving, he said,

"Well, though you should move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for it."

And so saying, and recommending himself devoutly to his lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succor him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rozinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him; and, running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it and tumbling them over and over on the plain in very evil plight.

Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could carry him; and when he came up to him, he found him not able to stir, so violent was the blow which he and Rozinante had received in falling.

"God save me!" quoth Sancho. "Did not I warn you to have a care of what you

did, for that they were nothing but windmills? and nobody could mistake them but one that had the like in his head."

"Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual mutations. Now, I verily believe, and it is most certainly so, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me; but when he has done his worst, his wicked arts will avail but little against the goodness of my sword."

"God grant it as he can," answered Sancho Panza; and, helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon Rozinante, who was half shoulder-slipped.

And, discoursing of the late adventure, they followed the road that led to the pass of Lapice, for there Don Quixote said they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, it being a great thoroughfare; and yet he went on very melancholy for want of his lance, and, speaking of it to his squire, he said,

"I remember to have read that a certain Spanish knight called Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in fight, tore off a huge branch or limb from an oak, and performed such wonders with it that day, and dashed out the brains of so many Moors, that he was surnamed Machuca; and from that day forward he and his descendants bore the names of Vargas and Machuca. I tell you this, because from the first oak or crab tree we meet I mean to tear such another limb, at least as good as that; and I purpose and resolve to do such feats with it that you shall deem yourself most fortunate in being worthy to behold them and to be an eye-witness of things which can scarcely be believed."

"God's will be done!" quoth Sancho. "I believe all just as you say, sir. But pray set yourself upright in your saddle, for you seem to me to ride sidelong, occasioned, doubtless, by your being so sorely bruised by the fall."

"It is certainly so," answered Don Quixote; "and if I do not complain of pain, it is because knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever, though their entrails come out at it."

"If it be so, I have nothing to reply," answered Sancho; "but God knows I should be glad to hear Your Worship complain when anything ails you. As for myself, I must complain of the least pain I feel, unless this business of not complaining be understood to extend to the squires of knights-errant."

Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire, and told him he might complain whenever and as much as he pleased, with or without cause, having never yet read anything to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.

Sancho put him in mind that it was time to dine. His master answered that at present he had no need, but that he might eat whenever he thought fit. With this license, Sancho adjusted himself the best he could upon his beast; and, taking out what he carried in his wallet, he jogged on eating, behind his master, very leisurely, and now and then lifted the bottle to his mouth with so much relish the best-fed victualler of Malaga might have envied him. And whilst he went on in this manner, repeating his draughts, he thought

no more of the promises his master had made him; nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation, to go in quest of adventures, though never so perilous. In short, they passed that night among some trees, and from one of them Don Quixote tore a withered branch that might serve him in some sort for a lance, and fixed it to the iron head or spear of that which was broken.

All that night Don Quixote slept not a wink, ruminating on his lady Dulcinea, in conformity to what he had read in his books, where the knights are wont to pass many nights together, without closing their eyes, in forests and deserts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their mistresses. Not so did Sancho pass the night, whose stomach being full, and not of dandelion-water, he made but one sleep of it; and if his master had not roused him, neither the beams of the sun, that darted full in his face, nor the melody of the birds, which in great numbers most cheerfully saluted the approach of the new day, could have awakened him. On rising up he took a swig at his bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before, which grieved his very heart, for he did not think they were in the way to remedy that defect very soon. Don Quixote would not break his fast; for, as it is said, he resolved to subsist upon savory remembrances.

They returned to the way they had entered upon the day before, toward the pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three in the afternoon.

"Here," said Don Quixote, espying it, "brother Sancho Panza, we may thrust our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures. But take this caution with you —that, though you should see me in the greatest peril in the world, you must not lay your hand to your sword to defend me, unless you see that they who assault me are vile mob and mean scoundrels: in that case you may assist me; but if they should be knights, it is in no wise lawful, nor allowed by the laws of chivalry, that you should intermeddle until you are dubbed a knight."

"I assure you, sir," answered Sancho, "Your Worship shall be obeyed most punctually herein, and the rather because I am naturally very peaceable and an enemy to thrusting myself into brangles and squabbles; but for all that, as to what regards the defence of my own person, I shall make no great account of those same laws, since both divine and human allow every one to defend himself against all who would annoy him."

"I say no less," answered Don Quixote, "but in the business of assisting me against knights you must restrain and keep in your natural impetuosity."

"I say I will do so," answered Sancho; "and I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord's day."

As they were thus discoursing there appeared in the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, mounted upon two dromedaries; for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore travelling-masks and umbrellas. Behind them came a coach and four or five men on horseback, who accompanied it, with two muleteers on foot. There was in the coach, as it was afterward known, a certain Biscaine lady going to Seville to her husband, who was there ready to embark for the Indies in a very honorable post. The monks came not

in her company, though they were travelling the same road.

But scarcely had Don Quixote espied them when he said to his squire,

"Either I am deceived, or this is likely to prove the most famous adventure that ever was seen; for those black bulks that appear yonder must be, and without doubt are, enchanters, who are carrying away some princess, whom they have stolen, in that coach; and I am obliged to redress this wrong to the utmost of my power."

"This may prove a worse job than the windmills," said Sancho. "Pray, sir, take notice that those are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to some travellers. Pray hearken to my advice and have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you."

"I have already told you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that you know little of the business of adventures. What I say is true, and you will see it presently;" and, so saying, he advanced forward and planted himself in the midst of the highway by which the monks were to pass, and when they were so near that he supposed they could hear what he said he cried out with a loud voice, "Diabolical and monstrous race, either instantly release the high-born princesses whom you are carrying away in that coach against their wills or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds."

The monks stopped their mules and stood admiring, as well at the figure of Don Quixote as at his expressions, to which they answered:

"Signor cavalier, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but a couple of religious of the Benedictine order, who are travelling on our own business, and are entirely ignorant whether any princesses are carried away by force in that coach or not."

"Soft words do nothing with me, for I know ye, treacherous scoundrels," said Don Quixote; and without staying for any other reply he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and, with his lance couched, ran at the foremost monk with such fury and resolution that if he had not slid from his mule he would have brought him to the ground in spite of his teeth, and wounded to boot, if not killed outright.

The second religious, seeing his comrade treated in this manner, clapped spurs to his mule's sides and began to scour along the plain lighter than the wind itself. Sancho Panza, seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and, running to him, began to take off his habit.

In the mean while, the monk's two lacqueys, coming up, asked him why he was stripping their master of his clothes. Sancho answered that they were his lawful perquisites, as being the spoils of the battle which his lord Don Quixote had just won. The lacqueys, who did not understand raillery nor what was meant by spoils or battles, seeing Don Quixote at a distance, talking with those in the coach, fell upon Sancho and threw him down, and, leaving him not a hair in his beard, gave him a hearty kicking and left him stretched on the ground breathless and senseless. And without losing a minute the monk got upon his mule again, trembling and terribly frighted and as pale as death; and no sooner was he mounted but he spurred after his companion, who stood waiting at a good distance to see what would be the issue of that strange en-

counter. But, being unwilling to wait the event, they went on their way, crossing themselves oftener than if the devil had been close at their heels.

Don Quixote, as was said, stood talking to the lady in the coach:

"Your beauty, dear lady, may dispose of your person as pleaseth you best, for your haughty ravishers lie prostrate on the ground, overthrown by my invincible arm; and, that you may not be at any pains to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso, and in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands all I desire is that you would return to Toboso, and in my name present yourselves before that lady and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty."

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire who accompanied the coach, a Biscainer, who, finding he would not let the coach go forward, but insisted upon its immediately returning to Toboso, flew at Don Quixote, and, taking hold of his lance, addressed him in bad Castilian and worse Biscaine, after this manner:

"Begone, cavalier, and the devil go with thee! I swear by the God that made me if thou dost not quit the coach, thou forfeitest thy life, as I am a Biscainer."

Don Quixote understood him very well, and with great calmness answered:

"Wert thou a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave."

To which the Biscainer replied:

"I no gentleman! I swear by the great God thou liest, as I am a Christian. If thou wilt throw away thy lance and draw thy sword, thou shalt see I will make no more of thee than a cat does of a mouse. Biscainer by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou liest: look, then, if thou hast anything else to say."

"Thou shalt see that presently, as said Agrages," answered Don Quixote; and, throwing down his lance, he drew his sword, and, grasping his buckler, set upon the Biscainer with a resolution to kill him.

The Biscainer, seeing him come on in that manner, though he would fain have alighted from his mule—which, being of the worst kind of hackneys, was not to be depended upon—had yet only time to draw his sword. But it happened well for him that he was close to the coach side, out of which he snatched a cushion, which served him for a shield; and immediately to it they went as if they had been mortal enemies.

The rest of the company would fain have made peace between them, but they could not; for the Biscainer swore in his gibberish that if they would not let him finish the combat he would kill his mistress and everybody that offered to hinder him. The lady of the coach, amazed and affrighted at what she saw, bid the coachman put a little out of the way, and so sat at a distance beholding the rigorous conflict; in the progress of which, the Biscainer gave Don Quixote such a huge stroke on one of his shoulders and above his buckler that had it not been for his coat of mail he had cleft him down to the girdle.

Don Quixote, feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cried out aloud, saying,

"O lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of all beauty, succor this thy knight, who to

satisfy thy great goodness exposes himself to this rigorous extremity."

The saying this, the drawing his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler and falling furiously on the Biscainer, were all done in one moment, he resolving to venture all on the fortune of a single blow.

The Biscainer, who saw him coming thus upon him, and perceived his bravery by his resolution, resolved to do the same thing that Don Quixote had done; and so he waited for him, covering himself well with his cushion, but was not able to turn his mule about to the right or the left, she being already so jaded and so little used to such sport that she would not stir a step.

Now, Don Quixote, as has been said, advanced against the wary Biscainer with his lifted sword, fully determined to cleave him asunder; and the Biscainer expected him with his sword also lifted up and guarded by his cushion. All the bystanders were trembling and in suspense what might be the event of those prodigious blows with which they threatened each other, and the lady of the coach and her waiting-women were making a thousand vows and promises of offerings to all the images and places of devotion in Spain that God would deliver them and their squire from the great peril they were in. But the misfortune is that the author of this history in this very crisis leaves the combat unfinished, excusing himself that he could find no more written of the exploits of Don Quixote than what he has already related. It is true indeed that the second undertaker of this work could not believe that so curious a history could be lost in oblivion, or that the wits of La Mancha should have so little curiosity as not to preserve in their archives or their cabinets some papers that treated of this famous knight; and upon that presumption he did not despair to find the conclusion of this delectable history, which, Heaven favoring him, he has at last done, in the manner as shall be recounted.

As I was walking one day on the Exchange of Toledo a boy came to sell some bundles of old papers to a mercer; and, as I am fond of reading, though it be torn papers thrown about the streets, carried by this my natural inclination, I took a parcel of those the boy was selling, and perceived therein characters which I knew to be Arabic. And whereas, though I knew the letters, I could not read them, I looked about for some Moorish rabbi to read them for me; and it was not very difficult to find such an interpreter, for had I even sought one for some better and more ancient language I should have found him there. In short, my good fortune presented one to me. Acquainting him with my desire and putting the book into his hands, he opened it toward the middle, and, reading a little in it, began to laugh. I asked him what he smiled at, and he answered me, at something which he found written in the margin, by way of annotation. I desired him to tell me what it was, and he, laughing on, said,

"There is written on the margin as follows: 'This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often mentioned in this history, had, they say, the best hand at salting pork of any woman in all La Mancha.'"

When I heard the name of Dulcinea del Toboso, I stood amazed and confounded; for I presently fancied to myself that those bundles of paper contained the history of Don Quixote. With this thought I pressed him to read the beginning, which he did, and, rendering extempore the Arabic into Castil-

ian, said that it began thus: "The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cide Hamete Benengeli, Arabian historiographer." Much discretion was necessary to dissemble the joy I felt at hearing the title of the book; and, snatching it out of the mercer's hands, I bought the whole bundle of papers from the boy for half a real, who, if he had been cunning and had perceived how eager I was to have them, might very well have promised himself, and have really had, more than six for the bargain.

I went off immediately with the Morisco through the cloister of the great church, and desired him to translate for me those papers that treated of Don Quixote into the Castilian tongue, without taking away or adding anything to them, offering to pay him whatever he should demand. He was satisfied with fifty pounds of raisins and two bushels of wheat, and promised to translate them faithfully and expeditiously. But I, to make the business more sure and not to let so valuable a prize slip through my fingers, took him home to my own house, where in little more than six weeks' time he translated the whole in the manner you have it here related.

In the first sheet was drawn in a most lively manner Don Quixote's combat with the Biscainer, in the same attitude in which the history sets it forth—the swords lifted up, the one covered with his buckler, the other with his cushion—and the Biscainer's mule so to the life that you might discover it to be a hackney jade a bowshot off. The Biscainer had a label at his feet, on which was written, "Don Sancho de Azpeytia"—which without doubt must have been his name—and at the feet of Rozinante was another, on which was written, "Don Quixote." Rozinante was wonderfully well delineated—so long and lank, so lean and feeble, with so sharp a backbone, and so like one in a galloping consumption, that you might see plainly with what exactness and propriety the name of Rozinante had been given him. Close by him stood Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter, at whose feet was another scroll, whereon was written "Sancho Zancas," and not without reason, if he was, as the painting expressed, paunch-bellied, short of stature and spindle-shanked, which doubtless gave him the names of Panza and Zancas; for the history sometimes calls him by the one and sometimes by the other of these surnames. There were some other minuter particulars observable, but they are of little importance and contribute nothing to the faithful narration of the history, though none are to be despised, if true. But if there be any objection against the truth of this history, it can only be that the author was an Arab, those of that nation being not a little addicted to lying, though, as they are so much our enemies, one should rather think he fell short of than exceeded the bounds of truth. And so, in truth, he seems to have done; for when he might, and ought to, have launched out in celebrating the praises of so excellent a knight, it looks as if he industriously passed them over in silence—a thing ill done and worse designed, for historians ought to be precise, faithful and unprejudiced, and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor affection, should make them swerve from the way of truth, whose mother is History, the rival of Time, the depository of great actions, the witness of what is past, the example and instruction to the present and monitor to the future. In

this you will certainly find whatever you can desire in the most agreeable; and if any perfection is wanting to it, it must without all question be the fault of the infidel its author, and not owing to any defect in the subject. In short, this part, according to the translation, began thus:

The trenchant blades of the two valorous and enraged combatants, being brandished aloft, seemed to stand threatening heaven and earth and the deep abyss, such was the courage and gallantry of their deportment. And the first who discharged his blow was the choleric Biscainer; which fell with such force and fury that if the edge of the sword had not turned aslant by the way, that single blow had been enough to have put an end to this cruel conflict, and to all the adventures of our knight; but good fortune, that preserved him for greater things, so twisted his adversary's sword that, though it alighted on the left shoulder, it did him no other hurt than to disarm that side, carrying off by the way a great part of his helmet, with half an ear; all of which with hideous ruin fell to the ground, leaving him in a piteous plight.

Who is he that can worthily recount the rage that entered into the breast of our Manchegan at seeing himself so roughly handled? Let it suffice that it was such that he raised himself afresh in his stirrups, and, grasping his sword faster in both hands, discharged it with such fury upon the Biscainer, taking him full upon the cushion and upon the head, which he could not defend, that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood began to gush out at his nostrils, his mouth and his ears and he seemed as if he was just falling down from his mule, which doubtless he must have done if he had not laid fast hold of her neck; but, notwithstanding that, he lost his stirrups and let go his hold, and the mule, frighted by the terrible stroke, began to run about the field, and at two or three plunges laid her master flat upon the ground.

Don Quixote stood looking on with great calmness, and when he saw him fall leaped from his horse and ran with much agility up to him, and, clapping the point of his sword to his eyes, bid him yield or he would cut off his head. The Biscainer was so stunned that he could not answer a word, and it had gone hard with him, so blinded with rage was Don Quixote, if the ladies of the coach, who hitherto in great dismay beheld the conflict, had not approached him and earnestly besought him that he would do them the great kindness and favor to spare the life of their squire.

Don Quixote answered with much solemnity and gravity,

"Assuredly, fair ladies, I am very willing to grant your request, but it is upon a certain condition and compact; which is, that this knight shall promise me to repair to the town of Toboso and present himself as from me before the peerless Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him as she shall think fit."

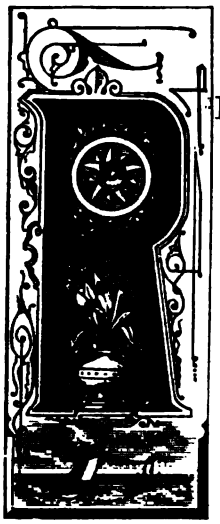
The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering what Don Quixote required, and without inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised him her squire should perform whatever he enjoined him.

"In reliance upon this promise," said Don Quixote, "I will do him no further hurt, though he has well deserved it at my hands."

Translation of CHARLES JARVIS.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

From the Latin of Horace.



RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach;
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse fortune's power,
Nor always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blast; the loftiest tower
Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side
His cloud-capped eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-informed philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain:
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And Nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast?
The dark appearance will not last;
Expect a brighter sky:
The god that strings the silver bow
Awakes sometimes to the Muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen;
But oh, if Fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvas in.

Translation of William Cowper.

NORA'S VOW.

HEAR what the Highland Nora said:
"The erlie's son I will not wed
Should all the race of nature die
And none be left but he and I;
For all the gold, for all the gear,
For all the lands, both far and near,
That ever valor lost or won,
I would not wed the erlie's son."

"A maiden's vows"—old Callum spoke—
"Are lightly made and lightly broke.
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
The lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the erlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;

The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn;
Ben Cruaihan fall and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the erlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made;
Ben Cruaihan stands as fast as ever;
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel
No Highland brogue has turned the heel;
But Nora's heart is lost and won:
She's wedded to the erlie's son!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HOW'S MY BOY?

"HO, sailor of the sea,
How's my boy—my boy?"—
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy John—
He that went to sea.
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman,
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But knows my John.

"How's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no.
Sure his ship was the Jolly Briton."—
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town.
Why should I speak low, sailor?"—
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her.
I say, how's my John?"—
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother.
How's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?"

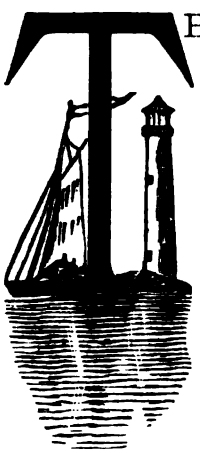
SYDNEY DOBELL.

TRUE JOY TO ALL.

KNOWLEDGE or wealth to few are given,
But mark how just the ways of Heaven:
True joy to all is free.
Nor wealth nor knowledge grant the boon:
'Tis thine, O Conscience—thine alone;
It all belongs to thee.

MICKLE.

LADY EVELINE.



THE opportunity of seeing this rural pastime had offered itself to Eveline at a time when the delightful brilliancy of the day, the temperance of the air and the joyous work of harvest, proceeding in every direction around, made the temptation to exercise almost irresistible. As they proposed to go no farther than the side of the neighboring river, near the fatal bridge, over which a small guard of infantry was constantly maintained, Eveline dispensed with any further escort, and, contrary to the custom of the castle, took no one in her train save Rose and Gillian and one or two servants, who led spaniels or carried appurtenances of the chase. Raoul, the merchant and an equerry attended her, of course, each holding a hawk on his wrist, and anxiously adjusting the mode in which they should throw them off so as best to ascertain the extent of their powers and training.

When these important points had been adjusted, the party rode down the river, carefully looking on every side for the object of their game; but no heron was seen stalking on the usual haunts of the bird, although there was a heronry at no great distance.

Few disappointments of a small nature are more teasing than that of a sportsman who, having set out with all means and appliances for destruction of game, finds that there is none to be met with, because he conceives himself, with his full shooting-trim and his empty game-pouch, to be subjected to the sneer of every passing rustic. The party of the Lady Eveline felt all the degradation of such disappointment.

"A fair country this," said the merchant, "where on two miles of river you cannot find one poor heron!"

"It is the clatter those Flemings make with their water-mills and fulling-mills," said Raoul; "they destroy good sport and good company wherever they come. But were My Lady willing to ride a mile or so farther, to the Red Pool, I could show you a long-shanked fellow who would make your hawks · cancelier till their brains were giddy."

"The Red Pool!" said Rose. "Thou knowest, Raoul, it is more than three miles beyond the bridge and lies up toward the hills."

"Ay, ay," said Raoul; "another Flemish freak to spoil pastime. They are not so scarce on the marches, these Flemish wenches, that they should fear being hawked at by Welsh haggards."

"Raoul is right, Rose," answered Eveline; "it is absurd to be cooped up like birds in a cage, when all around us has been so uniformly quiet. I am determined to break out of bounds for once and see sport in our old fashion, without being surrounded with armed men like prisoners of state. We will merrily

to the Red Pool, wench, and kill a heron like free maids of the marches."

'Let me but tell my father, at least, to mount and follow us," said Rose; for they were now near the re-established manufacturing-houses of the stout Fleming.

"I care not if thou dost, Rose," said Eveline. "Yet credit me, girl, we will be at the Red Pool and thus far on our way home again ere thy father has donned his best doublet, girded on his two-handed sword and accoutred his strong Flanderkin elephant of a horse, which he judiciously names Sloth. Nay, frown not; and lose not in justifying thy father the time that may be better spent in calling him out."

Rose rode to the mills, accordingly, when Wilkin Flammock, at the command of his liege mistress, readily hastened to get his steel cap and habergeon and ordered half a dozen of his kinsmen and servants to get on horseback. Rose remained with him, to urge him to more despatch than his methodical disposition rendered natural to him; but, in spite of all her efforts to stimulate him, the Lady Eveline had passed the bridge more than half an hour ere her escort was prepared to follow her.

Meanwhile, apprehensive of no evil, and riding gayly on with the sensation of one escaped from confinement, Eveline moved forward on her lively jennet, as light as a lark, the plumes with which Dame Gillian had decked her riding-bonnet dancing in the wind, and her attendants galloping behind her with dogs, pouches, lines, and all other appurtenances of the royal sport of hawking.

After passing the river the wild greensward path which they pursued began to wind upward among small eminences, sometimes bare and craggy, sometimes overgrown with hazel, sloe-thorn and other dwarf shrubs, and at length, suddenly descending, brought them to the verge of a mountain-rivulet, that like a lamb at play leaped merrily from rock to rock, seemingly uncertain which way to run.

"This little stream was always my favorite, Dame Gillian," said Eveline, "and now methinks it leaps the lighter that it sees me again."

"Ah, lady," said Dame Gillian, whose turn for conversation never extended in such cases beyond a few phrases of gross flattery, "many a fair knight would leap shoulder-height for leave to look on you as free as the brook may—more especially now that you have donned that riding-cap, which in exquisite delicacy of invention, methinks, is a bow-shot before aught that I ever invented.—What thinkest thou, Raoul?"

"I think," answered her well-natured helpmate, "that women's tongues were contrived to drive all the game out of the country.—Here we come near to the spot where we hope to speed, or nowhere; wherefore, pray, my sweet lady, be silent yourself, and keep your followers as much so as their natures will permit, while we steal along the bank of the pool under the wind, with our hawks' hoods cast loose all ready for a flight."

As he spoke they advanced about a hundred yards up the brawling stream, until the little vale through which it flowed, making a very sudden turn to one side, showed them the Red Pool, the superfluous water of which formed the rivulet itself.

This mountain-lake—or tarn, as it is called in some countries—was a deep basin of about a mile in circumference, but rather oblong

than circular. On the side next to our falconers arose a ridge of rock of a dark-red hue, giving name to the pool, which, reflecting this massive and dusky barrier, appeared to partake of its color. On the opposite side was a heathy hill whose autumnal bloom had not yet faded from purple to russet; its surface was varied by the dark-green furze and the fern, and in many places gray cliffs or loose stones of the same color formed a contrast to the ruddy precipice to which they lay opposed. A natural road of beautiful sand was formed by a beach, which, extending all the way around the lake, separated its waters from the precipitous rock on the one hand, and on the other from the steep and broken hill, and, being nowhere less than five or six yards in breadth and in most places greatly more, offered around its whole circuit a tempting opportunity to the rider who desired to exercise and breathe the horse on which he was mounted. The verge of the pool on the rocky side was here and there strewed with fragments of large size detached from the precipice above, but not in such quantity as to encumber this pleasant horse-course. Many of these rocky masses, having passed the margin of the water in their fall, lay immersed there like small islets; and, placed amongst a little archipelago, the quick eye of Raoul detected the heron which they were in search of.

A moment's consultation was held to consider in what manner they should approach the sad and solitary bird, which, unconscious that itself was the object of a formidable ambuscade, stood motionless on a stone by the brink of the lake, watching for such small fish or water-reptiles as might chance to pass by its lonely station. A brief debate took place betwixt Raoul and the hawk-merchant on the best mode of starting the quarry so as to allow Lady Eveline and her attendants the most perfect view of the flight. The facility of killing the heron at the *far jettee* or at the *jettee ferré* —that is, upon the hither or farther side of the pool—was anxiously debated in language of breathless importance, as if some great and perilous enterprise was about to be executed. At length the arrangements were fixed, and the party began to advance toward the aquatic hermit, who, by this time aware of their approach, drew himself up to his full height, erected his long lean neck, spread his broad fanlike wings, uttered his usual clanging cry, and, projecting his length of thin legs far behind him, rose upon the gentle breeze. It was then, with a loud whoop of encouragement, that the merchant threw off the noble hawk he bore, having first unhooded her to give her a view of her quarry.

Eager as a frigate in chase of some rich galleon darted the falcon toward the enemy which she had been taught to pursue, while, preparing for defence if he should be unable to escape by flight, the heron exerted all his powers of speed to escape from an enemy so formidable. Plying his almost unequalled strength of wing, he ascended high and higher in the air by short gyrations, that the hawk might gain no vantage-ground for pouncing at him, while his spiked beak, at the extremity of so long a neck as enabled him to strike an object at a yard's distance in every direction, possessed for any less spirited assailant all the terrors of a Moorish javelin.

Another hawk was now thrown off and encouraged by the halloos of the falconer to join her companion. Both kept mounting,

or scaling the air, as it were, by a succession of small circles, endeavoring to gain that superior height which the heron on his part was bent to preserve; and, to the exquisite delight of the spectators, the contest was continued until all three were wellnigh mingled with the fleecy clouds, from which was occasionally heard the harsh and plaintive cry of the quarry, appealing, as it were, to the heaven which he was approaching against the wanton cruelty of those by whom he was persecuted.

At length one of the falcons had reached a pitch from which she ventured to stoop at the heron, but so judiciously did the quarry maintain his defence as to receive on his beak the stroke which the falcon, shooting down at full descent, had made against his right wing; so that one of his enemies, spiked through the body by his own weight, fell fluttering into the lake very near the land, on the side farthest from the falconers, and perished there.

"There goes a gallant falcon to the fishes," said Raoul.—"Merchant, thy cake is dough."

Even as he spoke, however, the remaining bird had avenged the fate of her sister; for the success which the heron met with on one side did not prevent his being assailed on the other wing, and, the falcon stooping boldly and grappling with—or, as it is called in falconry, *binding*—his prey, both came tumbling down together from a great height in the air. It was then no small object on the part of the falconers to come in as soon as possible, lest the falcon should receive hurt from the beak or talons of the heron; and the whole party, the men setting spurs and the females switching their palfreys, went off like the wind, sweeping along the fair and smooth beach betwixt the road and the water.

Lady Eveline, far better mounted than any of her train, her spirits elated by the sport and by the speed at which she moved, was much sooner than any of her attendants at the spot where the falcon and heron, still engaged in their mortal struggle, lay fighting upon the moss, the wing of the latter having been broken by the stoop of the former. The duty of a falconer in such a crisis was to rush in and assist the hawk by thrusting the heron's bill into the earth and breaking his legs, and thus permitting the falcon to despatch him on easy terms.

Neither would the sex nor quality of the Lady Eveline have excused her becoming second to the falcon in this cruel manner, but just as she had dismounted for that purpose she was surprised to find herself seized on by a wild form, who exclaimed in Welsh that he seized her as a *waif* for hawking on the demesnes of Dawfyd-with-the-One-Eye. At the same time many other Welshmen, to the number of more than a score, showed themselves from behind crags and bushes, all armed at point with the axes called Welsh hooks, long knives, darts and bows and arrows.

Eveline screamed to her attendants for assistance, and at the same time made use of what Welsh phrases she possessed to move the fears or excite the compassion of the outlawed mountaineers; for she doubted not that she had fallen under the power of such a party. When she found her requests were unheeded and she perceived it was their purpose to detain her a prisoner, she disdained to use further entreaties, but demanded at their peril that they should treat her with respect, promising in that case that she would pay them a large ransom, and threatening them

with the vengeance of the lords-marchers, and particularly of Sir Damian de Lacy, if they ventured to use her otherwise.

The men seemed to understand her; and although they proceeded to tie a bandage over her eyes and to bind her arms with her own veil, yet they observed in these acts of violence a certain delicacy and attention both to her feelings and her safety which led her to hope that her request had had some effect on them. They secured her to the saddle of her palfrey and led her away with them through the recesses of the hills, while she had the additional distress to hear behind her the noise of a conflict, occasioned by the fruitless efforts of her retinue to procure her rescue.

Astonishment had at first seized the hawking-party when they saw from some distance their sport interrupted by a violent assault on their mistress. Old Raoul valiantly put spurs to his horse, and, calling on the rest to follow him to the rescue, rode furiously toward the banditti; but, having no other arms save a hawking-pole and short sword, he and those who followed him in his meritorious but ineffectual attempt were easily foiled and Raoul and one or two of the foremost severely beaten, the banditti exercising upon them their own poles till they were broken to splinters, but generously abstaining from the use of more dangerous weapons. The rest of the retinue, completely discouraged, dispersed to give the alarm, and the merchant and Dame Gillian remained by the lake, filling the air with shrieks of useless fear and sorrow. The outlaws, meanwhile, drawing together in a body, shot a few arrows at the fugitives, but more to alarm than to injure them, and then marched off, as if to cover their companions who had gone before with the Lady Eveline in their custody.

The Lady Eveline felt that she was a prisoner, nor was she devoid of fears concerning the purpose of this assault, but she suffered neither alarm nor the violence with which she was hurried along to deprive her of the power of observing and reflecting. From the noise of hoofs, which now increased around, she concluded that the greater part of the ruffians by whom she had been seized had betaken themselves to their horses. This she knew was consonant to the practice of the Welsh marauders, who, although the small size and slightness of their nags made them totally unfit for service in battle, availed themselves of their activity and sureness of foot to transport them with the necessary celerity to and from the scenes of their rapine, ensuring thus a rapid and unperceived approach and a secure and speedy retreat. These animals traversed without difficulty and beneath the load of a heavy soldier the wild mountain-paths by which the country was intersected, and in one of which Lady Eveline Berenger concluded she was now engaged, from the manner in which her own palfrey, supported by a man on foot at either rein, seemed now to labor up some precipice and anon to descend with still greater risk on the other side.

At one of those moments a voice which she had not yet distinguished addressed her in the Anglo-Norman language, and asked with apparent interest if she sat safely on her saddle, offering, at the same time, to have her accoutrements altered at her pleasure and convenience.

"Insult not my condition with the mention of safety," said Eveline; "you may well believe that I hold my safety altogether irrecon-

cilable with these deeds of violence. If I or my vassals have done injury to any of the Cymry, let me know, and it shall be amended; if it is ransom which you desire, name the sum, and I will send an order to treat for it; but detain me not prisoner, for that can but injure me and will avail you nothing."

"The Lady Eveline," answered the voice, still in a tone of courtesy inconsistent with the violence which she sustained, "will speedily find that our actions are more rough than our purposes."

"If you know who I am," said Eveline, "you cannot doubt that this atrocity will be avenged. You must know by whose banner my lands are at present protected."

"Under De Lacy's," answered the voice, with a tone of indifference. "Be it so; falcons fear not falcons."

At this moment there was a halt, and a confused murmur arose amongst those around her, who had hitherto been silent, unless when muttering to each other in Welsh and as briefly as possible directions which way to hold or encouragement to use haste. These murmurs ceased, and there was a pause of several minutes; at length Eveline again heard the voice which formerly addressed her giving directions which she could not understand. He then spoke to herself.

"You will presently see," he said, "whether I have spoken truly when I said I scorned the ties by which you are fettered. But you are at once the cause of strife and the reward of victory: your safety must be cared for as time will admit; and, strange as the mode of protection is to which we are to commit you, I trust the victor in the approaching struggle will find you uninjured."

"Do not, for the sake of the Blessed Virgin, let there be strife and bloodshed," said Eveline; "rather unbind my eyes and let me speak to those whose approach you dread. If friends, as it would seem to me, I will be the means of peace between you."

"I despise peace," replied the speaker. "I have not undertaken a resolute and daring adventure to resign it, as a child doth his plaything, at the first frown of Fortune. Please to alight, noble lady; or rather be not offended that I thus lift you from the seat and place you on the greensward."

As he spoke Eveline felt herself lifted from her palfrey and placed carefully and safely on the ground in a sitting posture. A moment after, the same peremptory valet who had aided her to dismount disrobed her of her cap, the masterpiece of Dame Gillian, and of her upper mantle.

"I must yet further require you," said the bandit leader, "to creep on hands and knees into this narrow aperture. Believe me, I regret the nature of the singular fortification to which I commit your person for safety."

Eveline crept forward as directed, conceiving resistance to be of no avail, and thinking that compliance with the request of one who spoke like a person of consequence might find her protection against the unbridled fury of the Welsh, to whom she was obnoxious as being the cause of Gwenwyn's death and the defeat of the Britons under the walls of the Garde Doloureuse. She crept then forward through a narrow and damp passage built on either side with rough stones and so low that she could not have entered it in any other posture. When she had proceeded about two or three yards, the passage opened into a concavity or apartment high enough to permit her to sit at her ease, and of irregular but narrow

dimensions. At the same time she became sensible, from the noise which she heard behind her, that the ruffians were stopping up the passage by which she had been thus introduced into the bowels of the earth. She could distinctly hear the clattering of stones with which they closed the entrance, and she became sensible that the current of fresh air which had rushed through the opening was gradually failing, and that the atmosphere of the subterranean apartment became yet more damp, earthy and oppressive than at first.

At this moment came a distant sound from without, in which Eveline thought she could distinguish cries, blows, the trampling of horses, the oaths, shouts and screams of the combatants, but all deadened by the rude walls of her prison into a confused hollow murmur conveying such intelligence to her ears as we may suppose the dead to hear from the world they have quitted.

Influenced by desperation under circumstances so dreadful, Eveline struggled for liberty with such frantic energy that she partly effected her purpose by forcing her arms from the bonds which confined them. But this only convinced her of the impossibility to escape; for, rending off the veil which wrapped her head, she found herself in total darkness, and, flinging her arms hastily around her, she discovered she was cooped up in a subterranean cavern of very narrow dimensions. Her hands, which groped around, encountered only pieces of decayed metal and a substance which at another moment would have made her shudder, being, in truth, the mouldering bones of the dead. At present not even this circumstance could add to her fears, immured, as she seemed to be, to perish by a strange and subterranean death, while her friends and deliverers were probably within a few yards of her. She flung her arms wildly around in search of some avenue of escape, but every effort she made for liberating herself from the ponderous circumvallation was as ineffectual as if directed against the dome of a cathedral. The noise by which her ears were at first assailed increased rapidly, and at one moment it seemed as if the covering of the vault under which she lay sounded repeatedly to blows or the shock of substances which had fallen or been thrown against it. It was impossible that a human brain could have withstood these terrors, operating upon it so immediately; but, happily, this extremity lasted not long. Sounds more hollow, and dying away in distance, argued that one or other of the parties had retreated; and at length all was silent.

Eveline was now left to the undisturbed contemplation of her own disastrous situation. The fight was over, and, as circumstances led her to infer, her own friends were conquerors; for otherwise the victor would have relieved her from her place of confinement and carried her away captive with him, as his words had menaced. But what could the success of her faithful friends and followers avail Eveline, who, pent up under a place of concealment which, whatever its character, must have escaped their observation, was left on the field of battle to become again the prize of the enemy, should their band venture to return, or die in darkness and privation?—a death as horrid as ever tyrant invented or martyr underwent, and which the unfortunate young lady could not even bear to think of without a prayer that her agony might at least be shortened. In this hour of

dread she recollected the poniard which she wore, and the dark thought crossed her mind that when life became hopeless a speedy death was at least within her reach. As her soul shuddered at so dreadful an alternative, the question suddenly occurred, Might not this weapon be put to a more hallowed use, and aid her emancipation instead of abridging her sufferings?

This hope once adopted, the daughter of Raymond Berenger hastened to prove the experiment, and by repeated efforts succeeded, though with difficulty, in changing her posture so as to admit of her inspecting her place of confinement all around, but particularly the passage by which she had entered, and by which she now attempted again to return to the light of day. She crept to the extremity, and found it, as she expected, strongly blocked up with large stones and earth rammed together in such a manner as nearly to extinguish all hope of escape. The work, however, had been hastily performed, and life and liberty were prizes to stimulate exertions. With her poniard she cleared away the earth and sods; with her hands —little accustomed to such labor—she removed several stones, and advanced in her task so far as to obtain a glimmering of light and, what was scarce less precious, a supply of purer air. But, at the same time, she had the misfortune to ascertain that, from the size and massiveness of a huge stone which closed the extremity of the passage, there was no hope that her unassisted strength could effect her extrication. Yet her condition was improved by the admission of air and light, as well as by the opportunity afforded of calling out for assistance. Such cries, indeed, were for some time uttered in vain; the field had probably been left to the dead and the dying, for low and indistinct groans were the only answer which she received for several minutes. At length, as she repeated her exclamation, a voice faint as that of one just awakened from a swoon pronounced these words in answer:

"Edris of the Earthen House, dost thou call from thy tomb to the wretch who just hastens to his own? Are the boundaries broken down which connect me with the living? And do I already hear with fleshly ears the faint and screaming accents of the dead?"

"It is no spirit who speaks," replied Eveline, overjoyed at finding she could at least communicate her existence to a living person—"no spirit, but a most unhappy maiden, Eveline Berenger by name, immured beneath this dark vault, and in danger to perish horribly unless God send me rescue."

"Eveline Berenger!" exclaimed he whom she addressed, in the accents of wonder. "It is impossible! I watched her green mantle, I watched her plumy bonnet, as I saw her hurried from the field and felt my own inability to follow to the rescue. Nor did force or exertion altogether leave me till the waving of the robe and the dancing of the feathers were lost to my eyes and all hope of rescuing her abandoned my heart."

"Faithful vassal, or right true friend, or courteous stranger, whichsoever I may name thee," answered Eveline, "know thou hast been abused by the artifices of these Welsh banditti. The mantle and headgear of Eveline Berenger they have indeed with them, and may have used them to mislead those true friends who, like thee, are anxious for my fate. Wherefore, brave sir, devise some

succor, if thou canst, for thyself and me, since I dread that these ruffians, when they shall have escaped immediate pursuit, will return hither like the robber to the hoard where he has deposited his stolen booty."

"Now, the Holy Virgin be praised," said the wounded man, "that I can spend the last breath of my life in thy just and honorable service! I would not before blow my bugle lest I recalled from the pursuit to the aid of my worthless self some of those who might be effectually engaged in thy rescue. May Heaven grant that the recall may now be heard, that my eyes may yet see the Lady Eveline in safety and liberty!"

The words, though spoken in a feeble tone, breathed a spirit of enthusiasm, and were followed by the blast of a horn, faintly winded, to which no answer was made save the echoing of the dell. A sharper and louder blast was then sent forth, but sunk so suddenly that it seemed the breath of him who sounded the instrument had failed in the effort. A strange thought crossed Eveline's mind even in that moment of uncertainty and terror.

"That," she said, "was the note of a De Lacy. Surely you cannot be my gentle kinsman Sir Damian?"

"I am that unhappy wretch, deserving of death for the evil care which I have taken of the treasure entrusted to me. What was my business to trust to reports and messengers? I should have worshipped the saint who was committed to my keeping with such vigilance as avarice bestows on the dross which he calls treasure; I should have rested nowhere save at your gate, outwatched the brightest stars in the horizon. Unseen and unknown myself, I should never have parted from your neighborhood; then had you not been in the present danger, and—much less important consequence—thou, Damian de Lacy, had not filled the grave of a forsworn and negligent caitiff."

"Alas, noble Damian," said Eveline, "break not my heart by blaming yourself for an imprudence which is altogether my own. Thy succor was ever near when I intimated the least want of it, and it embitters my own misfortune to know that my rashness has been the cause of your disaster. Answer me, gentle kinsman, and give me to hope that the wounds you have suffered are such as may be cured. Alas! how much of your blood have I seen spilled! and what a fate is mine, that I should ever bring distress on all for whom I would most willingly sacrifice my own happiness! But do not let us embitter the moments given us in mercy by fruitless repinings; try what you can to stop thine ebbing blood, which is so dear to England, to Eveline and to thine uncle."

Damian groaned as she spoke, and was silent, while, maddened with the idea that he might be perishing for want of aid, Eveline repeated her efforts to extricate herself for her kinsman's assistance as well as her own. It was all in vain, and she had ceased the attempt in despair; and, passing from one hideous subject of terror to another, she sat listening with sharpened ear for the dying groan of Damian, when—feeling of ecstasy!—the ground was shaken with horses' feet advancing rapidly. Yet this joyful sound, if decisive of life, did not assure her of liberty: it might be the banditti of the mountains returning to seek their captive. Even then they would surely allow her leave to look upon and bind up the wounds of Damian de Lacy, for to keep him as a captive might vantage

them more in many degrees than could his death.

A horseman came up. Eveline invoked his assistance, and the first word she heard was an exclamation in Flemish from the faithful Wilkin Flammock, which nothing save some spectacle of the most unusual kind was ever known to compel from that phlegmatic person. His presence, indeed, was particularly useful on this occasion; for, being informed by the Lady Eveline in what condition she was placed, and implored at the same time to look to the situation of Sir Damian de Lacy, he began with admirable composure and some skill to stop the wounds of the one, while his attendants collected levers, left by the Welsh as they retreated, and were soon ready to attempt the liberation of Eveline.

With much caution, and under the experienced direction of Flammock, the stone was at length so much raised that the Lady Eveline was visible, to the delight of all, and especially of the faithful Rose, who, regardless of the risk of personal harm, fluttered around her mistress's place of confinement like a bird robbed of her nestlings around the cage in which the truant urchin has imprisoned them. Precaution was necessary to remove the stone, lest, falling inward, it might do the lady injury. At length the rocky fragment was so much displaced that she could issue forth, while her people, as in hatred of the coercion which she had sustained, ceased not to heave with bar and lever till, totally destroying the balance of the heavy mass, it turned over from the little flat on which it had been placed at the mouth of the subterranean entrance, and, acquiring force as it revolved down a steep declivity, was at length put into rapid motion, and rolled, crashed and thundered down the hill amid flashes of fire which it forced from the rocks, and clouds of smoke and dust, until it alighted in the channel of a brook, where it broke into several massive fragments with a noise that might have been heard several miles off.

With garments rent and soiled through the violence she had sustained, with dishevelled hair and disordered dress, faint from the stifling effect of her confinement and exhausted by the efforts she had made to relieve herself, Eveline did not, nevertheless, waste a single minute in considering her own condition, but with the eagerness of a sister hastening to the assistance of her only brother betook herself to examine the several severe wounds of Damian de Lacy, and to use proper means to stanch the blood and recall him from his swoon.

Like other ladies of the time, Eveline was not altogether unacquainted with the surgical art, and she now displayed a greater share of knowledge than she had been thought capable of exerting. There was prudence, foresight and tenderness in every direction which she gave, and the softness of the female sex, with their officious humanity ever ready to assist in alleviating human misery, seemed in her enhanced and rendered dignified by the sagacity of a strong and powerful understanding. After hearing with wonder for a minute or two the prudent and ready-witted directions of her mistress, Rose seemed at once to recollect that the patient should not be left to the exclusive care of the Lady Eveline, and, joining, therefore, in the task, she rendered what assistance she could, while the attendants were employed in forming a litter, on which the wounded knight was conveyed to Garde Doloureuse.

WALTER SCOTT.

TRIFLES.

SINCE trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please,—
Oh, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence
A small unkindness is a great offence.
To spread large bounties though we wish in vain,
Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain;
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; yet, liberal still,
Heaven gives its counterpoise to every ill;
Nor let us murmur at our stinted powers
When kindness, love and concord may be ours.

HANNAH MORE.

THE OLD MAN'S CAROUSAL.

DRINK! drink! To whom shall we drink?
To friend or a mistress? Come, let me think.
To those who are absent, or those who are here?
To the dead that we loved, or the living still dear?
Alas! when I look, I find none of the last.
The present is barren: let's drink to the past.

Come! here's to the girl with a voice sweet and low,
The eye all of fire and the bosom of snow,
Who erewhile, in the days of my youth that are fled,
Once slept on my bosom and pillowed my head.
Would you know where to find such a delicate prize?
Go seek in yon churchyard, for there she lies.

And here's to the friend—the one friend—of my youth,
With a head full of genius, a heart full of truth,
Who travelled with me in the sunshine of life
And stood by my side in its peace and its strife.
Would you know where to seek a blessing so rare?
Go drag the lone sea: you may find him there.

And here's to a brace of twin-cherubs of mine,
With hearts like their mother's, as pure as this wine,
Who came but to see the first act of the play,
Grew tired of the scene, and then both went away.

Would you know where this brace of bright cherubs have hied?
Go seek them in heaven, for there they abide.

A bumper, my boys, to a gray-headed pair
Who watched o'er my childhood with tenderest care;
God bless them and keep them, and may they look down
On the head of their son without tear, sigh or frown!
Would you know whom I drink to? Go seek 'mid the dead:
You will find both their names on the stone at their head.

And here's— But, alas! the good wine is no more:
The bottle is emptied of all its bright store;
Like those we have toasted, its spirit is fled,
And nothing is left of the light that it shed.
Then a bumper of tears, boys! The banquet here ends
With a health to our dead, since we've no living, friends.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

TOO LATE.

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas—
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye:
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do—
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few;
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas—
Not half worthy the like of you;
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows:
I love *you*, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas;
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas—
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

THE STORM.

WHILE yet the feeble accents hung
Unfinished on his faltering tongue,
Through the tall arches flashing came
A broad and livid sheet of flame,
Playing with fearful radiance o'er
The upraised features of Leonore,
The shrinking form of her trembling sire,
The bridegroom's face of scowling ire,
And the folded hands and heaving breast
And prophet-like mien of the aged priest.

'Twas a breathless pause, but a moment more,
And that fierce, unnatural beam was o'er,
And a stunning crash, as if earth were driven
On thundering wheels to the gates of heaven,
Burst, pealed and muttered long and deep,
Then, sinking, growled itself to sleep,
And all was still.

MARGARET DAVIDSON.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

UPON the barren sand
A single captive stood,
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound, on ocean's rim:
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air
The savage war-club swung;
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade
Like leaves on aspen limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

"Unbind him!" gasped the chief;
"Obey your king's decree!"
He kissed away her tears of grief
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus: when in life's storm
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form
And breathes a prayer for him.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against Fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings.
Sceptre, crown,
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field
And plant fresh laurels where they kill,
But their strong nerves at last must yield:
They tame but one another still.
Early or late,
They stoop to Fate,
And must give up their conquering breath
When they, pale captives, creep to Death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds:
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds.
All heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

THE BROTHERS.

WE are but two: the others sleep
Through death's untroubled night;
We are but two: oh, let us keep
The link that binds us bright.

Heart leaps to heart: the sacred flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old man—his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were locked;
  Long be her love repaid!
In the same cradle we were rocked;
  Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
  Each little joy and woe;
Let manhood keep alive the flame
  Lit up so long ago.

We are but two; be that the band
  To hold us till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand
  Till side by side we lie.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

NEIGHBOR NELLY.

I'M in love with neighbor Nelly,
  Though I know she's only ten,
While, alas! I'm eight-and-forty
  And the *marriedest* of men.
I've a wife who weighs me double,
  I've three daughters all with beaux,
I've a son with noble whiskers
  Who at me turns up his nose.

Though a square-toes and a fogy,
  Still I've sunshine in my heart;
Still I'm fond of cakes and marbles,
  Can appreciate a tart.
I can love my neighbor Nelly
  Just as though I were a boy;
I could hand her nuts and apples
  From my depths of corduroy.

She is tall, and growing taller;
  She is vigorous of limb
(You should see her play at cricket
  With her little brother Jim).
She has eyes as blue as damsons,
  She has pounds of auburn curls,
She regrets the game of leap-frog
  Is prohibited to girls.

I adore my neighbor Nelly;
  I invite her in to tea,
And I let her nurse the baby,
  All her pretty ways to see.
Such a darling bud of woman,
  Yet remote from any teens!
I have learnt from neighbor Nelly
  What the girl's doll-instinct means.

Oh, to see her with the baby!
  He adores her more than I.
How she chorusses his crowing!
  How she hushes every cry!
How she loves to pit his dimples
  With her light forefinger deep!
How she boasts to me in triumph
  When she's got him off to sleep!

We must part, my neighbor Nelly,
  For the summers quickly flee,
And your middle-aged admirer
  Must supplanted quickly be.
Yet, as jealous as a mother,
  A distempered, cankered churl,
I look vainly for the setting
  To be worthy such a pearl.

ROBERT B. BROUGH.

MY BOOKS.

THE readers and the hearers like my books,
  But yet some writers cannot them digest.
But what care I? for when I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it, not the
  cooks.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

FROM "HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE."

A FEW daring jests, a brawl and a fatal stab make up the life of Marlowe, but even details such as these are wanting to the life of William Shakespeare. Of hardly any great poet, indeed, do we know so little. For the story of his youth we have only one or two trifling legends, and these almost certainly false. Not a single letter or characteristic saying, not one of the jests "spoken at the Mermaid," hardly a single anecdote, remains to illustrate his busy life in London. His look and figure in later age have been preserved by the bust over his tomb at Stratford, and a hundred years after his death he was still remembered in his native town; but the minute diligence of the inquirers of the Georgian time was able to glean hardly a single detail, even of the most trivial order, which could throw light upon the years of retirement before his death. It is owing, perhaps, to the harmony and unity of his temper that no salient peculiarity seems to have left its trace on the memory of his contemporaries; it is the very grandeur of his genius which precludes us from discovering any personal trait in his works. His supposed self-revelation in the Sonnets is so obscure that only a few outlines can be traced even by the boldest conjecture. In his dramas he is all his characters, and his characters range over all mankind. There is not one, or the act or word of one, that we can identify personally with the poet himself.

He was born in the sixth year of Elizabeth's reign, twelve years after the birth of Spenser, three years later than the birth of Bacon. Marlowe was of the same age with Shakespeare; Greene, probably a few years older. His father, a glover and small farmer of Stratford-on-Avon, was forced by poverty to lay down his office of alderman as his son reached boyhood, and the stress of poverty may have been the cause which drove William Shakespeare, who was already married at eighteen to a wife older than himself, to London and the stage. His life in the capital is said—but the statement is mere guesswork—to have begun in his twenty-third year, the memorable year which followed Sidney's death, which preceded the coming of the Armada, and which witnessed the production of Marlowe's "Tamburlaine." If we take the language of the Sonnets as a record of his personal feeling, his new profession as an actor stirred in him only the bitterness of self-contempt. He chides with Fortune "that did not better for my life provide than public means that public manners breed;" he writhes at the thought that he has "made himself a motley to the view" of the gaping apprentices in the pit of Blackfriars. "Thence comes it," he adds, "that my name receives a brand, and almost thence my nature is subdued to that it works in." But the application of the words is a more than

doubtful one. In spite of petty squabbles with some of his dramatic rivals at the outset of his career, the genial nature of the new comer seems to have won him a general love among his fellow-actors. In his early years, while still a mere fitter of old plays for the stage, a fellow-playwright, Chettle, answered Greene's attack on him in words of honest affection: "Myself have seen his demeanor no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which augurs his honesty; and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art." His partner Burbage spoke of him after death as a "worthy friend and fellow," and Jonson handed down the general tradition of his time when he described him as "indeed honest, and of an open and free nature."

His profession as an actor was at any rate of essential service to him in the poetic career which he soon undertook. Not only did it give him the sense of theatrical necessities which makes his plays so effective on the boards, but it enabled him to bring his pieces as he wrote them to the test of the stage. If there is any truth in Jonson's statement that Shakespeare never blotted a line, there is no justice in the censure which it implies on his carelessness or incorrectness. The conditions of poetic publication were, in fact, wholly different from those of our own day. A drama remained for years in manuscript as an acting piece, subject to continual revision and amendment, and every rehearsal and representation afforded hints for change, which we know the young poet was far from neglecting. The chance which has preserved an earlier edition of his "Hamlet" shows in what an unsparing way Shakespeare could recast even the finest products of his genius. Five years after the supposed date of his arrival in London, he was already famous as a dramatist. Greene speaks bitterly of him, under the name of "Shakescene," as an "upstart crow beautified with our feathers," a sneer which points to a time when the young author was preparing himself for loftier flights by fitting older pieces of his predecessors for the stage. He was soon partner in the theatre, actor and playwright, and another nickname, that of "Johannes Factotum," or Jack of all Trades, shows his readiness to take all honest work which came to hand. "Pericles" and "Titus Andronicus" are probably instances of almost worthless but popular plays touched up with a few additions from Shakespeare's pen, and of the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI." only about a third can be traced to him. The death-scene of Cardinal Beaufort, though chosen by Reynolds in his famous picture as specially Shakesperean, is taken bodily from some older dramatist, Marlowe perhaps, or Peele, whom Shakespeare was adapting for the stage.

With the poem of "Venus and Adonis," "the first heir of my invention," as he calls it, the period of independent creation fairly began. The date of its publication was a very memorable one. The "Faerie Queen" had appeared only three years before, and had placed Spenser, without a rival, at the head of English poetry. On the other hand, the two leading dramatists of the time passed at this moment suddenly away. Greene died in poverty and self-reproach in the house of a poor shoemaker. "Doll," he wrote to the wife he had abandoned, "I charge thee, by the love of our youth and by my soul's rest,

that thou wilt see this man paid; for if he and his wife had not succored me, I had died in the streets." "Oh that a year were granted me to live!" cried the young poet from his bed of death. "But I must die of every man abhorred. Time loosely spent will not again be won. My time is loosely spent, and I undone." A year later the death of Marlowe in a street-brawl removed the only rival whose powers might have equalled Shakespeare's own. He was now about thirty, and the twenty-three years which elapsed between the appearance of the "Adonis" and his death were filled with a series of masterpieces. Nothing is more characteristic of his genius than its incessant activity. Throughout the whole of this period he produced on an average two dramas a year, and this in addition to the changes and transformations he effected in those already brought on the stage. When we attempt, however, to trace the growth and progress of the poet's mind in the order of his plays, we are met—at least, in the case of many of them—by an absence of any real information as to the dates of their appearance which is hardly compensated by the guesses of later inquirers. The facts on which conjecture has to build are, indeed, extremely few. "Venus and Adonis," with the "Lucrece," must have been written before their publication in 1593–94; the Sonnets, though not published till 1609, were known in some form among his private friends as early as 1598. His earlier plays are defined by a list given in the "Wit's Treasury" of Francis Meres in 1598, though the omission of a play from a casual catalogue of this kind would hardly warrant us in assuming its necessary non-existence at the time. The works ascribed to him at his death are fixed, in the same approximate fashion, through the edition published by his fellow-actors. Beyond these meagre facts, and our knowledge of the publication of a few of his dramas in his lifetime, all is uncertain; and the conclusions which have been drawn from these and from the dramas themselves, as well as from assumed resemblances with or references to other plays of the period, can only be accepted as rough approximations to the truth. His lighter comedies and historical dramas can be assigned with fair probability to the period between 1593, when he was known as nothing more than an adapter, and 1598, when they are mentioned in the list of Meres. They bear on them, indeed, the stamp of youth. In "Love's Labor's Lost" the young playwright quizzes the verbal wit and high-flown extravagance of thought and phrase which Euphues had made fashionable in the court world of the time; his fun breaks almost riotously out in the practical jokes of the "Taming of the Shrew" and the endless blunderings of the "Comedy of Errors." His work is as yet marked by little poetic elevation or by passion, but the easy grace of the dialogue, the dextrous management of a complicated story, the genial gayety of his tone and the music of his verse placed Shakespeare at once at the head of his fellows as a master of social comedy. In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," which followed, perhaps, these earlier efforts, his painting of manners is suffused by a tenderness and ideal beauty which formed an effective protest against the hard though vigorous character-painting which the first success of Ben Jonson in "Every Man in his Humor" brought at the time into fash-

ion. Quick on these lighter comedies followed two in which his genius started fully into life. His poetic power, held in reserve till now, showed itself with a splendid profusion in the brilliant fancies of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and passion swept like a tide of resistless delight through "Romeo and Juliet." Side by side, however, with these delicate imaginings and piquant sketches of manners had been appearing during this short interval of intense activity his historical dramas. No plays seem to have been more popular, from the earliest hours of the new stage, than dramatic representations of our history. Marlowe had shown in his "Edward II." what tragic grandeur could be reached in this favorite field, and, as we have seen, Shakespeare had been led naturally toward it by his earlier occupation as an adapter of stock pieces like "Henry VI." for the new requirements of the stage. He still to some extent followed in plan the older plays on the subjects he selected, but in his treatment of their themes he shook boldly off the yoke of the past. A larger and deeper conception of human character than any of the old dramatists had reached displayed itself in Richard III., in Falstaff or in Hotspur, while in Constance and Richard II. the pathos of human suffering was painted as even Marlowe had never dared to paint it. No dramas have done more for his enduring popularity with the mass of Englishmen than those historical plays of Shakespeare, echoing sometimes, as they do, much of our national prejudice and unfairness of temper (as in his miserable caricature of Joan of Arc), but instinct throughout with English humor, with an English love of hard fighting, an English faith in the doom that waits upon triumphant evil, and English pity for the fallen.

Whether as a tragedian or as a writer of social comedy, Shakespeare had now passed far beyond his fellows. "The Muses," said Meres, "would speak with Shakespeare's fine-filed phrase if they would speak English." His personal popularity was at its height. His pleasant temper and the vivacity of his wit had drawn him early into contact with the young earl of Southampton, to whom his "Adonis" and "Lucrece" are dedicated; and the different tone of the two dedications shows how rapidly acquaintance ripened into an ardent friendship. It is probably to Southampton that the earlier sonnets were addressed during this period, while others may have been written in the character of his friend during the quickly changing phases of the earl's adventurous life. His wealth, too, was growing fast. A year after the appearance of his two poems the dramatic company at Blackfriars, in which he was a partner as well as actor, built their new theatre of the Globe on the Bankside, and four years later he was rich enough to aid his father and buy the house at Stratford which afterward became his home. The tradition that Elizabeth was so pleased with Falstaff in "Henry IV." that she ordered the poet to show her Falstaff in love—an order which produced the "Merry Wives of Windsor"—whether true or false, shows his repute as a playwright. As the group of earlier poets passed away they found successors in Marston, Dekker, Middleton, Heywood and Chapman, and, above all, in Ben Jonson. But none of these could dispute the supremacy of Shakespeare. The verdict of Meres in 1598, that "Shakespeare among the Eng-

lish is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage," represented the general feeling of his contemporaries. He was fully master at last of the resources of his art. "The Merchant of Venice" marks the perfection of his development as a dramatist in the completeness of its stage effect, the ingenuity of its incidents, the ease of its movement, the poetic beauty of its higher passages, the reserve and self-control with which its poetry is used, the conception and development of character, and, above all, the mastery with which character and event are grouped round the figure of Shylock. But the poet's temper is still young; the "Merry Wives of Windsor" is a burst of gay laughter; and laughter more tempered, yet full of a sweeter fascination, rings round us in "As You Like It." But in the melancholy and meditative Jacques of the last drama we feel the touch of a new and graver mood. Youth, so full and buoyant in the poet till now, seems to have passed almost suddenly away. Shakespeare had nearly reached forty, and in one of his Sonnets, which cannot have been written at a much later time than this, there are indications that he already felt the advance of premature age. The outer world suddenly darkened around him; the brilliant circle of young nobles whose friendship he had shared was broken up by the political storm which burst in the mad struggle of the earl of Essex for power. Essex himself fell on the scaffold; his friend and Shakespeare's idol, Southampton, passed a prisoner into the Tower; Herbert, Lord Pembroke, the poet's younger patron, was banished from court. Hard as it is to read the riddle of the Essex rising, we know that to some of the younger and more chivalrous minds of the age it seemed a noble effort to rescue England from intriguers who were gathering round the queen, and in this effort Shakespeare seems to have taken part. The production of his play of "Richard II." at the theatre was one of the means adopted by the conspirators to prepare the nation for the revolution they had contemplated, and the suspension of the players on the suppression of the revolt marks the government's opinion as to the way their sympathies had gone.

While friends were thus falling and hopes fading without, the poet's own mind seems to have been going through a phase of bitter suffering and unrest. In spite of the ingenuity of commentators, it is difficult, and even impossible, to derive any knowledge of Shakespeare's inner history from the Sonnets. "The strange imagery of passion which passes over the magic mirror," it has been finely said, "has no tangible evidence before or behind it," but its mere passing is itself an evidence of the restlessness and agony within. The change in the character of his dramas gives a surer indication of his change of mood. "There seems to have been a period in Shakespeare's life," says Mr. Hallam, "when his heart was ill at ease and ill content with the world and his own conscience; the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature which intercourse with unworthy associates by choice or circumstances peculiarly teaches,—these as they sank down into the depth of his great mind seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear or Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jacques, gazing with

an undiminished serenity and with a gayety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and next one rather more severe in the Duke in 'Measure for Measure.' In all these, however, it is merely contemplative philosophy. In Hamlet this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances; it shines no longer, as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful coruscations amid feigned gayety and extravagance. In Lear it is the flash of sudden inspiration across the incongruous imagery of madness; in Timon it is obscured by the exaggeration of misanthropy."

The "obstinate questionings of invisible things" which had given their philosophical cast to the wonderful group of dramas which had at last raised Shakespeare to his post among the greatest of the world's poets still hung round him in the years of quiet retirement which preceded his death. The wealth he had amassed as actor, stage proprietor and author enabled him to purchase a handsome property at Stratford, the home of his youth, which, if we may trust tradition, he had never failed to visit once a year since he left it to seek his fortune on the London boards. His last dramas, "Othello," "The Tempest," "Cæsar," "Antony," "Coriolanus," were written in the midst of ease and competence, in the home where he lived as a country gentleman with his wife and daughters. His classical plays were the last assertion of an age which was passing away.

J. R. GREEN.

TOLERATION.

AN APOLOGUE.

[Jeremy Taylor says that the account of this incident is to be found among the Jewish records.]

WHEN Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming toward him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper and caused him to sit down, but, observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven? The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition.

When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham and asked him where the stranger was. He replied,

"I thrust him away because he did not worship thee."

God answered him,

"I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me, and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?"

Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. Go thou and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

LET ITALY BOAST.

LET Italy boast of her bloom-shaded waters,
Her bowers and her vines and her warm sunny skies,
Of her sons drinking love from the eyes of her daughters,
While Freedom expires 'mid their softness and sighs.
Scotland's bleak mountains wild,
Where hoary cliffs are piled,
Towering in grandeur, are dearer to me—
Land of the misty cloud,
Land of the tempest loud,
Land of the brave and proud, land of the free.

Enthroned on the cliff of the dark Highland mountain,
The spirit of Scotland reigns fearless and free;
While her tartan-folds wave over blue lake and fountain,
Exulting she sings, looking over the sea:
"Here on my mountains wild
I have serenely smiled
Where armies and empires against me were hurled—
Throned on my native rocks,
Calmly sustained the shocks
Of Cæsar and Denmark and Rome and the world.

"When kings of the nations in council assemble,
The frown of my brow makes their proud hearts to quake,
The flash of mine eye makes the bravest to tremble,
The sound of my war-song makes armies to shake.
France long shall mind the strain
Sung on her bloody plain,
While Europe's bold armies with terror did shiver;
Exulting 'midst fire and blood,
Then sang the pibroch loud,
'Dying, but unsubdued! Scotland for ever!'"

See at the war-note the proud horses prancing,
The thick groves of steel trodden down in their path;
The eyes of the brave like their bright swords are glancing,
Triumphantly riding through ruin and death.
Proud heart and nodding plume
Dance o'er the warrior's tomb,
Dyed with blood is the red tartan wave,
Dire is the horseman's wheel,
Shiv'ring the ranks of steel:
Victor in battle is Scotland the brave.

JAMES HYSLOP.

PRAYER DURING BATTLE.

From the German of Theodor Korner.

Father, I call on thee!
Roaring, the cannons hurl round me their clouds;
Flashing, the lightning bursts wildly its shrouds.
God of battles, I call upon thee!
Father, oh guide thou me!

Father, oh guide thou me!
Lead me to victory, lead me to death;
Lord, I'll acknowledge thee with my last breath.
Lord, as thou listeth, guide thou me!
God, I acknowledge thee!

God, I acknowledge thee!
As when the autumn's leaves fall to the ground,
So when the thunders of battle resound,
Fountain of mercy, I recognize thee.
Father, oh bless thou me!

Father, oh bless thou me!
E'er to thy guidance my life I will trust;
Thou gavest me life: thou canst turn me to dust;
In life or in death be thy blessing on me.
Father, I honor thee!

Father, I honor thee!
'Tis not a fight for this world's golden hoard:
Holy is what we protect with the sword;
Hence, falling or vanquishing, praise be to thee.
God, I submit to thee!

God, I submit to thee!
When round me roar the dread thunders of death,
When my veins' torrent shall drain my last breath,
Then, O my God, I submit unto thee!
Father, I call on thee!

Translation of Alfred Baskerville.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'TWAS summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the wood-pigeon cooed from the tree;
At the foot of a rock where the wild rose was growing
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river;
Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever;
For there first I gained the affection and favor
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he;
And, ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring billows,
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
And left me to stray 'mongst the once-lovèd willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY.

FROM THE STATUE BY H. P. M'CARTHY.

ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

SLOWLY the monarch turned aside;
But when his glance of youthful pride
Rested upon the warriors gray
Who bore his lance and shield that day,
And the long line of spears that came
Through the far grove like waves of flame,
His forehead burned, his pulse beat high,
More darkly flashed his shifting eye,
And visions of the battle-plain
Came bursting on his soul again.

The old man drew his gaze away
Right gladly from that long array,
As if their presence were a blight
Of pain and sickness to his sight;
And, slowly folding o'er his breast
The fragments of his tattered vest,
As was his wont, unasked, unsought,
Gave to the winds his muttered thought,
Naming no name of friend or foe,
And reckless if they heard or no:

"Ay, go thy way, thou painted thing,
Puppet, which mortals call a king,
Adorning thee with idle gems,
With drapery and diadems,
And scarcely guessing that beneath
The purple robe and laurel-wreath
There's nothing but the common slime
Of human clay and human crime.
My rags are not so rich, but they
Will serve as well to cloak decay.

"And ever round thy jewelled brow
False slaves and falser friends will bow,
And Flattery, as varnish flings
A baseness on the brightest things,
Will make the monarch's deeds appear
All worthless to the monarch's ear,
Till thou wilt turn and think that fame,
So vilely drest, is worse than shame.
The gods be thanked for all their mercies,
Diogenes hears naught but curses!

"And thou wilt banquet—air and sea
Will render up their hoards for thee;
And golden cups for thee will hold
Rich nectar richer than the gold.
The cunning caterer still must share
The dainties which his toils prepare;
The page's lip must taste the wine
Before he fills the cup for thine:
Wilt feast with me on Hecate's cheer?
I dread no royal hemlock here.

"And night will come, and thou wilt lie
Beneath a purple canopy,
With lutes to lull thee, flowers to shed
Their feverish fragrance round thy bed,
A princess to unclasp thy crest,
A Spartan spear to guard thy rest.
Dream, happy one! thy dreams will be
Of danger and of perfidy,
The Persian lance, the Carian club.
I shall sleep sounder in my tub.

"And thou wilt pass away, and have
A marble mountain o'er thy grave,
With pillars tall and chambers vast—
Fit palace for the worm's repast.
I too shall perish. Let them call
The vulture to my funeral;
The Cynic's staff, the Cynic's den,
Are all he leaves his fellow-men,
Heedless how this corruption fares—
Yea, heedless though it mix with theirs."

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

SCHILLER.

THE SPORT OF DESTINY.

A Fragment of a True History.

From the German of Frederick Schiller.

ALOYSIUS VON G—— was the son of a citizen of distinction in the service of ——, and the germs of his fertile genius had been early developed by a liberal education. While yet very young, but already well grounded in the principles of knowledge, he entered the military service of his sovereign, to whom he soon made himself known as a young man of great merit, and still greater promise. G—— was now in the full glow of youth; so also was the prince. G—— was ardent and enterprising; the prince, of a similar disposition, loved such characters. Endued with brilliant wit and a rich fund of information, G—— possessed the art of ingratiating himself with all around him; he enlivened every circle in which he moved by his felicitous humor, and infused life and spirit into every subject that came before him. The prince had discernment enough to appreciate in another those virtues which he himself possessed in an eminent degree. Everything which G—— undertook, even to his very sports, had an air of grandeur; no difficulties could daunt him, no failures vanquish his perseverance. The value of these qualities was increased by an attractive person, the perfect image of blooming health and herculean strength, and heightened by the eloquent expression natural to an active mind; to these was added a certain native and unaffected dignity chastened and subdued by a noble modesty. If the prince was charmed with the intellectual attractions of his young companion, his fascinating exterior irresistibly captivated his senses. Similarity of age, of tastes and of character soon produced an intimacy between them which possessed all the strength of friendship and all the warmth and fervor of the most passionate love. G—— rose with rapidity from one promotion to another, but, whatever the extent of favors conferred, they still seemed in the estimation of the prince to fall short of his deserts. His fortune advanced with gigantic strides, for the author of his greatness was his devoted admirer and his warmest friend. Not yet twenty-two years of age, he already saw himself placed on an eminence hitherto attained only by the most fortunate at the close of their career. But his active spirit was incapable of reposing long in the lap of indolent vanity or of contenting itself with the glittering pomp of an elevated office, to perform the behests of which he was conscious of possessing both the requisite courage and the abilities. Whilst the prince was engaged in rounds of pleasure his young favorite buried himself among archives and books and devoted himself with laborious assiduity to affairs of state, in which he at length became so expert that every matter of importance passed through his hands. From the companion of his pleas-

ures he soon became first councillor and minister, and finally the ruler of his sovereign. In a short time there was no road to the prince's favor but through him. He disposed of all offices and dignities; all rewards were received from his hands.

G—— had attained this vast influence at too early an age, and had risen by too rapid strides, to enjoy his power with moderation. The eminence on which he beheld himself made his ambition dizzy, and no sooner was the final object of his wishes attained than his modesty forsook him. The respectful deference shown him by the first nobles of the land, by all who in birth, fortune and reputation so far surpassed him, and which was even paid to him, youth as he was, by the oldest senators, intoxicated his pride, while his unlimited power served to develop a certain harshness which had been latent in his character, and which throughout all the vicissitudes of his fortune remained. There was no service, however considerable or toilsome, which his friends might not safely ask at his hands; but his enemies might well tremble, for in proportion as he was extravagant in rewards so was he implacable in revenge. He made less use of his influence to enrich himself than to render happy a number of beings who should pay homage to him as the author of their prosperity, but caprice alone, and not justice, dictated the choice of his subjects. By a haughty, imperious demeanor he alienated the hearts even of those whom he had most benefited, while at the same time he converted his rivals and secret enviers into deadly enemies.

Amongst those who watched all his movements with jealousy and envy, and who were silently preparing instruments for his destruction, was Joseph Martinengo, a Piedmontese count belonging to the prince's suite, whom G—— himself had formerly promoted, as an inoffensive creature devoted to his interests, for the purpose of supplying his own place in attending upon the pleasures of the prince —an office which he began to find irksome, and which he willingly exchanged for more useful employment. Viewing this man merely as the work of his own hands, whom he might at any period consign to his former insignificance, he felt assured of the fidelity of his creature from motives of fear no less than of gratitude. He thus fell into the very error committed by Richelieu when he made over to Louis XIII. as a sort of plaything the young Le Grand. Without Richelieu's sagacity, however, to repair his error, he had to deal with a far more wily enemy than fell to the lot of the French minister. Instead of boasting of his good fortune or allowing his benefactor to feel that he could now dispense with his patronage, Martinengo was, on the contrary, the more cautious to maintain a show of dependence, and with studied humility affected to attach himself more and more closely to the author of his prosperity. Meanwhile, he did not omit to avail himself to its fullest extent of the opportunities afforded him by his office of being continually about the prince's person to make himself daily more useful, and eventually indispensable to him. In a short time he had fathomed the prince's sentiments thoroughly, had discovered all the avenues to his confidence and imperceptibly stolen himself into his favor. All those arts which a noble pride and a natural elevation of character had taught the minister to disdain were brought into play by the Italian, who scrupled

not to avail himself of the most despicable means for attaining his object. Well aware that man never stands so much in need of a guide and assistant as in the paths of vice, and that nothing gives a stronger title to bold familiarity than a participation in secret indiscretions, he took measures for exciting passions in the prince which had hitherto lain dormant, and then obtruded himself upon him as a confidant and an accomplice. He plunged him especially into those excesses which least of all endure witnesses, and imperceptibly accustomed the prince to make him the depository of secrets to which no third person was admitted. Upon the degradation of the prince's character he now began to found his infamous schemes of aggrandizement, and, as he had made secrecy a means of success, he had obtained entire possession of his master's heart before G—— even allowed himself to suspect that he shared it with another.

It may appear singular that so important a change should escape the minister's notice, but G—— was too well assured of his own worth ever to think of a man like Martinengo in the light of a competitor, while the latter was far too wily and too much on his guard to commit the least error which might tend to rouse his enemy from his fatal security. That which has caused thousands of his predecessors to stumble on the slippery path of royal favor was also the cause of G——'s fall—immoderate self-confidence, The secret intimacy between his creature Martinengo and his royal master gave him no uneasiness; he readily resigned a privilege which he despised, and which had never been the object of his ambition. It was only because it smoothed his way to power that he had ever valued the prince's friendship, and he inconsiderately threw down the ladder by which he had risen as soon as he had attained the wished-for eminence.

Martinengo was not the man to rest satisfied with so subordinate a part. At each step which he advanced in the prince's favor his hopes rose higher, and his ambition began to grasp at a more substantial gratification. The deceitful humility which he had hitherto found it necessary to maintain toward his benefactor became daily more irksome to him in proportion as the growth of his reputation awakened his pride. On the other hand, the minister's deportment toward him by no means improved with his marked progress in the prince's favor, but was often too visibly directed to rebuke his growing pride by reminding him of his humble origin. This forced and unnatural position having become quite insupportable, he at length formed the determination of putting an end to it by the destruction of his rival. Under an impenetrable veil of dissimulation he brought his plan to maturity. He dared not venture as yet to come into open conflict with his rival; for, although the first glow of the minister's favor was at an end, it had commenced too early and struck root too deeply in the bosom of the prince to be torn from it abruptly. The slightest circumstance might restore it to all its former vigor, and therefore Martinengo well understood that the blow which he was about to strike must be a mortal one. Whatever ground G—— might have lost in the prince's affections he had gained in his respect. The more the prince withdrew himself from the affairs of state, the less could he dispense with the services of a man who with the most conscientious devotion and

fidelity had consulted his master's interests even at the expense of the country, and G—— was now as indispensable to him as a minister as he had formerly been dear to him as a friend.

By what means the Italian accomplished his purpose has remained a secret between those on whom the blow fell and those who directed it. It was reported that he laid before the prince the original draughts of a secret and very suspicious correspondence which G—— is said to have carried on with a neighboring court, but opinions differ as to whether the letters were authentic or spurious. Whatever degree of truth there may have been in the accusation, it is but too certain that it fearfully accomplished the end in view. In the eyes of the prince G—— appeared the most ungrateful and vilest of traitors, whose treasonable practices were so thoroughly proved as to warrant the severest measures without further investigation. The whole affair was arranged with the most profound secrecy between Martinengo and his master, so that G—— had not the most distant presentiment of the impending storm. He continued wrapped in this fatal security until the dreadful moment in which he was destined, from being the object of universal homage and envy, to become that of the deepest commiseration.

When the decisive day arrived, G—— appeared, according to custom, upon the parade. He had risen in a few years from the rank of ensign to that of colonel, and even this was only a modest name for that of prime minister, which he virtually filled, and which placed him above the foremost in the land. The parade was the place where his pride was greeted with universal homage, and where he enjoyed for one short hour the dignity for which he endured a whole day of toil and privation. Those of the highest rank approached him with reverential deference, and those who were not assured of his favor with fear and trembling. Even the prince, whenever he visited the parade, saw himself neglected by the side of his vizier, inasmuch as it was far more dangerous to incur the displeasure of the latter than profitable to gain the friendship of the former. This very place, where he was wont to be adored as a god, had been selected for the dreadful theatre of his humiliation. With a careless step he entered the well-known circle of courtiers, who, as unsuspicious as himself of what was to follow, paid their usual homage, awaiting his commands. After a short interval appeared Martinengo, accompanied by two adjutants, no longer the supple, cringing, smiling courtier, but overbearing and insolent, like a lacquey suddenly raised to the rank of a gentleman. With insolence and effrontery he strutted up to the prime minister, and, confronting him with his head covered, demanded his sword in the prince's name; this was handed to him with a look of silent consternation. Martinengo, resting the naked point on the ground, snapped it in two with his foot and threw the fragments at G——'s feet. At this signal the two adjutants seized him. One tore the order of the cross from his breast; the other pulled off his epaulettes, the facings of his uniform, and even the badge and plume of feathers from his hat. During the whole of this appalling operation, which was conducted with incredible speed, not a sound nor a respiration was heard from more than five hundred persons who were present, but all with blanched faces and pal-

pitating hearts stood in deathlike silence around the victim, who in his strange disarray—a rare spectacle of the melancholy and the ridiculous—underwent a moment of agony which could only be equalled by feelings engendered on the scaffold. Thousands there are who in his situation would have been stretched senseless on the ground by the first shock, but his firm nerves and unflinching spirit sustained him through this bitter trial and enabled him to drain the cup of bitterness to its dregs. When this procedure was ended, he was conducted through rows of thronging spectators to the extremity of the parade, where a covered carriage was in waiting. He was motioned to ascend, an escort of hussars being ready mounted to attend him.

Meanwhile, the report of this event had spread through the whole city; every window was flung open, every street lined with throngs of curious spectators, who pursued the carriage, shouting his name amid cries of scorn and malicious exultation or of commiseration more bitter to bear than either. At length he cleared the town, but here a no less fearful trial awaited him. The carriage turned out of the high-road into a narrow, unfrequented path—a path which led to the gibbet, and alongside which, by command of the prince, he was borne at a slow pace. After he had suffered all the torture of anticipated execution, the carriage turned off into the public road. Exposed to the sultry summer heat, without refreshment or human consolation, he passed seven dreadful hours in journeying to the place of destination—a prison-fortress. It was nightfall before he arrived, when, bereft of all consciousness, more dead than alive, his giant strength having at length yielded to twelve hours' fast and consuming thirst, he was dragged from the carriage, and on regaining his senses found himself in a horrible subterraneous vault. The first object that presented itself to his gaze was a horrible dungeon-wall feebly illuminated by a few rays of the moon, which forced their way through narrow crevices to a depth of nineteen fathoms. At his side he found a coarse loaf, a jug of water and a bundle of straw for his couch. He endured this situation until noon the ensuing day, when an iron wicket in the centre of the tower was opened, and two hands were seen lowering a basket containing food like that he had found the preceding night. For the first time since the terrible change in his fortunes did pain and suspense extort from him a question or two. Why was he brought hither? What offence had he committed? But he received no answer; the hands disappeared, and the sash was closed. Here, without beholding the face or hearing the voice of a fellow-creature, without the least clue to his terrible destiny, fearful doubts and misgivings overhanging alike the past and the future, cheered by no rays of the sun and soothed by no refreshing breeze, remote alike from human aid and human compassion,—here, in this frightful abode of misery, he numbered four hundred and ninety long and mournful days, which he counted by the wretched loaves that day after day with dreary monotony were let down into his dungeon. But a discovery which he one day made early in his confinement filled up the measure of his affliction. He recognized the place. It was the same which he himself, in a fit of unworthy vengeance against a deserving officer who had the misfortune to displease him, had ordered to be constructed

only a few months before. With inventive cruelty, he had even suggested the means by which the horrors of captivity might be aggravated; and it was but recently that he had made a journey hither in order personally to inspect the place and hasten its completion. What added the last bitter sting to his punishment was that the same officer for whom he had prepared the dungeon, an aged and meritorious colonel, had just succeeded the late commandant of the fortress, recently deceased, and from having been the victim of his vengeance had become the master of his fate. He was thus deprived of the last melancholy solace, the right of compassionating himself and of accusing destiny, hardly as it might use him, of injustice. To the acuteness of his other suffering was now added a bitter self-contempt and the pain which to a sensitive mind is the severest—dependence upon the generosity of a foe to whom he had shown none.

But that upright man was too noble-minded to take a mean revenge. It pained him deeply to enforce the severities which his instructions enjoined, but as an old soldier accustomed to fulfil his orders to the letter with blind fidelity he could do no more than pity, compassionate. The unhappy man found a more active assistant in the chaplain of the garrison, who, touched by the sufferings of the prisoner, which had but just reached his ears, and then only through vague and confused reports instantly took a firm resolution to do something to alleviate them. This excellent man, whose name I unwillingly suppress, believed he could in no way better fulfil his holy vocation than by bestowing his spiritual support and consolation upon a wretched being deprived of all other hopes of mercy.

As he could not obtain permission from the commandant himself to visit him, he repaired in person to the capital, in order to urge his suit personally with the prince. He fell at his feet and implored mercy for the unhappy man, who, shut out from the consolations of Christianity—a privilege from which even the greatest crime ought not to debar him—was pining in solitude, and perhaps on the brink of despair. With all the intrepidity and dignity which the conscious discharge of duty inspires, he entreated—nay, demanded—free access to the prisoner, whom he claimed as a penitent for whose soul he was responsible to Heaven. The good cause in which he spoke made him eloquent, and time had already somewhat softened the prince's anger. He granted him permission to visit the prisoner and administer to his spiritual wants.

After a lapse of sixteen months, the first human face which the unhappy G—— beheld was that of his new benefactor. The only friend he had in the world he owed to his misfortunes: all his prosperity had gained him none. The good pastor's visit was like the appearance of an angel; it would be impossible to describe his feelings, but from that day forth his tears flowed more kindly, for he had found one human being who sympathized with and compassionated him.

The pastor was filled with horror on entering the frightful vault. His eyes sought a human form, but beheld creeping toward him from a corner opposite, which resembled rather the lair of a wild beast than the abode of anything human, a monster the sight of which made his blood run cold. A ghastly, deathlike skeleton, all the hue of life perished from a face on which grief and despair had traced deep furrows, his beard and nails

from long neglect grown to a frightful length, his clothes rotten and hanging about him in tatters, and the air he breathed, for want of ventilation and cleansing, foul, fetid and infectious,—in this state he found the favorite of fortune. His iron frame had stood proof against it all. Seized with horror at the sight, the pastor hurried back to the governor, in order to solicit a second indulgence for the poor wretch without which the first would prove of no avail.

As the governor again excused himself by pleading the imperative nature of his instructions, the pastor nobly resolved on a second journey to the capital again to supplicate the prince's mercy. There he protested solemnly that without violating the sacred character of the sacrament he could not administer it to the prisoner until some resemblance of the human form was restored to him. This prayer was also granted, and from that day forward the unfortunate man might be said to begin a new existence.

Several long years were spent by him in the fortress, but in a much more supportable condition, after the short summer of the new favorite's reign had passed and others succeeded in his place who either possessed more humanity or no motive for revenge. At length, after ten years of captivity, the hour of his delivery arrived, but without any judicial investigation or formal acquittal. He was presented with his freedom as a boon of mercy, and was at the same time ordered to quit his native country for ever.

Here the oral traditions which I have been able to collect respecting his history begin to fail, and I find myself compelled to pass in silence over a period of about twenty years. During the interval G—— entered anew upon his military career in a foreign service, which eventually brought him to a pitch of greatness quite equal to that from which he had in his native country been so awfully precipitated. At length, time, that friend of the unfortunate, who works a slow but inevitable retribution, took into his hands the winding up of this affair. The prince's days of passion were over; humanity gradually resumed its sway over him as his hair whitened with age. At the brink of the grave he felt a yearning toward the friend of his early youth. In order to repay, as far as possible, the gray-headed old man for the injuries which had been heaped upon the youth, the prince with friendly expressions invited the exile to revisit his native land, toward which for some time past G——'s heart had secretly yearned. The meeting was extremely trying, though apparently warm and cordial as if they had only separated a few days before. The prince looked earnestly at his favorite, as if trying to recall features so well known to him, and yet so strange; he appeared as if numbering the deep furrows which he had himself so cruelly traced there. He looked searchingly in the old man's face for the beloved features of the youth, but found not what he sought. The welcome and the look of mutual confidence were evidently forced on both sides; shame on one side and dread on the other had for ever separated their hearts. A sight which brought back to the prince's soul the full sense of his guilty precipitancy could not be gratifying to him, while G—— felt that he could no longer love the author of his misfortunes. Comforted, nevertheless, and in tranquillity, he looked back upon the past as the remembrance of a fearful dream.

In a short time G—— was reinstated in

all his former dignities, and the prince smothered his feelings of secret repugnance by showering upon him the most splendid favors as some indemnification for the past. But could he also restore to him the heart which he had for ever untuned for the enjoyment of life? Could he restore his years of hope, or make even a shadow of reparation to the stricken old man for what he had stolen from him in the days of his youth?

For nineteen years G—— continued to enjoy this clear unruffled evening of his days. Neither misfortune nor age had been able to quench in him the fire of passion, nor wholly to obscure the genial humor of his character. In his seventieth year, he was still in pursuit of the shadow of a happiness which he had actually possessed in his twentieth. He at length died governor of the fortress where state prisoners are confined. One would naturally have expected that toward these he would have exercised a humanity the value of which he had been so thoroughly taught to appreciate in his own person, but he treated them with harshness and caprice; and a paroxysm of rage, in which he broke out against one of his prisoners, laid him in his coffin in his eightieth year. Translation of HENRY G. BOHN.

WASHINGTON.

LAND of the West, though passing brief
the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page.
Let all the blasts of Fame ring out: thine shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites: thou hast the planet star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain and warms the coldest heart;
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won;
Land of the West, it stands alone: it is thy Washington.

Rome had its Cæsar great and brave, but stain was on his wreath:
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death;
France had its eagle, but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight and dipped in murder's gore.
Those hero-gods whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves,
Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal to make a world of slaves,
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on,
Oh where shall be their glory by the side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe he sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge—sword to sword.
He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and the sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate, no burst of despot rage.

He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led on
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor-chief;
He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high disdain,
And cast no sceptre from the links when he had crushed the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier-trappings down
To change them for the regal vest and don a kingly crown:
Fame was too earnest in her joy, too proud of such a son,
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.

England, my heart is truly thine, my loved, my native earth,
The land that holds a mother's grave and gave that mother birth;
Oh, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore,
And faltering my breath that sighed, "Farewell for evermore!"
But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to dwell
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's song to tell.
"Away, thou gallant ship!" I'd cry, "and bear me swiftly on;
But bear me from thy own fair land to that of Washington."

ELIZA COOK.

LIBERTY.

WHERE honor or where conscience does not bind,
No other law shall shackle me:
Slave to myself I will not be;
Nor shall my future actions be confined
By my own present mind.
Who by resolves and vows engaged does stand
For days that yet belong to Fate
Does like an unthrift mortgage his estate
Before it falls into his hand.
The bondman of the cloister so
All that he does receive does always owe;
And still as time comes in it goes away,
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
Unhappy slave, and pupil to a bell,
Which his hour's work as well as hours does tell!
Unhappy to the last the kind releasing knell.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

IMMORTELLES.

O MODEST flower, recall the grace
Of one who loved and gathered thee,
For thou art now the only trace
That brings her memory back to me.

The immortelles all withered lie
That once like snowflakes charmed my gaze;
The only flowers that never die
Are memories of happy days.

Alas! so changed with years we grow,
So soon are bloom and beauty o'er,
We might pass by and never know
The face that haunted us of yore.

Life's river hurries on each hour
And turns to new scenes evermore,
And leaves behind some cherished flower
To fade on Time's receding shore.

Time, take these crumbled flowers and sever
The last endearing charm for me;
But in my heart oh leave for ever
The immortelles of memory.

WASHINGTON VAN DUSEN.

THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

A TAX of three crowns on my dog, do they say?
May Heaven's bolt strike me dead if I pay!
Of what are they thinking, then? Will the police
Their griping extortions to levy ne'er cease?

"I'm old, I am feeble, bowed down by pain;
Not one single penny can I ever gain;
No money have I, and no bread in my scrip:
'Tis but from the cup of distress that I sip.

"When stretched on the bed of sickness, and when
I was poor and in want, who pitied me then?
And who, when I was forlorn and alone
In the world, united his fate with my own?

"In sorrow by whom was I loved and consoled?
Who was it that warmed me when I was cold?
And when I murmured, hungry and faint,
Who hungered with me, nor whined with complaint?

"We both now are going down hill apace;
My friend, we must part: one last embrace.
Thou art, like thy master, both sickly and old,
And he must drown thee for service untold.

"Such is the reward, such is gratitude's worth!
And thus it is oft with the sons of the earth.
Heavens! in battle I have wielded my blade,
But never as yet I the hangman have played.

"See! there is the cord, and here is the stone,
And there is the water: it must be done.—
Come hither, you hound! Look not in my face.
One push with the foot: so ends thy disgrace."

Now o'er his neck drawing the noose of the band,
The dog fawned caressingly, licking his hand;
Then quickly he drew the cord with a check,
And suddenly threw it around his own neck.

He spake a dread curse: through the silence it rang;
The remains of his strength then collecting, he sprang
With a bound in the waters, which, foaming, arose
In circles around him, then sank in repose.

Though the dog to the rescue plunged into the deep,
And waked with his howling the boatman asleep,
Though whining he dragged them along to the shore,
Alas! when they found him, he was no more.

At midnight they buried him in the deep gloom:
The dog alone followed the corpse to the tomb,
And where the earth covers his master and friend
He laid himself down and awaited his end.

Translation of ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

THE EVENING HOUR.

I HEARD the evening linnet's voice the woodland tufts among,
Yet sweeter were the tender notes of Isabella's song;
So soft into the ear they steal, so soft into the soul,
The deep'ning pain of love they soothe, and sorrow's pang control.

I looked upon the pure stream that murmured through the glade
And mingled in the melody that Isabella made,
Yet purer was the residence of Isabella's heart—
Above the reach of pride and guile, above the reach of art.

I looked upon the azure of the deep unclouded sky,
Yet clearer was the blue serene of Isabella's eye;
Ne'er softer fell the raindrop of the first relenting year
Than falls from Isabella's eye the pity-melted tear.

All this my fancy prompted ere a sigh of sorrow proved
How hopelessly, yet faithfully and tenderly, I loved;
Yet though bereft of hope I love, still will I love the more,
As distance binds the exile's heart to his dear native shore.

JOHN FINLAY.

TO MY FIRST GRAY HAIR.

HERALD of old age or offspring of care?
How shall I greet thee, my first gray hair?
Comest thou a soother or censor? in ruth
For the woes or in ire for the errors of youth?
To speak of thy parent's companionship past
Or proclaim that thy master will follow thee fast?

Comest thou like ark-dove commissioned to say
That the waters of life are fast ebbing away,
And soon shall my tempest-tossed bark be at rest?
Or, avenger of talent-buds recklessly slain,
Art thou sent like the mark to the forehead of Cain?
Thou art silent, but deeply my heart is impressed
With all thy appearance should stimulate there:
May it cherish thy lessons, my first gray hair!

ERSKINE CONOLLY.

DEATH.

FROM THE ORIENTAL.

IF thou, O Death, a being art, draw near
And let me clasp thee; for I hold thee dear.
Thou canst but snatch this worn-out dress from me.

Translation of W. R. ALGER.

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

THOUGHT, Mr. Allan, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift—no, not one. The dear boy only slept a minute—just one little minute—at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! I know he only fell asleep one little second. He was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine. Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen, and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel-duty! Twenty-four hours, the telegram said—only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope with his heavenly Father," said Mr. Allan, soothingly.

"Yes, yes; let us hope. God is very merciful."

"'I should be ashamed, father,' Bennie said, 'when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm'—and he held it out so proudly before me—'for my country when it needed it. Palsy it rather than keep it at the plough!'

"'Go, then, go, my boy,' I said, 'and God keep you!' God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allan;" and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen, doubt it not."

Blossom sat near them listening with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen dôor, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead. Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope, on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allan with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it, and read as follows:

"'DEAR FATHER: When this reaches you, I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me, but I have thought about it so much that now it has no terror. They say they will not bind me nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battlefield, for my country, and that when I fell it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty! Oh, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me. But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it; and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades. I cannot now.

"'You know I promised Jemmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy; and when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on

our march. Toward night we went in on double-quick, and, though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too; and, as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when he came into camp, and then it was Jemmie's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place. But I was too tired, father; I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head. But I did not know it until— Well, until it was too late.'"

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."

"'They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve, given to me by circumstances— time to write to you, our good colonel says. Forgive him, father; he only does his duty: he would gladly save me if he could. And do not lay my death up against Jemmie; the poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"'I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father. Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that when the war is over they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me! it is very hard to bear. Good-bye, father. God seems near and dear to me—not at all as if he wished me to perish for ever, but as if he felt sorry for his poor sinful, broken-hearted child and would take me to be with him and my Saviour in a better, better life.'"

A deep sigh burst from Mr. Owen's heart.

"Amen!" he said, solemnly. "Amen!"

"'To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious Little Blossom stand on the back stoop waiting for me; but I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie.'"

Late that night the door of the back stoop opened softly, and a little figure glided out and down the foot-path that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head to neither the right nor the left, looking only now and then to heaven and folding her hands as if in prayer. Two hours later the same young girl stood at the mill dépôt watching the coming of the night-train, and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him all, and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child than he for our Little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart like the President's could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute now might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so in an incredibly short time Blossom reached the capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had but just seated himself to his morning's task of overlooking and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"'Bennie'? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir, They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh yes;" and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely; "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself that he was tired too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand;" and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offence.

Blossom went to him. He put his hand tenderly on her shoulder and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed! and he was President of the United States, too! A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind, but she told her simple and straightforward story and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read. He read it carefully, then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "Send this dispatch at once."

The President then turned to the girl and said,

"Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back; or wait until to-morrow: Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death. He shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir!" said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request?

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room and a strap fastened upon the shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said,

"The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage and die for the act so uncomplainingly deserves well of his country."

Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home.

A crowd gathered at the mill dépôt to welcome them back, and as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently,

"The Lord be praised!"

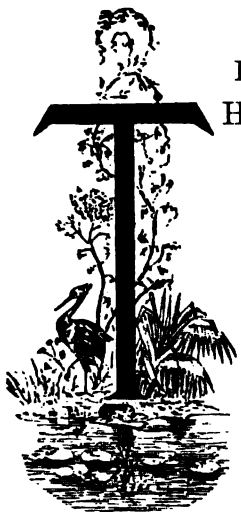
NEW YORK OBSERVER.

INTEGRITY.

IN all things preserve integrity, and the consciousness of thine own uprightness will alleviate the toil of business, soften the hardness of ill-success and disappointments, and give thee a humble confidence before God when the ingratitude of man or the iniquity of the times may rob thee of other reward. WILLIAM PALEY.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ROBERT BURNS.



THE most gifted poet Scotland has produced, and one of the best lyrists who have written in the English language, was the son of a very poor man who was gardener to a gentleman at Ayr. Robert Burns was born at Alloway, two miles from Ayr, on the 25th of January, 1759. The traveller is still shown the house in which he first saw the light, the ruined kirk of Tam o' Shanter's story, and at the inn of Ayr the sitting-room in which he used to foregather with Souter John and Tam o' Shanter,

> "bousing at the nappy,
> An' gettin' fou and unco' happy."

Burns's life was uneventful. Although the son of a poor man and owing his scanty education to the town-school, he was a great reader, and learned far more than many with much larger opportunities. When he was sixteen years old, he began to write verses which, handed about in manuscript or recited to his companions, made him popular and admired. The result was a temptation to drink which he could not withstand. In 1781 he rented a farm with his brother, an enterprise which resulted in failure. He then determined to go to Jamaica, and to gain funds for the outfit and voyage he published in 1786 a volume of poems, which was most favorably received, producing a net profit of twenty pounds—a large sum to the poverty-stricken poet. He had secured his passage, but was invited to Edinburgh, where he became a literary lion. A second edition of his poems was published by subscription, and for this he received at once seven hundred pounds. He abandoned the voyage, and in 1788 took and stocked a farm near Dumfries. He was also appointed an exciseman. "Highland Mary" had died before this; he now married Miss Jean Armour, the daughter of a mason. Again he failed in farming, and lived poorly upon the pay of an exciseman—from fifty to seventy pounds a year. Railing at destiny, dissatisfied with himself, he continued to drink and to write until his death, on the 21st of July, 1796.

Burns possessed poetic genius in an eminent degree—not of a mystic, esoteric character, but addressing itself to human nature even in its humblest conditions. He is at once philosophical and homely, satirical and tender, and always sympathetic. His use of language is wonderfully expressive. To familiar, patriotic and favorite Scottish airs he wrote words which almost made the dumb sing and the lame march. All people sing "Auld Lang Syne." The phlegmatic Scotchman fires up when he hears "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Many a "cotter's Saturday night" has been fashioned upon the poem. Gentle satires are found in "The Twa Dogs," "The Briggs of Ayr," "To the Unco' Guid." What philosophical resignation in his verses on "The Louse," "The Mouse's Nest," "The Daisy"! What a

catholic sympathy in his "Address to the Deil"! Perhaps his most sustained and popular poem is "Tam o' Shanter." His letters are in excellent, somewhat stilted English, but have comparatively little interest.

Burns still lives in his poems: the world will not willingly let him die. When his centenary came, in 1859, it was celebrated all over the earth, and nowhere more enthusiastically than in America.

BURNS.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

STOP, mortal! Here thy brother lies—
The poet of the poor.
His books were rivers, woods and skies,
The meadow and the moor;
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace and the grave.
Sin met thy brother everywhere;
And is thy brother blamed?
From passion, danger, doubt and care
He no exemption claimed.
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate,
But, honoring in a peasant's form
The equal of the great,
He blessed the steward whose wealth makes
The poor man's little more,
Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes
From plundered labor's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare,
Tell man's worst foes here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.

THIS distinguished historian—from whose great work we have given a large extract in a former volume—was a younger son of the Rev. Archibald Alison, and was born at Kenley, in Shropshire, on the 29th of December, 1792. His father, who was well known to the literary world by his *Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste*, was called to an important charge in Edinburgh when his son was but eight years old, and so the youth pursued his studies at the university of that city, and made remarkable progress, especially in Greek and mathematics. In 1814, at the age of twenty-two, he was admitted to the bar; but, as the great European war was at its close, he went for a protracted journey on the Continent, and while travelling in France amid the scenes of the great struggle he conceived the idea of writing its history. On his return he published his *Travels in France during the Years of 1814–15*. This was a step toward his *History*, and he at once began to collect material for it. Although not very successful as a legal practitioner, he was appointed, in 1822, one of the four *advocates-depute* for Scotland. In 1832 he issued his *Principles of the Criminal Law of Scotland*, and in 1833 his *Practice of the Criminal Law of Scotland*. In 1834 he was made sheriff of Lanarkshire, and, with the partial leisure thus afforded him, he began to write his *History of Europe, from the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons, in 1815*. This was issued in 1842, and so great a desideratum was such a history "of our own times" that in spite of the critics—or, rather, before they could fairly pronounce upon it—it had an unexampled sale, and was translated into most of

the languages of Europe. It is rather statistical and descriptive than philosophical. The style is unequal and in many parts turgid and prolix. His arguments are fallacious, and he is always a Tory and a fierce partisan. The constant recurrence of battle-scenes differing little from one another becomes tiresome and distasteful.

Later, Alison wrote a continuation—from 1815 to 1852—in which he sets forth his peculiar financial views and is opposed to reform and to the act abolishing the corn-laws. He misuses and distorts his authorities, and his arguments are curiously invalid. The work, however, stood alone to supply a great need, and he had been industrious and conscientious in his task. We may impugn his judgment and his reasoning without accusing him of dishonesty. In recognition of his merits he was elected rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen, in 1845, and lord-rector of the University of Glasgow in 1851. He was created a baronet in 1852, and in 1853 received the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford. He died at Glasgow on the 23d of May, 1867, leaving other men to profit by his example, and to write better histories than his own.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

FROM "LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS."

MARCH, 1873.

I AM anxious to put on record my recollections of my dear and valued friend Dr. Norman Macleod, who has been taken from us, and whose loss is more deeply felt every day. I therefore make the following extract from my journal:

BALMORAL, Monday, May 12, 1862.

On coming home in the afternoon Dr. Macleod came to see me, and was so clever, agreeable, kind and good! We talked of dear Albert's illness, his readiness to go hence at all times, with which Dr. Macleod was much struck, and said what a beautiful state of mind he must always have been in, how unselfish, how ready to do whatever was necessary; and I exemplified this by describing his cheerfulness in giving up all he liked and enjoyed, and being just as cheerful when he changed to other circumstances, looking at the bright and interesting side of them—like, for instance, going from here to Windsor and from Windsor to London, leaving his own dear home, etc., and yet being always cheerful, which was the reverse with me. He spoke of the blessing of living on with those who were gone on before. An old woman, he said, whom he knew, had lost her husband and several of her children, and had had many sorrows, and he asked her how she had been able to bear them, and she answered: "Ah! when he went awa' it made a great hole in my heart and all the other went through it." And so it is, most touchingly and truly expressed, and so it will ever be, with me.

MARCH, 1873.

When I last saw Dr. Macleod, I was greatly distressed at his depression and sadness, and, instead of my looking to him to cheer and encourage me, I tried to cheer him. He said he had been ordered to give up all work and to give up his house at Glasgow, merely continuing to preach at the Barony church, and that then they gave him hopes of a recovery, but it was not at all certain. He must give up the Indian mis-

sion, which was a great sorrow to him; and he meant to take the opportunity of resigning it in person, to say what he felt so strongly, though others might not be pleased. He meant to go to America in August merely to recruit his health and strength, and he had refused every invitation for dinners or to lecture or preach. He had not much confidence, he said, in his recovery, but he might be wrong. All was in God's hands. "It is the nature of Highlanders to despond when they are ill, he added. He hoped God would allow him to live a few years longer, for his children, and to be able to go on with *Good Words*. He dwelt then, as always, on the love and goodness of God, and on his conviction that God would give us in another life the means to perfect ourselves and to improve gradually. No one ever felt so convinced, and so anxious as he to convince others, that God was a loving Father who wished all to come to him, and to preach of a living personal Saviour, one who loved us as a brother and a friend, to whom all could and should come with trust and confidence. No one ever raised and strengthened one's faith more than Dr. Macleod. His own faith was so strong, his heart so large, that all—high and low, weak and strong, the erring and the good—could alike find sympathy, help and consolation from him. How I loved to talk to him, to ask his advice, to speak to him of my sorrows, my anxieties!

But, alas! how impossible I feel it to be to give any adequate idea of the character of this good and distinguished man! So much depended on his personal charm of manner, so warm, genial and hearty, overflowing with kindness and love of human nature, and so much depended on himself, on knowing and living with him, that no one who did not do so can fully portray him. And, indeed, how can any one, alas! who has not known or seen a person ever imagine from description what he is really like? He had the greatest admiration for the beauties of nature, and was most enthusiastic about the beautiful wild scenery of his dear country, which he loved intensely and passionately. When I said to him on his last visit that I was going to take some mineral waters when I went south, he pointed to the lovely view from the windows looking up the glen of the Dee, and said, "The fine air in these hills, and the quiet here, will do Your Majesty much more good than all the waters." His wife, he said, had urged him to come, though he felt so ill. "It always does you good to go to Balmoral," she told him.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

ARTHUR'S SOLILOQUY.

FROM PERCY'S "MASQUE."

HERE let me pause and breathe a while, and wipe
These servile drops from off my burning brow;
Amidst these venerable trees the air
Seems hallowed by the breath of other times.—
Companions of my fathers, ye have marked
Their generations pass. Your giant arms
Shadowed their youth and proudly canopied
Their silver hairs when, ripe in years and glory,
These walks they trod to meditate on heaven.
What warlike pageants have ye seen! what trains
Of captives and what heaps of spoil! what pomp

When the victorious chief, war's tempest o'er,
In Warkworth's bowers unbound his panoply!
What floods of splendor, bursts of jocund din,
Startled the slumbering tenants of these shades
When night awoke the tumult of the feast,
The songs of damsels and the sweet-toned lyre!
Then princely Percy reigned amidst his halls,
Champion and judge and father of the North.
O days of ancient grandeur! are ye gone—
For ever gone? Do these same scenes behold
His offspring here, the hireling of a foe?
Oh that I knew my fate—that I could read
The destiny which Heaven has marked for me!

JAMES A. HILLHOUSE.

THE INDIANS.

WE call them savage. Oh, be just;
Their outraged feelings scan;
A voice comes forth—'tis from the dust:
"The savage was a man.
Think ye he loved not? Who stood by
And in his toils took part?
Woman was there to bless his eye:
The savage had a heart.
Think ye he prayed not? When on high
He heard the thunders roll,
What bade him look beyond the sky?
The savage had a soul.

"I venerate the Pilgrim's cause,
Yet for the red man dare to plead;
We bow to Heaven's recorded law:
He turned to Nature for a creed;
Beneath the pillared dome
We seek our God in prayer:
Through boundless woods he loved to roam,
And the Great Spirit worshipped there.
But one, one fellow-throb with us he felt,
To one divinity with us he knelt:
Freedom, the selfsame freedom we adore,
Bade him defend his violated shore.
He saw the cloud ordained to grow
And burst upon his hills in woe;
He saw his people withering by
Beneath the invader's evil eye;
Strange feet were trampling on his fathers' bones;
At midnight hour he woke to gaze
Upon his happy cabin's blaze
And listen to his children's dying groans.
He saw, and. maddening at the sight,
Gave his bold bosom to the fight;
To tiger-rage his soul was driven;
Mercy was not, nor sought nor given;
The pale man from his lands must fly.
He would be free, or he would die.

"Alas for them! their day is o'er;
Their fires are out from hill and shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds;
The plough is on their hunting-grounds;
The pale man's axe rings through their woods,
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods;
Their pleasant springs are dry;
Their children? Look! by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the West
Their children go—to die."

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

370951

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

THIS singular and distinctly individual English humorist, whose writings have been very widely read under the *nom de plume* of "Thomas Ingoldsby," was born at Canterbury on the 6th of December, 1788. He lost his father while a child, and succeeded to a small patrimony, part of which was the manor of Tappington, so frequently mentioned in his writings. Having by an accident had one of his arms crippled, and being thus debarred from joining in athletic sports, he devoted himself to reading, and amassed stores of curious knowledge. He entered the University of Oxford in 1807, intending to pursue the study of the law; although he was possessed of a humorous spirit, he unaccountably changed his purpose and studied divinity. He was ordained in 1813 and took a country curacy, but in 1821 he was appointed a minor canon of St. Paul's cathedral, and in 1824 one of the ministers of the chapel royal. From 1826 to 1837, and in several magazines, he issued his "Ingoldsby Legends," which are curious, fascinating and horrible. Graves open, skulls grin and unearthly voices frighten and haunt the reader, and yet there is a by-play of the comic and the grotesque which by its very unfitness impresses one as witty. They are in various irregular forms of Pindaric—or Peter Pindaric—verse well suited to the subject-matter, and they abound in puns and *jeux de mots* of every description. There is nothing like them in the language. Witness "The Execution" and other similar pieces.

Barham is, in his poems, humorous, learned, quaint, archaic and, unfortunately, sometimes lacking in veneration. Personally to his associates he was dignified, grave, sound in judgment, a good friend and a peacemaker. A high Tory, he was an intimate friend of Sidney Smith, who was like him in many respects. After a later life of many family losses and sorrows, he died in London on the 17th of June, 1845. His *Life and Letters* appeared in two volumes, 1870.

THE EXECUTION.

A Sporting Anecdote.

PART I.

MY LORD TOMNODDY got up one day;
It was half after two.
He had nothing to do,
So His Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim
Was clean of limb;
His boots were polished, his jacket was trim,
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;

And he asked, as he held the door on the swing,
"Pray, did Your Lordship please to ring?"

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said:
"Malibran's dead,
Duvernay's fled,
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;
Tiger Tim, come tell me true:
What may a nobleman find to do?"

Tim looked up, and Tim looked down;
He paused and he put on a thoughtful frown,
And he held up his hat and he peeped in the crown;
He bit his lip, and he scratched his head;
He let go the handle, and thus he said,
As the door, released, behind him banged:
"An't please you, My Lord, there's a man to be hanged."

My Lord Tomnoddy jumped up at the news:
"Run to M'Fuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
Rope-dancers a score
I've seen before—
Madame Sacchi, Antonio and Master Blackmore—
But to see a man swing
At the end of a string,
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing."

My Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab—
Dark rifle-green with a lining of drab;
Through street and through square
His high-trotting mare,
Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air;
Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace.

She produced some alarm,
But did no great harm,
Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,
Spattering with clay
Two urchins at play,
Knocking down—very much to the sweeper's dismay—
An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,
And upsetting a stall
Near Exeter Hall,
Which made all the pious church-mission folks squall.
But eastward afar,
Through Temple Bar,
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car;
Never heeding their squalls
Or their calls or their bawls,
He passes by Waithman's emporium for shawls,
And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,
Turns down the Old Bailey,
Where, in front of the gaol, he
Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop and gayly
Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
For the whole first floor of the Magpie and Stump?"

PART II.

The clock strikes twelve. It is dark midnight,
Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.

The parties are met;
The tables are set;
There is "punch," "cold without," "hot with,"
"heavy wet,"
Ale-glasses and jugs,
And rummers and mugs,
And sand on the floor without carpets or rugs,
Cold fowl and cigars,
Pickled onions in jars,
Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws—
And very large lobsters with very large claws;
And there is M'Fuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
All come to see a man die in his shoes.

The clock strikes one.
Supper is done
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,
Singing, "Jolly companions every one!"
My Lord Tomnoddy
Is drinking gin-toddy
And laughing at ev'rything and ev'rybody.
The clock strikes two, and the clock strikes three.
"Who so merry, so merry as we?"
Save Captain M'Fuze,
Who is taking a snooze,
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work
Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes four.
Round the debtors' door
Are gathered a couple of thousand or more;
As many await
At the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding-doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A wagon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes five.
The sheriffs arrive,
And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive,
But Sir Carnaby Jenks
Blinks and winks,
A candle burns down in the socket and stinks;
Lieutenant Tregooze
Is dreaming of Jews
And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse;
My Lord Tomnoddy
Has drunk all his toddy;
And just as the dawn is beginning to peep
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly—oh, sweetly—the morning breaks,
With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;
Seemed as that mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things far and nigh—
On all save the wretch condemned to die.
Alack that ever so fair a sun
As that which its course has now begun
Should rise on such a scene of misery—
Should gild with rays so light and free
That dismal, dark-frowning gallows-tree!

And hark! A sound comes big with fate:
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes eight.
List to that low funereal bell:
It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell.
And see! From forth that opening door
They come. He steps that threshold o'er
Who never shall tread upon threshold more.

God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
That pale, wan man's mute agony,
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turned to the sky,
As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
The path of the spirit's unknown career.
Those pinioned arms, those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again—not even in prayer;
That heaving chest! Enough! 'tis done!
The bolt has fallen; the spirit is gone:
For weal or for woe is known but to One.
Oh, 'twas a fearsome sight! Ah me!
A deed to shudder at, not to see.

Again that clock! 'Tis time, 'tis time!
The hour is past. With its earliest chime
The cord is severed, the lifeless clay
By dungeon villains is borne away.
Nine! 'twas the last concluding stroke;
And then My Lord Tomnoddy awoke
And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose;
And they stared at each other, as much as to say
"Hallo! hallo!
Here's a rum go!
Why, captain! My Lord!—Here's the devil to pay!
The fellow's been cut down and taken away!
What's to be done?
We've missed all the fun!
Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,
We are all of us done so uncommonly brown."

What *was* to be done? 'Twas perfectly plain
That they could not well hang the man over again.
What *was* to be done? The man was dead;
Naught *could* be done, naught could be said,
So My Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

THE BRIDAL-VEIL.

WE'RE married, they say, and you think you have won me;
Well, take this white veil from my head and look on me:
Here's matter to vex you, and matter to grieve you;
Here's doubt to distrust you and faith to believe you.
I am all, as you see, common earth, common dew:
Be wary, and mould me to roses, not rue.

Ah! shake out the filmy thing fold after fold,
And see if you have me to keep and to hold.
Look close on my heart; see the worst of its sinning;
It is not yours to-day for the yesterday's winning:
The past is not mine. I am too proud to borrow;
You must grow to new heights if I love you to-morrow.

We're married; I'm plighted to hold up your praises
As the turf at your feet does its handful of daisies:
That way lies my honor—my pathway of pride;
But, mark you, if greener grass grow either side,
I shall know it, and, keeping in body with you,
Shall walk in my spirit with feet on the dew.

We're married! Oh, pray that our love do not fail!
I have wings flattened down and hid under my veil;
They are subtle as light: you can never undo them;
And swift in their flight: you can never pursue them;
And, spite of all clasping and spite of all bands,
I can slip like a shadow, a dream, from your hands.

Nay, call me not cruel, and fear not to take me:
I am yours for my lifetime, to be what you make me—
To wear my white veil for a sign or a cover,
As you shall be proven my lord or my lover;
A cover for peace that is dead, or a token
Of bliss that can never be written or spoken.

ALICE CARY.

THE RESURRECTION.

OUR life is onward, and our very dust
Is longing for its change, that it may take
New combinations—that the seed may break
From its dark thraldom, where it lies in trust
Of its great resurrection. Not the rust
Of cold inertness shall defeat the life
Of e'en the poorest weed which after strife
Shall spring from our dead ashes, and which must
Bless some else-barren waste with its meek grace.
And germs of beautiful vast thought concealed
Lie deep within the soul which evermore
Onward and upward strive. The last in place
Enfolds the higher yet to be revealed,
And each the sepulchre of that which went before.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

COMING HOME.

HOW long it seems since first we heard
The cry of "Land in sight"!
Our vessel surely never sailed
So slowly till to-night.
When we discerned the distant hills,
The sun was scarcely set,
And now the noon of night is passed
They seem no nearer yet.

Where the blue Rhine reflected back
Each frowning castle wall,
Where, in the forest of the Hartz,
Eternal shadows fall,
Or where the yellow Tiber flowed
By the old hills of Rome,
I never felt such restlessness,
Such longing for our home.

Dost thou remember, O my friend,
When we beheld it last,
How shadows from the setting sun
Upon our cot were cast?
Three summer-times upon its walls
Have shone for us in vain;
But oh, we're hastening homeward now,
To leave it not again.

There! as the last star dropped away
From Night's imperial brow,
Did not our vessel "round the point"?
The land looks nearer now!
Yes, as the first faint beams of day
Fell on our native shore;
They're dropping anchor in the bay:
We're home—we're home once more.

PHŒBE CARY.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight;
Make me a child again just for to-night;
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain;
Take them, and give me my childhood again.
I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between,
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again:
Come from the silence so long and so deep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish and patient, like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair just lighted with gold
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

ELIZABETH AKERS
(Mrs. E. A. Allen).

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

FROM "HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE."

THE new gladness of a great people utters itself in the verse of Geoffrey Chaucer. In spite of a thousand conjectures, we know little of the life of our first great poet. From his own statement we gather that he was born about the middle of the fourteenth century; his death must have taken place about the year of its close. His family, though not noble, seems to have been of some importance, for from the opening of his career we find Chaucer in close connection with the court. He first bore arms in the campaign of 1359, but he was luckless enough to be made prisoner, and from the time of his release after the Treaty of Bretigny he took no further share in the military enterprises of his time. His marriage with a sister of the famous Katherine Swynford, the mistress, and at a later time the wife, of John of Gaunt, identified him with the fortunes of the duke of Lancaster; it was as his adherent that he sat in the Parliament of 1386, and to his patronage that he owed a sinecure office in the customs and an appointment as clerk of the royal works. A mission which was probably connected with the financial straits of the crown carried him in early life to Italy. He visited Genoa and the brilliant court of the Visconti at Milan; at Florence, where the memory of Dante, the "great master," whom he commemorates so reverently in his verse, was still living, he may have met Boccaccio; at Padua, like his own clerk of Oxenford, he may have caught the story of Griseldis from the lips of Petrarca. But with these few facts and guesses our knowledge of him ends. In person, the portrait of Occleve, which preserves for us his forked beard, his dark-colored dress and hood, the knife and pen-case at his girdle, is supplemented by a few vivid touches of his own. The host in the "Canterbury Tales" describes him as one who looked on the ground as though he would find a hare, as elf-like in face, but portly of waist. He heard little of his neighbors' talk; when labor was over, "thou goest home to thine own house anon, and also dumb as a stone. Thou sittest at another book till fully dazed is thy look, and livest thus as an hermite, although thy abstinence is lite" (little). But of this abstraction from his fellows there is no trace in his verse. No poetry was ever more human than Chaucer's; none ever came more frankly and genially home to its readers. The first note of his song is a note of freshness and gladness. "Of ditties and of songs glad, the which he for my sake made, the land fulfilled is over all," says the sober Gower in his lifetime; and the impression of gladness remains just as fresh now that four hundred years have passed away.

The historical character of Chaucer's work lies on its surface. It stands out in vivid contrast with the poetic literature from the

heart of which it sprang. The long French romances were the product of an age of wealth and ease, of indolent curiosity, of a fanciful and self-indulgent sentiment. Of the great passions which gave life to the Middle Ages, that of religious enthusiasm had degenerated into the pretty conceits of Mariolatry; that of war, into the gorgeous extravagances of chivalry. Love, indeed, remained: it was the one theme of troubadour and trouveur; but it was a love of refinement, of romantic follies, of scholastic discussions, of sensuous enjoyment—a plaything rather than a passion. Nature had to reflect the pleasant indolence of man; the song of the minstrel moved through a perpetual May-time; the grass was ever green; the music of the lark and the nightingale rang out from field and thicket. There was a gay avoidance of all that is serious, moral or reflective in man's life; life was too amusing to be serious, too piquant, too sentimental, too full of interest and gayety and chat. It was an age of talk: "Mirth is none," says the host, "to ride on by the way dumb as a stone;" and the trouveur aimed simply at being the most agreeable talker of his day. His romances, his rhymes of King Horn or Sir Tristram, his "Romance of the Rose," are full of color and fantasy, endless in detail, but with a sort of gorgeous idleness about their very length, the minuteness of their description of outer things, the vagueness of their touch when it passes to the subtler inner world. Nothing is more unreal than the tone of the French romance, nothing more absolutely real than the tone of Chaucer. If with the best modern critics we reject from the list of his genuine works the bulk of the poems which preceded "Troilus and Cressida," we see at once that, familiar as he was with the literature of the trouvères, his real sympathies drew him, not to the dying verse of France, but to the new and mighty upgrowth of poetry in Italy. Dante's eagle looks at him from the sun. "Fraunces Petrark, the laureat poete," is to him one "whose retorique sweete enlumyned al Itail of poetrie." The "Troilus" is an enlarged English version of Boccaccio's "Filostrato;" the "Knight's Tale," of his "Teseide." It was, indeed, the *Decameron* which suggested the very form of the "Canterbury Tales."

But even while changing, as it were, the front of English poetry, Chaucer preserves his own distinct personality. If he quizzes in the rhyme of Sir Thopaz the wearisome idleness of the French romance, he retains all that was worth retaining of the French temper—its rapidity and agility of movement, its lightness and brilliancy of touch, its airy mockery, its gayety and good-humor, its critical coolness and self-control. The French wit quickens in him more than in any English writer the sturdy sense and shrewdness of our national disposition, corrects its extravagance, and relieves its somewhat ponderous morality. If, on the other hand, he echoes the joyous carelessness of the Italian tale, he tempers it with the English seriousness. As he follows Boccaccio, all his changes are on the side of purity; and when the "Troilus" of the Florentine ends with the old sneer at the changeableness of woman, Chaucer bids us "look Godward," and dwells on the unchangeableness of Heaven.

But the genius of Chaucer was neither French nor Italian, whatever element it

might borrow from either literature, but English to the core. Of the history of the great poem on which his fame must rest, or of the order in which the "Canterbury Tales" were really written, we know nothing. The work was the fruit of his old age; it was in his last home, the house in the garden of St. Mary's Chapel at Westminster, that Chaucer rested from his labors, and here he must have been engaged on the poem which his death left unfinished. Its story—that of a pilgrimage from London to Canterbury—not only enabled him to string together a number of tales which seem to have been composed at very different times, but lent itself admirably to the peculiar characteristic of his poetic temper, dramatic power and the universality of his sympathy. His tales cover the whole field of mediæval poetry; the legend of the priest, the knightly romance, the wonder-tale of the traveller, the broad humor of the fabliau, allegory and apologue,—all are there. He finds a yet wider scope for his genius in the persons who tell these stories, the thirty pilgrims who start in the May morning from the Tabard in Southwark—thirty distinct figures, representatives of every class of English society, from the noble to the ploughman. We see the "verray perfight gentil knight" in cassock and coat-of-mail, with his curly-headed squire beside him, fresh as the May morning, and behind them the brown-faced yeoman in his coat and hood of green, with the good bow in his hand. A group of ecclesiastics lights up for us the mediæval Church. Learning is there in the portly person of the doctor of law, rich with the profits of the pestilence, the busy sergeant of law, "that ever seemed busier than he was," the hollow-cheeked clerk of Oxford, with his love of books, and short, sharp sentences that disguise a latent tenderness which breaks out at last in the story of Griseldis. Around them crowd types of English industry—the merchant; the franklin, in whose house "it snowed of meat and drink;" the sailor fresh from frays in the Channel; the buxom wife of Bath; the broad-shouldered miller; the haberdasher, carpenter, weaver, dyer, tapestry-maker, each in the new livery of his craft; and last, the honest ploughman, who would dike and delve for the poor without hire. It is the first time in English poetry that we are brought face to face, not with characters or allegories or reminiscences of the past, but with living and breathing men—men distinct in temper and sentiment as in face or costume or mode of speech, and with this distinctness of each maintained throughout the story by a thousand shades of expression and action. It is the first time, too, that we meet with the dramatic power which not only creates each character, but combines it with its fellows—which not only adjusts each tale or jest to the temper of the person who utters it, but fuses all into a poetic unity. It is life in its largeness, its variety, its complexity, which surrounds us in the "Canterbury Tales." In some of the stories, indeed—composed, no doubt, at an earlier time—there is the tedium of the old romance or the pedantry of the schoolman; but, taken as a whole, the poem is the work, not of a man of letters, but of a man of action. He has received his training from war, courts, business, travel—a training not of books, but of life. And it is life that he loves—the delicacy of its sentiment, the breadth of its farce, its laughter and its tears, the tenderness of its Grisel-

dis, or the Smollett-like adventures of the miller and the schoolboy. It is this largeness of heart, this wide tolerance, which enables him to reflect man for us as none but Shakespeare has ever reflected him, but to reflect him with a pathos, a shrewd sense and kindly humor, a freshness and joyousness of feeling, that even Shakespeare has not surpassed.

It is strange that such a voice as this should have awakened no echo in the singers who follow, but the first burst of English song died as suddenly and utterly with Chaucer as the hope and glory of his age. The hundred years which follow the brief sunshine of Cressy and the "Canterbury Tales" are years of the deepest gloom; no age of our history is so sad and sombre as the age which we traverse from the third Edward to Joan of Arc. The throb of hope and glory which pulsed at its outset through every class of English society died into inaction or despair. Material life lingered on, indeed, commerce still widened, but its progress was dissociated from all the nobler elements of national well-being. The towns sank again into close oligarchies; the bondsmen struggling forward to freedom fell back into a serfage which still leaves its trace on the soil. Literature reached its lowest ebb. In the clash of civil strife political freedom was all but extinguished, and the age which began with the Good Parliament ended with the despotism of the Tudors. J. R. Green.

FRANCE IN THE DAYS OF JEFFERSON.

I CANNOT leave this great and good country without expressing my sense of its pre-eminence of character among the nations of the earth. A more benevolent people I have never known, nor greater warmth and devotedness in their select friendships. Their kindness and accommodation to strangers is unparalleled, and the hospitality of Paris is beyond anything I had conceived to be practicable in a large city. Their eminence, too, in science, the communicative dispositions of their scientific men, the politeness of their general manners, the ease and vivacity of their conversation, give a charm to their society to be found nowhere else. In a comparison of this with other countries, we have the proof of primacy which was given to Themistocles after the battle of Salamis. Every general voted to himself the first reward of valor, and the second to Themistocles. So ask the travelled inhabitant of any nation, On what country on earth would you rather live?—Certainly in my own, where are all my friends, my relations and the earliest and sweetest affections and recollections of my life.—Which would be your second choice?—France.

Thomas Jefferson.

MYTHS.

From the German of Goethe.

NEITHER myths nor legends are to be tolerated in science; let us, then, leave to the poet, whose province it is, to use them for the benefit and amusement of the world. The scientific man should limit himself to the nearest and clearest material that lies before him. If, however, he chooses occasionally to come forth in the oratorical vein, this also may be allowed him, provided he remembers what he is about.

Translation of John Stuart Blackie.

WORLDS RULED BY COLORED SUNS.

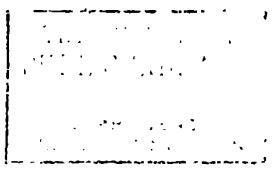
IN the heavens there are stars of many colors, for one star differeth from another in glory. But the colors we see with the unaided eye are far less beautiful and less striking than those which are brought into view by the telescope. And among the colored stars seen by the telescope there are none more beautiful than the colored pairs of stars. Amongst these we find the most strongly-marked contrasts—such combinations as green and red, orange and blue, yellow and purple; then, again, we sometimes see both the companions of the same color; and yet again, we find combinations where the contrast, though not so striking as in the pairs first mentioned, is nevertheless exceedingly beautiful, as when we have gold and lilac, or white and blue, or white and green stars; and, lastly, we find among the smaller companions of double stars such hues as gray, fawn, ash-colored, puce, mauve, russet and olive.

It was long thought that at least the more strongly-marked colors, in the case of small companion stars, were due merely to contrast. Thus, if the larger of two stars were orange, the smaller, if really white, would look blue, as any one will perceive who will place on a sheet of dark paper a large orange-colored wafer and close beside it a small white one. In like manner, if the larger star were red, the smaller would look green; if the larger were yellow, the smaller would look purple; and *vice versâ*. Only I may as well remark here that, while the larger star of a pair is often red, orange or yellow, it is never blue, green or purple—at least, such colors are never strongly marked in any leading star of a pair or in any single star.

But the supposition that the colors seen in double stars are due to contrast has been in several instances completely disposed of by so arranging matters that one star only of a pair is seen at a time. This can readily be arranged where the stars are not very close, and in a great number of cases it has been found that the small star, seen alone, was really blue or green or purple, as the case might be. The experiment was in one case tried in the case of a very close pair in a very interesting way. The star in question is the ruddy Antares, called also the Scorpion's Heart. This star has a minute green companion far too close to the red primary star to be seen alone by any arrangement of the telescope. But advantage was taken by an eminent observer of the passage of the moon over this star. In a moment or two the moon hid the larger star, leaving the other shining alone, and then it was seen that the small star was unmistakably green.

The colors of the double stars, then, are real; so that if we could pay a visit to one of these pairs we should find colored suns—red, orange and yellow ruling suns, and green, purple or blue minor suns, or, as the case might be, lilac, puce, mauve, russet or olive suns of the smaller sort. Nor must we think of these

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.



smaller suns as really small in themselves. It is only by comparison with the leading orbs of unequal pairs that the lesser is called small. In reality, it is probable that many of the lesser suns of these double systems are very much larger than all the planets of the solar system together.

In whatever way the systems depending on double suns are arranged, this, at any rate, is certain—that the beings inhabiting any world in any one of these systems have two suns. There may be, and in many cases there must be, a great inequality between the apparent size and brightness of the two luminaries, but we cannot question that even the lesser (in appearance, as viewed from any particular part of a double sun system) must be a veritable sun.

Taking the lesser suns of an unequal pair as seen from the earth, it must be remembered that that orb which looks so faint is in reality glowing with so great an intensity of heat and inherent lustre that its light has passed to us after travelling over the tremendous abysses that separate us from the fixed stars. It is not an opaque orb shining by reflected light, but a mass of matter instinct with fire. We know this from its spectrum, which shows that in its atmosphere are the vapors of elements which our fiercest furnaces can only liquefy. If, then, we could approach that self-luminous orb, we should find long before we reached the confines of its system that it is a true sun. And within its system—as seen, in fact, from a distance which, though enormous, is reduced to absolute nothingness when viewed from our enormous distance—it is certain that the star is a sun in this sense, that it is capable of dispelling night, that when it is above the horizon of any world having airs like ours there must be a glowing sky like that which during our own day hides the stars from our view.

Thus every one of the worlds in systems belonging to a double star has a quadruple alternation in place of that double alternation which we call day and night. There is, first, double day, when both suns are above the horizon; next, single day with one sun; then, single day with the other sun; and, lastly, true night when both suns are below the horizon.

WORLDS LIT BY COLORED SUNS.

I will consider the case of a world circling as our earth does in her orbit, but around a sun of a rich orange color, while a companion sun of a blue color travels around the same sun* on a path resembling that of the planet Jupiter. The blue sun would be a large and brilliant orb as seen from the world whose condition I propose to describe, but the orange sun would necessarily be far more brilliant and look far larger, being in reality the larger sun, and also the nearer. We will assume that the world we are considering has a moon somewhat like our own, and we may reasonably imagine that several other planets travel around the orange sun, others around both suns—that is, outside the path of the blue sun—and that, again, the blue sun has several planets travelling in immediate dependence upon it.

Now, in the first place, let us take the case where the world is between the orange sun and the blue one, and let us suppose that the season corresponds to our spring. Then it is

* Speaking exactly, we should say that the two suns circle around their common centre of gravity; but here I deem it sufficient to use such expressions as accord best with ordinary modes of speaking.

manifest that since one sun illumines one side of the globe, and the other illumines the other, there can be no night; it is orange day to one half of the world, and blue day to the other. Moreover, since the season corresponds to our springtime, it follows that orange day lasts exactly as long as blue day, and, using for convenience the division of the day into twenty-four hours (which may or may not be nearly the same as our terrestrial hours), there are all over the world twelve hours of orange day and twelve hours of blue day. This, however, would not last very long, any more than on our own earth we have Jupiter visible all night for any length of time. The blue sun would gradually take up the position which Jupiter has when he is an evening star.*

Now, we can easily see what would follow from this. The blue sun would, in fact, rise before the orange sun had set. Thus there would be orange day as before, but toward orange sunset there would be two suns, the orange sun nearing the west, the blue sun passing over the eastern horizon. Then would come orange sunset and blue day; but the blue sun would set before the orange sun rose, and there would be therefore a short night, though no doubt not a dark night, since there would be blue twilight in the west and orange twilight in the east. Gradually the length of this night would increase, the length of the double day also increasing, but the orange and blue hours gradually shortening. At length the blue sun would have drawn quite near to the place of the orange sun in the heavens, and there would be double day and night, but neither orange day nor blue day alone. The double day would probably be white, since the colors of the two suns are supposed to be complementary. After this the blue sun would pass to the other side (the west) of the orange sun, and would be placed like Jupiter when he is a morning sun. There would then be blue morning, white day, orange evening and night, the night gradually growing shorter and shorter, until at length the blue sun would be opposite the orange sun and there would be no night, but simple alternation of blue day and orange day, as at first.

I have not, in following these changes, taken any account of the varying seasons, because, except when the two suns are together or opposite to each other, the considerations involved become rather complicated. But I will now, without following the blue sun round again, consider the effect of seasonable peculiarities when the two suns are on opposite sides of the earth. (When the two suns are together, the effects are of course the same as those recognized in our ordinary seasons.) Now, first, be it noticed that, whatever be the pose of the earth, if the two suns are on opposite sides of her there cannot be any night, since one sun must illumine one half, the other sun illumining the other. *But* whereas, when the earth is posed as our earth is in spring or autumn, there is everywhere equal orange day and equal blue day, this is not the case at other times.

Thus suppose the northern pole bowed toward the orange sun as the northern pole of our earth is bowed toward our sun in summer; then in northern regions there is a long orange day and a short blue day, and the reverse in southern regions. All round the northern

* This would happen, at least, if the blue sun were going the same way round the orange sun that the planet was going.

pole—that is, within the regions corresponding to our Arctic regions—the orange sun does not set and the blue sun does not rise throughout the twenty-four hours, while in the corresponding southern regions the blue sun does not rise and the orange sun does not set. At the equator, however, orange day and blue day are equal. Of course all is reversed when the southern pole is bowed toward the orange sun.

But now let us consider how curiously the moon of our imagined earth must vary in aspect. I will consider just a few cases to show how wonderfully complex and beautiful must be the variations of a moon belonging to a double sun system.

Suppose the two suns on opposite sides of the earth. Then it is clear that the moon's globe must (precisely like the earth's globe) have one half lit up by orange light, and the other half by blue light. Now the orange half will pass through all the phases that our own white moon exhibits. It will be in turn round, half full, gibbous, full, gibbous again, half full, round and new. But the part of the moon which with us appears dark or wanting will be blue. Probably, as there will be no night, the moon thus colored will not be at all conspicuous; yet it is not likely to be so faintly seen as our moon is in the daytime, simply because the peculiarities of color must render it easily distinguishable from small clouds.

But next take the case where the blue moon is halfway round toward the place of the orange moon. Then the moon will have one half lit up by orange light, and another half (not the opposite half) lit up by blue light; these hemispheres of her surface will overlap equally, so that half of each will be lit up by both blue and orange light, Thus, in fact, the moon's globe will be divided into four equal parts (like four quarters of an orange), one of which will be orange, the next black, the next blue and the fourth white. How singular must be the aspect of a moon so illuminated, as it passes through the ordinary lunar phases with respect to either sun, on the skies of the earth whose condition we are endeavoring to picture!

Very singular, also, must be the aspect of the different planets which are variously illuminated by the orange and blue suns. Instead of shining, as the planets of the solar system shine, with a nearly constant color—their own inherent color—the planets of a double sun system must vary in aspect according to their positions with respect to the two suns which illuminate them.

There is but one circumstance in which the celestial scenery presented to ourselves surpasses that which must be exhibited to the inhabitants of such a world as we have been considering. The glories of the star-depths are seldom seen from such a world; night is the exception, and often for many weeks in succession there can be no real night, but an alternation of colored days scarcely separated by brief periods of colored twilight when the orange and blue suns are but slightly below opposite horizons. It may be that on this very account night, being rare, is more valued, and the magnificence of the night-sky more imposing, than with ourselves. But it is a strange thought that the astronomers of those distant worlds—for such worlds we must believe there are—may, in their zeal for science, undertake long journeys to obtain more night during which they may study the wonders of the starlit heavens.

Then, again, how wonderful must be those more special phenomena which correspond to our eclipses of the sun and moon, but are produced when one sun eclipses the other, or when one sun is eclipsed by a moon while the other sun is above the horizon, or when a moon is eclipsed as respects one sun while illuminated by the other! How strange the gradual change from white light to blue light as an eclipse of the former kind proceeds, or from orange to blue light, or from blue light to orange, as the moon conceals one or other luminary! while, when the moon is shining with white light produced by the combined lustre of the two suns, how strange must be the gradual appearance of a blue or orange shadow, according as the earth cuts off from the moon the light of the orange or blue sun!

And this leads us to consider the strange aspect which must be presented by ordinary objects—mountains, hills, buildings, plants, animals, and so on—when the two suns are both above the horizon. Where the light of both suns is falling there must be white light, or rather objects must appear, as they do in the white light of our own sun, with their natural colors. But parts which are in the light of but one of the two suns must show the color of that sun, combined, of course, with their natural color. There will only be true shadow where neither sun sheds its light. Or we may say that every object will throw a blue shadow opposite the orange sun and an orange shadow opposite the blue sun, and that the part where the two shadows cross will alone be in true shadow. It will be manifest that natural scenery must present many beautiful varieties of effect altogether unfamiliar to us terrestrials, who know of no colors in scenery except those inherent in the objects themselves which form the landscape. Living creatures also must present a singular aspect, and to our conceptions an aspect not altogether beautiful, but too much like harlequinade to accord with terrestrial tastes.

The skies, however, must be often exceedingly beautiful. Our clouds have their silver lining, because it is the white light of the sun which illumines them. Our summer sky presents glowing white clouds to our view, and at other times we see the various shades between perfect whiteness and an almost black hue, corresponding to the various degrees in which the illuminated side of a cloud is turned toward us. But imagine how beautiful the scene must be when those parts of a cloud which would otherwise appear simply darker shine with a fuller blue light or (as the case may be) with a fuller orange light. How gorgeous, again, must be the coloring of the clouds which fleck the sky when one or other sun is setting! At such times on our earth we see the most beautiful tints, owing to the various degrees in which the atmosphere affects the light of our single sun; but how wonderful must be the varieties of color when, in addition to this cause of varying tints, there is a sun of complementary color illuminating those parts of each cloud which would be simply dark were there no other sun but the orb which is actually setting!

I have, however, taken but the case of a single world in a particular double sun system, and I have considered but few of the various relations presented by the skies of such a world. The actual varieties of appearance even in one such world must be almost infinite. Then in each double sun system there are several orders of worlds, even as in our solar system there are major

and minor planets, asteroids, satellites, and so on, to say nothing of comets and meteor systems. Doubtless, the several members of each order are as wonderful in variety of structure and condition as the several members of our solar system. Again, there are infinite varieties of arrangement depending on the relative dimensions of the suns of a double system, as well as on the shape of the paths they pursue; and in their colors, again, there are many varieties—yellow and purple suns, red and green suns, equal suns of golden yellow, cream-white, rose-color, and so on, companion suns of lilac, russet, citron, fawn, buff and olive hue in endless numbers.

Let it not be forgotten, in conclusion, that, though there may be no world precisely like the one I have imagined, there must be many globes in double star systems where scenes very like those I have described are presented, and that an almost infinite variety of arrangements must prevail among the thousands on thousands of such systems which astronomers have discovered. I conceive that few thoughts can be more striking and instructive than those suggested by this infinite wealth of beauty and variety. We see throughout the whole universe the same splendor on a large scale which is bestowed on a small scale upon the flowers of the field, which "toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

WHAT MAKES A HERO?

WHAT makes a hero? Not success, not fame,
Inebriate merchants and the loud acclaim
Of glutted Avarice, caps tossed up in air,
Or pen of journalist with flourish fair,
Bells pealed, stars, ribbons and a titular name.
These, though his rightful tribute, he can spare—
His rightful tribute, not his end or aim
Or true reward; for never yet did these
Refresh the soul or set the heart at ease.
What makes a hero? An heroic mind,
Expressed in action, in endurance proved;
And if there be a pre-eminence of right
Derived through pain well suffered to the height
Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmoved,
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,
But worse—ingratitude and poisonous darts
Launched by the country he had served and loved.
This with a free, unclouded spirit pure,
This in the strength of silence, to endure
A dignity to noble deeds imparts
Beyond the gauds and trappings of renown;
This is the hero's complement and crown.
This missed, one struggle had been wanting still,
One glorious triumph of the heroic will,
One self-approval in his heart of hearts.

HENRY TAYLOR.

FOUR THINGS.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF SUZENO.

FOUR things, O God, I have to offer thee
Which thou hast not in all thy treasury—
My nothingness, my sad necessity,
My fatal sin and earnest penitence:
Receive these gifts, and take the giver hence.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

THE BATTLE OF NANCY AND THE DEATH OF CHARLES THE BOLD.

UNDAY, the 5th of January, 1477, had come, and the reveille sounded, calling men to wake and die. Heavy rains the day before had washed the earth, the flooded rivers rushing over a frozen current beneath, impetuous, noisy, full, like the tides of life rolling above the frozen sea of death. But the night had been calm and cold; at dawn the shrunken waters gurgled faintly under a new surface of ice and the gathering clouds were charged afresh with snow.

Charles had been busy throughout the night. He had resolved neither to abandon the siege nor to wait the attack in his camp, but to meet and repel the enemy's advance. His force being too small for him to leave a sufficient guard against sallies from the town, he had drawn off his troops as noiselessly as possible under cover of the darkness. "A short half league" south-east of Nancy the road through Jarville and Laneuville to Saint-Nicolas entered a forest extending from the Meurthe on the east across the range of highlands bounding the horizon on the south and west. Near the verge of the wood the road was intersected by a rivulet called now, in commemoration of the events of the day, "Le Ruisseau de Bonsecours." On both banks, to its junction with the Meurthe, it was thickly planted with hedges of thorn. Behind this stream the duke posted his troops, the artillery in front, on a mound commanding the road; behind it the infantry, archers and pikemen, drawn up in a single oblong square, in imitation of the Swiss. Here he took his own station, surrounded by his nobles and personal attendants, and mounted on a powerful black horse called, from its race and color, "Il Moro." Two slender bodies of cavalry composed the wings. The right, under Josse de Lalain, was placed on the high ground toward the source of the brook, but somewhat in the rear of the line; the left, under Galeotto, occupied a meadow covered partially on the front as well as flank by the Meurthe, which here makes a double bend to the east and north and is fordable in the angle. The evident object was to arrest and crush the enemy's columns while debouching from the forest. It was the sole chance of coping with a force so superior.

At Saint-Nicolas, after mass had been celebrated in the church, food and wine were served out in abundance and consumed with gayety and relish by men familiar with dangers and now confident of an easy victory. At eight o'clock they began their march. The troops were about equally divided between the vanguard and the "battle," the former comprising seven thousand spears and halberds and two thousand cavalry, the latter a thousand more foot and somewhat fewer horse. Eight hundred arquebusiers followed as a reserve. Herter led the van, with Thierstein as commander of the horse. René, with his suite, rode beside the main corps on a spirited gray mare called "La Dame." He wore over his armor a short mantle of cloth of gold

embroidered with the double white cross of Lorraine, the sleeves trimmed with his colors —gray, white and red. His standard of white satin, decorated with a painting of the Annunciation, floated among a group of banners in the centre. For him all around, all within, was bright. After a long train of misfortunes, bitter mortifications, cruel disappointments, the hour of assured triumph was at hand. Mingled with the exultation of that thought was a natural pride in seeing himself the sole chief of such an army. But the real leaders—Herter, Waldmann, Kätzky, Hassfurter—were not the men to commit the conduct of an enterprise like the present to inexperienced hands.

After passing Laneuville a halt was called and a consultation held. Through scouts, deserters and reconnoitring parties the enemy's position and arrangements had been fully learned. The sentiment of the Swiss —expressed in the final charge of the authorities at home—was a determination to finish up the work, to end by a single and decisive stroke a war of which the gains and the glory had been counterbalanced by vexations and estrangements. At Grandson, with inferior numbers, they had met the enemy's attack and seen his forces scatter "like smoke dispersed by the north wind." At Morat, with equal numbers, they had struck his lines obliquely, shattering, crushing, routing, yet not with the complete destruction necessary for the object. Now, with more than double his numbers—their men all fresh and bold, his all dismayed and spent—they had only to close upon and overwhelm him. It was arranged that while the main body held back—only a few skirmishers showing themselves on the road, which here inclined toward the river, making the passage strait and perilous—the vanguard, guided by the Swiss deserters, should strike off to the left, by an old road leading from Jarville up to a farm named "La Malgrange," and thence by another turn to the outskirts of the forest directly on the Burgundian flank. These were the tactics of men who had the game in their hands, and who knew how to play it. René was now told that the safety of his person, being a thing of high importance, required that he should take his station in the centre of the main body, where a hundred men of the corps of Berne would serve as his bodyguard. When the hostile force was broken, he would be free to join in the pursuit.

It was noon when the march was resumed. Before the troops had reached the farmhouse on which they were to pivot, the snow fell so thickly that no one could see beyond his nearest comrade. In crossing a stream which runs past the building the new-formed ice soon broke beneath their heavy tread and left them wading, floundering, sometimes swimming. The road—or "hollow way," as it is also called—seems to have differed from the forest only in being more difficult to traverse. It was overgrown with a stubby and prickly brush. When at last the clearing was reached, the ranks were in disarray and the men half frozen. Sitting down, they poured the water from their shoes and arranged their clothing and arms. Without having ocular proof of it they had reached their position facing the enemy's right flank. Suddenly the squall passed over and the sun shone forth. The hostile forces were in full sight of each other. The Swiss horn, blown thrice with a prolonged breath, sent a blast of doom into the ears of the Burgundians. Wheeling rapidly into line,

the troops began to descend the slope at a quick run. On first catching sight of the foe in this unexpected quarter, the gunners made an effort to turn their pieces. But the process was then a laborious one, not to be effected in alarm and confusion. After a single wild discharge, killing but two men, the guns were abandoned.

But the Swiss were now stopped by the hedge. Charles had time to make a change of front and send forward his archers. The assailants suffered severely. Their weapons got caught in the brambles, and they were unable to break through. A troop of French horse was the first to clear a passage. It was met by a squadron under the Sire de la Rivière and driven from the field.

Meanwhile, Galeotto had been attacked and was giving way. Lalain was ordered to go to his support. But the arquebusiers, having come to the front, delivered a volley which arrested the charge. Many saddles were emptied. Lalain fell badly wounded. The affrighted horses galloped at random. Galeotto, who was soon after taken prisoner, made off with his men toward the ford.

Charles saw himself stripped of both his wings, assailed at once on both his flanks. He had his choice between a rapid flight and a speedy death. Well, then, death! As he fastened his helmet the golden lion on the crest became detached and fell to the ground. He forbade it to be replaced. "Hoc est signum Dei" ("It is a sign from God"), he said. From God?. Ah, yes! he knew now the hand that was laid upon him. Leading his troops, he plunged into the midst of his foes, now closing in on all sides. Among enemies and friends the recollection of his surpassing valor in that hour of perdition, after the last gleam of hope had vanished, was long preserved. Old men of Franche-Comté were accustomed to tell how their fathers, tenants and followers of the Sire de Citey, had seen the duke, his face streaming with blood, charging and recharging "like a lion," ever in the thick of the combat, bringing help where the need was greatest. In Lorraine the same tradition existed. "Had all his men," says a chronicler of that province, "fought with a like ardor, our army must infallibly have been repulsed."

But no; so encaged, so overmatched, what courage could have availed? "The foot stood long and manfully" is the testimony of a hostile eye-witness. But the final struggle, though obstinate, was short. Broken and dispersed, the men had no recourse but flight. Some went eastward, in the direction of Essey, such as gained the river crossing where the ice bore, and breaking it behind them. The greater number kept to the west of Nancy, to gain the road to Condé and Luxembourg. Charles, with the handful that still remained around him, followed in the same direction. The mass both of fugitives and pursuers was already far ahead. There was no choice now. Flight, combat, death,—it was all one.

Closing up, the little band of nobles, last relic of chivalry, charged into the centre of a body of foot. A halberdier swung his weapon and brought it down on the head of Charles. He reeled in the saddle. Citey flung his arms round him and steadied him, receiving while so engaged a thrust from a spear through the parted joints of his corselet. Pressing on, still fighting, still hemmed in, they dropped one by one. Charles's page, a Roman of the ancient family of Colonna, rode a little behind, a gilt helmet hanging

from his saddle-bow. He kept his eye upon his master, saw him surrounded, saw him at the edge of a ditch, saw his horse stumble, the rider fall. The next moment Colonna was himself dismounted and made prisoner by men who, it would appear, had belonged to the troop of Campobasso.

None knew who had fallen, or lingered to see. The rout swept along; the carnage had no pause. The course was strewn with arms, banners and the bodies of the slain. Riderless horses plunged among the ranks of the victors and the vanquished. There was a road turning directly westward, but it went to Toul: French lances were there. Northward the valley contracted. On one side was the forest, on the other the river; ahead, the bridge of Bouxières, guarded, barred, by Campobasso. Arrived there, all was over. A few turned aside into the forest, to be hunted still, to be butchered by the peasantry, to perish of hunger and cold. Others leaped into the river, shot at by the arquebusiers, driven back or stabbed by the traitors on the opposite bank, swept by the current underneath the ice. The slaughter here was far greater than on the field. No quarter was given by the Swiss. But the cavalry, both of Lorraine and the allies, received the swords of men of rank, as well from the sympathy of their class as for the sake of ransom. When René came up, the sun had long set. There was little chance, less occasion, for further pursuit. The short winter's day had had its full share of blood. Merciful night came down, enabling a scanty remnant to escape.

JOHN FOSTER KIRK.

WHO shall decide, when doctors disagree?

POPE.

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH.

ROLL on, thou ball!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look blue;
But don't let that unsettle you.
Never *you* mind!
Roll on! [*It rolls on.*]

WILLIAM S. GILBERT.

LIFE.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flight of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood,—
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

HENRY KING.

OLD VIRGINIA HOSPITALITY.

AS the parties met at the junction of the roads each of the gentlemen reined up his horse to allow the other to pass; the elder bowed and touched his hat, and the other returned the salutation with equal courtesy. There was a momentary embarrassment, as neither rider seemed disposed to take precedence of the other, which was relieved by the young lady, who slackened her rein as she touched the neck of her steed with a hazel-switch and rode forward, leaving the gentlemen to settle the point of etiquette between them, which they did by silently falling in abreast, the road being just wide enough to admit the passage of two riders in that manner.

In our country there is none of that churlish policy or that repulsive pride which in other regions forbids strangers who thus meet from accosting each other; on the contrary, our hearty old Virginian, on meeting a young, well-mounted, handsome stranger with the appearance and manners of a gentleman, felt bound to do the honors of the country. He accordingly opened a conversation, and was so well pleased with the stranger's frankness and intelligence that he determined to take him home and entertain him—at least, for the night, and perhaps for a week or two; and the worthy old man felt no small inward gratification in the idea that, while he was discharging his duty as a true son of the ancient Dominion, he should secure a companion and enlarge for a time his own little circle of enjoyments.

But the stranger anticipated his invitation by observing,

"I have business with Major Heyward, who resides somewhere in this neighborhood, and am glad I have fallen in with you, sir, as you can probably direct me to a tavern near his house where I may lodge for the night."

"That I cannot, but I will with great pleasure show you to the house itself," replied the other, who was the identical Major Heyward: "I am going directly there, and will conduct you to the very door."

The stranger civilly declined this offer, under the plea that he was totally unacquainted with the gentleman alluded to and that his visit was solely on business. He wished, therefore, to lodge for the night at a public-house, and to despatch his business in the morning as early as might be.

"I suspect," replied his companion, "that you will not do the one nor the other. Public-house there is none: you are now in Virginia, sir, where hospitality is not an article of trade; therefore you must of necessity lodge with a private gentleman. And you are under a mistake if you think to despatch your business to-morrow or the next day, or under a week at least."

"Why so?"

"Simply because in this country we do not turn people out of our houses nor treat a guest as if he were a sheriff's officer. There is to be a barbecue to-morrow, to which you

will be invited; then you must hunt one day, and fish another; and after that— But see: there is the house."

The stranger halted:

"I really cannot intrude—"

"'Intrude,' my dear sir! Why, young gentleman, you were certainly not raised in Virginia, or you would have learned that one gentleman can never be considered as an intruder in the house of another—especially one who brings so good a letter of introduction as yourself."

"Pardon me, sir; I have no such credentials."

"Oh yes, you have," returned the planter, laughing at his own wit and bowing to his companion. "As a late writer hath it, a good appearance is the best letter of introduction, and your modesty, young sir, is an endorsement which gives it double value. Come along; I'll be answerable for your welcome."

"But I am a total stranger."

"True, and so you will remain until you are introduced; then you will be so no longer."

"But it is so awkward to go to a gentleman's house just at nightfall, as if begging for a night's lodging."

"The very best hour in the world, for then you are sure to catch the gentleman at home and at leisure to entertain you. —Virginia, my dear," continued he, calling to the young lady, who rode a few paces before them, "will you not join me in a guarantee that this young gentleman shall be welcome at Walnut Hill?"

"With great pleasure if it were necessary," replied the lady, "but your introduction, my dear uncle, will be all-sufficient."

The stranger, who began to suspect the truth and saw that he could not without rudeness decline the proffered kindness of his hospitable guide, now submitted, and the party entered a long lane which led to the mansion.

JAMES HALL.

EUROPE AND AMERICA.

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue
The force of Art by Nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true;

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where Nature guides and Virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools,—

There shall be sung another Golden Age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay:
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

DR. GEORGE BERKELEY.

LALLA ROOKH.

SELECTED.

IN the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, king of the lesser Bucharia, a lineal descendant from the great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favor of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Prophet, and, passing into India through the delightful Valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterward escorted with the same splendor to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia. During the stay of the royal pilgrim at Delhi a marriage was agreed upon between the prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the emperor, Lalla Rookh—a princess described by the poets of her time as more beautiful than Leila, Shirine, Dewildé, or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere, where the young king, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet for the first time his lovely bride, and after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharia.

The day of Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the water, while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses, till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran, and having sent a considerable present to the fakirs who kept up the perpetual lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her, and while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendor. The gallant appearance of the rajahs and mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the emperor's favor, the feathers of the egret of Cashmere, in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles; the costly armor of their cavaliers, who vied on this occasion with the guards of the great Keder Khan in the brightness of their silver battle-axes and the massiveness of their maces of gold; the glittering of the gilt pineapples on the tops of the palankeens; the embroidered trappings of the elephants,

bearing on their backs small turrets in the shape of little antique temples, within which the ladies of Lalla Rookh lay as it were enshrined; the rose-colored veils of the princess's own sumptuous litter, at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing; and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honor whom the young king had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter upon small Arabian horses,—all was brilliant, tasteful and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious Fadladeen, great nazir or chamberlain of the haram, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the princess and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant. Fadladeen was a judge of everything, from the pencillings of a Circassian's eyelids to the deepest questions of science and literature, from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem, and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi, "Should the prince at noonday say, It is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars," and his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector, was as about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernaut.

During the first days of their journey Lalla Rookh, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the royal gardens of Delhi, found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind and delight her imagination; and when, at evening or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high-road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments—sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl, sometimes under the sacred shade of a banyan tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes, and often in those hidden, embowered spots described by one from the isles of the West as "places of melancholy, delight and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves"—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which for a time made her indifferent to every other amusement. But Lalla Rookh was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her ladies and the great chamberlain Fadladeen—the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion—sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the vina, and who now and then lulled the princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country about the loves of Wamak and Ezra, the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Rodahver, not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon. At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing-girls of Delhi who had been permitted by the bramins of the great pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman Fadladeen, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were

repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noondays were beginning to move heavily, when at length it was recollected that among the attendants sent by the bridegroom was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the valley for his manner of reciting the stories of the East, on whom his royal master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet Fadladeen elevated his critical eyebrows, and, having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favorable ideas of the caste, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her; she felt inclined, however, to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of Feramorz. He was a youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Crishna, such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness; and the ladies of the princess were not long in discovering that the cloth which encircled his high Tartarian cap was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence; nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics, who, however they might give way to Fadladeen on the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in everything relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Cashmerian held in his hand a kitar—such as in old times the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra—and, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on it, he thus began:

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate,
And as she listened to the springs
  Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
  Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place.

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits who wander there
  'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall!
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
  One blossom of heaven outblooms them all.

"Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane tree isle reflected clear,
  And sweetly the founts of that valley fall,
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
Yet oh, 'tis only the blest can say
  How the waters of heaven outshine them all.

"Go wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasure of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years:
One minute of heaven is worth them all."

The glorious angel who was keeping
The gates of light beheld her weeping,
And as he nearer drew and listened
To her sad song a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain when it lies
On the blue flower which, Brahmins say,
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

"Nymph of a fair but erring line,"
Gently he said, "one hope is thine.
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven.
Go seek it, and redeem thy sin:
'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in."

Rapidly as comets run
To th' embraces of the sun,
Fleeter than the starry brands
Flung at night from angel-hands
At those dark and daring sprites
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the spirit go
To find this gift for Heaven? "I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
In which unnumbered rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;
I know where the isles of perfume are,
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright Araby;
I know, too, where the genii hid
The jewelled cup of their king, Jamshid,
With life's elixir sparkling high;
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of Alla's wonderful throne?
And the drops of life—oh, what would they be
In the boundless deep of eternity?"

While thus she mused her pinions fanned
The air of that sweet Indian land
Whose air is balm, whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's paradise.
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood; the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers.
Land of the sun, what foot invades
Thy pagods and thy pillared shades,
Thy cavern shrines and idol stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?
'Tis he of Gazna; fierce in wrath
He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scattered in his ruinous path.
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems

Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and loved sultana;
Maidens within their pure zenana,
Priests in the very fane, he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters.

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And through the war-field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand
Alone beside his native river,
The red blade broken in his hand
And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live," said the conqueror—"live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear."
Silent that youthful warrior stood,
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to the invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well:
The tyrant lived, the hero fell;
Yet marked the Peri where he lay,
And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last,
Last glorious drop his heart had shed
Before its free-born spirit fled.

"Be this," she cried as she winged her flight,
"My welcome gift at the gates of light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For liberty shed, so holy is
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles among the bowers of bliss.
Oh, if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering, Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

"Sweet," said the angel as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand—
"Sweet is our welcome of the brave
Who die thus for their native land.
But see! Alas! The crystal bar
Of Eden moves not: holier far
Than even this drop the boon must be
That opes the gate of heaven for thee."

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Afric's lunar mountains,
Far to the south, the Peri lighted,
And sleeked her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth
Deep in those solitary woods
Where oft the genii of the floods
Dance round the cradle of the Nile
And hail the new-born giant's smile.
Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grots and sepulchres of kings,
The exiled spirit sighing roves,
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale, now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœris' Lake.
'Twas a fair scene; a land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold.
Who could have thought, that saw this night
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in Heaven's serenest light;
Those groups of lovely date trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crowned heads,

Like youthful maids when sleep descending
  Warns them to their silken beds;
Those virgin lilies all the night
  Bathing their beauties in the lake
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
  When their beloved sun's awake;
Those ruined shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream,
  Amid whose fairy loneliness
Naught but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Naught seen but when, the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam,
Some purple-winged sultana sitting
  Upon a column, motionless
And glittering like an idol-bird,—
Who could have thought that there, even there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
  The demon of the plague had cast
  From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red desert's sands of flame,
So quick that every living thing
Of human shape touched by his wing,
  Like plants where the simoon hath passed,
At once falls black and withering?
The sun went down on many a brow
  Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
  And ne'er will feel that sun again.
And oh, to see the unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps!
The very vultures turn away
And sicken at so foul a prey;
Only the fierce hyæna stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies:
  Woe to the half-dead wretch who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
  Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of men," said the pitying spirit,
  "Dearly ye pay for your primal fall;
Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
  But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

She wept; the air grew pure and clear
  Around her as the bright drops ran,
For there's a magic in each tear
  Such kindly spirits weep for man.

Just then, beneath some orange trees
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
  Close by the lake, she heard the moan
Of one who at this silent hour
  Had hither stolen to die alone;
One who in life, where'er he moved,
  Drew after him the hearts of many,
Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
  Dies here unseen, unwept, by any,
None to watch near him, none to slake
  The fire that in his bosom lies
With even a sprinkle from that lake
  Which shines so cool before his eyes;
No voice well known through many a day
  To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
  Is still like distant music heard—
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
  Shed joy around his soul in death—
That she whom he for years had known
And loved, and might have called his own,
  Was safe from this foul midnight's breath—

Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfumed by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fanned.

But see! who yonder comes by stealth
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy sent by Health
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she! Far off, through moonlight dim,
He knew his own betrothèd bride—
She who would rather die with him
Than live to gain the world beside.
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosened tresses.

Ah! once how little did he think
An hour would come when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms that were to him
Holy as is the cradling-place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields, now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffered lips alone—
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unasked or without shame:
"Oh, let me only breathe the air—
The blessed air—that's breathed by thee,
And, whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me.
There! drink my tears while yet they fall:
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And well thou knowest I'd shed it all
To give thy brow one minute's calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face:
Am I not thine—thy own loved bride,
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side?
Think'st thou that she whose only light
In this dim world from thee hath shone
Could bear the long, the cheerless night
That must be hers when thou art gone?
That I can live, and let thee go,
Who art my life itself? No, no!
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too.
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before, like thee, I fade and burn;
Cling to these yet cool lips and share
The last pure life that lingers there."
She fails, she sinks, as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
One struggle, and his pain is past:
Her lover is no longer living;
One kiss the maiden gives—one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving.

"Sleep," said the Peri as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warmed a woman's breast—
"Sleep on; in visions of odor rest,
In balmier airs than ever yet stirred
The enchanted pile of that lonely bird
Who sings at the last his own death-lay
And in music and perfume passes away."
Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face
That like two lovely saints they seemed,
Upon the eve of doomsday taken

From their dim graves, in odor sleeping;
While that benevolent Peri beamed
Like their good angel calmly keeping
Watch o'er them till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to heaven that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throbbed her heart, with hope elate:
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offering in,
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of Alla swells,
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take.
But, ah! even Peris' hopes are vain:
Again the fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier closed. "Not yet,"
The angel said as with regret
He shut from her that glimpse of glory.
"True was the maiden, and her story,
Written in light o'er Alla's head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read;
But, Peri, see the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not; holier far
Than even this sigh the boon must be
That opes the gates of heaven for thee."

Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And like a glory the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon,
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who looked from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks—
More golden where the sunlight falls—
Gay lizards glittering on the walls
Of ruined shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light,
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west, as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows such as span
Th' unclouded skies of Peristan.
And then the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,
Banquetting through the flowery vales,
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods so full of nightingales.

But naught can charm the luckless Peri;
Her soul is sad, her wings are weary;
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great temple once his own
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials which the wizard, Time,
Had raised to count his ages by.
Yet haply there may lie concealed
Beneath those chambers of the sun

Some amulet of gems annealed
In upper fires, some tablet sealed
With the great name of Solomon,
Which, spelled by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon
An erring spirit to the skies.

Cheered by this hope, she bends her thither;
Still laughs the radiant eye of heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither,
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they,
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies
That flutter round the jasmine stems
Like winged flowers or flying gems;
And near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that—
Sullenly fierce, a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire,
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed:
The ruined maid, the shrine profaned,
Oaths broken, and the threshold stained
With blood of guests—there written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing angel's pen
Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening-time
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play,
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze
As torches that have burned all night
Through some impure and godless rite
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper-call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air
From Syria's thousand minarets.
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From Purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise
Just lighted on that flowery plain
And seeking for its home again.
Oh, 'twas a sight—that heaven, that child—
A scene which might have well beguiled
Even haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by.

And how felt he, the wretched man
Reclining there, while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?

"There was a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessed child,
When, young and haply pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee; but now—"
He hung his head; each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept
Blest tears of soul-felt penitence,
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only, sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour
That drop descends contagion dies
And health reanimates earth and skies.
Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispelled them all."

And now behold him kneeling there
By the child's side in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven.

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam,
But well th' enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the angel threw
From heaven's gate to hail that tear,
Her harbinger of glory near.

"Joy, joy for ever! My task is done;
The gates are passed, and heaven is won.
Oh, am I not happy? I am, I am!
To thee, sweet Eden, now dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad.

"Farewell, ye odors of earth that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh;
My feast is now of the tooba tree,
Whose scent is the breath of eternity.

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
In my fairy wreath so bright and brief.
Oh what are the brightest that e'er have blown
To the lote tree springing by Alla's throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf?
Joy, joy for ever! My task is done;
The gates are passed and heaven is won."

Lalla Rookh had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death appeared to share equal honors with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of Lalla Rookh if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers, despatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the king had arrived in the valley and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were then making in the saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she

felt on receiving this intelligence—which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure—convinced her that her peace was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young Feramorz. The veil had fallen off in which this passion at first disguises itself, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to love without knowing it had been delicious. Feramorz, too—what misery would be his if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers; if, notwithstanding her rank and the modest homage he always paid to it, even he should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature, all had tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken by every means that too ready passion which often, like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone! She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. Feramorz must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it while the clue was yet in her hand would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the king of Bucharia might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure; and she must only endeavor to forget the short dream of happiness she had enjoyed, like that Arabian shepherd who in wandering into the wilderness caught a glimpse of the gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever.

The arrival of the young bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The rajas and omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares which cast forth showers of confectionery among the people, while the artisans, in chariots adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces and domes and gilded minarets of Lahore made the city altogether like a place of enchantment—particularly on the day when Lalla Rookh set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who kept waving over their heads plates of gold and silver flowers and then threw them around to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. Lalla Rookh, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel, as usual, to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary; Fadladeen felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere; while the ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacock's feathers and listen to Fadladeen, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the

great chamberlain's criticisms, were so tasteless as to wish for the poet again.

One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the princess, who for the freer enjoyment of the air had mounted her favorite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice which she but too well knew singing the following words:

Tell me not of joys above
If that world can give no bliss
Truer, happier than the love
Which enslaves our souls in this.

Tell me not of houris' eyes;
Far from me their dangerous glow
If those looks that light the skies
Wound like some that burn below.

Who that feels what love is here—
All its falsehood, all its pain—
Would, for even Elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?

Who that 'midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered went to Lalla Rookh's heart, and as she reluctantly rode on she could not help feeling it to be a sad but still sweet certainty that Feramorz was to the full as enamored and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples and planted with the most graceful trees of the East, where the tamarind, the cassia and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high, fan-like foliage of the palmyra—that favorite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies. In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood there was a tank surrounded by small mango trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus, while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. Lalla Rookh guessed in vain, and the all-pretending Fadladeen, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the ladies suggested that perhaps Feramorz could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might perhaps be a relic of some of those dark superstitions which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference, and the princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection; but before either of them could speak a slave was despatched for Feramorz, who in a very few minutes made his appearance before them,

looking so pale and unhappy in Lalla Rookh's eyes that she repented already of her cruelty in having so long excluded him. That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient fire-temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion who many hundred years since had fled hither from their Arab conquerors, preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostasy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own fire in the burning field at Bakou, when suppressed in one place they had but broken out with fresh flame in another; and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and holy valley which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers, and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that Feramorz had ever ventured upon so much prose before Fadladeen, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals, "Bigoted conquerors! Sympathy with Fire-worshippers!" while Feramorz, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story connected with the events of one of those struggles of the brave Fire-worshippers against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the princess. It was impossible for Lalla Rookh to refuse; he had never before looked half so animated, and when he spoke of the holy valley his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like the talismanic characters on the cimeter of Solomon. Her consent was therefore most readily granted; and, while Fadladeen sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of the Fire-worshippers:

All hushed—there's not a breeze in motion;
The shore is silent as the ocean.
If zephyrs come, so light they come
  Nor leaf is stirred nor wave is driven;
The wind-tower on the emir's dome
  Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Even he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
Calm while a nation round him weeps,
While curses load the air he breathes,
And falchions from unnumbered sheaths
Are starting to avenge the shame
His race hath brought on Iran's name.
Hard, heartless chief, unmoved alike
'Mid eyes that weep and swords that strike,
One of that saintly, murderous brood,
  To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think through unbelievers' blood
  Lies their directest path to heaven;
One who will pause and kneel unshod
  In the warm blood his hand hath poured
To mutter o'er some text of God
  Engraven on his reeking sword;
Nay, who can coolly note the line,
The letter of those words divine,

To which his blade, with searching art,
Had sunk into its victim's heart.
Just Alla, what must be thy look
When such a wretch before thee stands
Unblushing, with thy sacred book,
Turning the leaves with blood-stained hands,
And wresting from its page sublime
His creed of lust and hate and crime!

Never did fierce Arabia send
A satrap forth more direly great;
Never was Iran doomed to bend
Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
Her throne had fallen, her pride was crushed,
Her sons were willing slaves, nor blushed
In their own land—no more their own—
To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
Her towers, where Mithra once had burned,
To Moslem shrines—oh, shame!—were turned,
Where slaves converted by the sword
Their mean apostate worship poured
And cursed the faith their sires adored.
Yet has she hearts, 'mid all this ill,
O'er all this wreck high buoyant still
With hope and vengeance—hearts that yet,
Like gems in darkness issuing rays
They've treasured from the sun that's set,
Beam all the light of long-lost days;
And swords she hath nor weak nor slow
To second all such hearts can dare,
As he shall know—well, dearly know—
Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,
Tranquil as if his spirit lay
Becalmed in heaven's approving ray.
Sleep on; for purer eyes than thine
Those waves are hushed, those planets shine;
Sleep on, and be thy rest unmoved
By the white moonbeam's dazzling power:
None but the loving and the loved
Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see where, high above those rocks
That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
Yon turret stands, where ebon locks,
As glossy as a heron's wing
Upon the turban of a king,
Hang from the lattice, long and wild:
'Tis she, that emir's blooming child,
All truth and tenderness and grace
Though born of such ungentle race;
An image of youth's radiant fountain
Springing in a desolate mountain.

Beautiful are the maids that glide
On summer eves through Yemen's dales,
And bright the glancing looks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils,
And brides as delicate and fair
As the white jasmine flowers they wear
Hath Yemen in her blissful clime,
Who, lulled in cool kiosk or bower,
Before their mirrors count the time
And grow still lovelier every hour;
But never yet hath bride or maid
In Araby's gay haram smiled
Whose boasted brightness would not fade
Before Al Hassan's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
An infant's dream, yet not the less
Rich in all woman's loveliness;
With eyes so pure that from their ray
Dark Vice would turn abashed away,
Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze,
Yet filled with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds with all the bliss,
The fond, weak tenderness, of this;
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where through some shades of earthly
feeling

Religion's softened glories shine
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere.

Such is the maid who at this hour
Hath risen from her restless sleep,
And sits alone in that high bower
Watching the still and shining deep.
Ah! 'twas not thus, with tearful eyes
And beating heart, she used to gaze
On the magnificent earth and skies
In her own land in happier days.
Why looks she now so anxious down
Among those rocks whose rugged frown
Blackens the mirror of the deep?
Whom waits she all this lonely night?
Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,
For man to scale that turret's height.

So deemed, at least, her thoughtful sire
When high, to catch the cool night-air,
After the day-beam's withering fire,
He built her bower of freshness there,
And had it decked with costliest skill,
And fondly thought it safe as fair.
Think, reverend dreamer! think so still,
Nor wake to learn what Love can dare—
Love, all-defying Love, who sees
No charm in trophies won with ease,
Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
Are plucked on Danger's precipice.
Bolder than they who dare not dive
For pearls, but when the sea's at rest,
Love, in the tempest most alive,
Hath ever held that pearl the best
He finds beneath the stormiest water.
Yes, Araby's unrivalled daughter,
Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,
There's one who but to kiss thy cheek
Would climb th' untrodden solitude
Of Ararat's tremendous peak,
And think its steeps, though dark and dread,
Heaven's pathways if to thee they led.
Even now thou seest the flashing spray
That lights his oar's impatient way;
Even now thou hearest the sudden shock
Of his swift bark against the rock,
And stretchest down thy arms of snow
As if to lift him from below.
Like her to whom at dead of night
The bridegroom, with his locks of light,
Came in the flush of love and pride
And scaled the terrace of his bride,
When, as she saw him rashly spring,
And midway up in danger cling,
She flung him down her long black hair,
Exclaiming, breathless, "There, love, there!"
And scarce did manlier nerve uphold
The hero Zal in that fond hour
Than wings the youth who, fleet and bold,
Now climbs the rock to Hinda's bower.
See! light as up their granite steeps
The rock-goats of Arabia clamber,
Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
And now is in the maiden's chamber.

She loves, but knows not whom she loves,
Nor what his race, nor whence he came,
Like one who meets in Indian groves
Some beauteous bird without a name,
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze
From isles in th' undiscovered seas
To show his plumage for a day
To wondering eyes and wing away.
Will he thus fly, her nameless lover?
Alla forbid! 'Twas by a moon

As fair as this, while singing over
Some ditty to her soft Kanoon,
Alone, at this same witching hour,
She first beheld his radiant eyes
Gleam through the lattice of the bower
Where nightly now they mix their sighs
And thought some spirit of the air
(For what could waft a mortal there?)
Was pausing on his moonlight way
To listen to her lonely lay.
This fancy ne'er hath left her mind,
And though, when terror's swoon had passed,
She saw a youth of mortal kind
Before her in obeisance cast,
Yet often since, when he hath spoken
Strange, awful words, and gleams have broken
From his dark eyes too bright to bear,
Oh, she hath feared her soul was given
To some unhallowed child of air,
Some erring spirit cast from heaven
Like those angelic youths of old
Who burned for maids of mortal mould,
Bewildered left the glorious skies,
And lost their heaven for woman's eyes.
Fond girl! nor fiend nor angel he
Who woos thy young simplicity,
But one of earth's impassioned sons,
As warm in love, as fierce in ire,
As the best heart whose current runs
Full of the day-god's living fire.

But quenched to-night that ardor seems,
And pale his cheek and sunk his brow;
Never before but in her dreams
Had she beheld him pale as now,
And those were dreams of troubled sleep
From which 'twas joy to wake and weep—
Visions that will not be forgot,
But sadden every waking scene,
Like warning ghosts that leave the spot
All withered where they once have been.

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that tranquil flood—
"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
To-night upon yon leafy isle!
Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wished that little isle had wings,
And we, within its fairy bowers,
Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
And we might live, love, die, alone,
Far from the cruel and the cold—
Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us to behold
A paradise so pure and lonely.
Would this be world enough for thee?"
Playful she turned that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she marked how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone,
And, bursting into heartfelt tears,
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
My dreams, have boded all too right:
We part—for ever part—to-night.
I knew, I knew it could not last:
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past.
Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away;
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.
Now, too, the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,

To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine—
Oh, misery, must I lose that too?
Yet go: on peril's brink we meet—
Those frightful rocks, that treacherous sea;
No, never come again: though sweet,
Though heaven, it may be death to thee.
Farewell, and blessings on thy way,
Where'er thou goest, beloved stranger!
Better to sit and watch that ray,
And think thee safe, though far away,
Than have thee near me and in danger."
"Danger! Oh, tempt me not to boast,"
The youth exclaimed; "thou little knowest
What he can brave who, born and nursed
In Danger's paths, has dared her worst,
Upon whose ear the signal-word
Of strife and death is hourly breaking,
Who sleeps with head upon the sword
His fevered hand must grasp in waking.
Danger!"
"Say on! Thou fear'st not, then,
And we may meet—oft meet—again?"

"Oh, look not so! Beneath the skies
I now fear nothing but those eyes.
If aught on earth could charm or force
My spirit from its destined course,
If aught could make this soul forget
The bond to which its seal is set,
'Twould be those eyes; they, only they,
Could melt that sacred seal away.
But no; 'tis fixed—my awful doom
Is fixed: on this side of the tomb
We meet no more. Why, why did Heaven
Mingle two souls that earth has riven,
Has rent asunder wide as ours?
Oh, Arab maid, as soon the powers
Of light and darkness may combine
As I be linked with thee or thine!
Thy father—"
"Holy Alla save
His gray head from that lightning glance!
Thou knowest him not: he loves the brave;
Nor lives there under heaven's expanse
One who would prize, would worship thee
And thy bold spirit more than he.
Oft when, in childhood, I have played
With the bright falchion by his side,
I've heard him swear his lisping maid
In time should be a warrior's bride.
And still, whenever at haram-hours
I take him cool sherbets and flowers,
He tells me, when in playful mood,
A hero shall my bridegroom be,
Since maids are best in battle wooed,
And won with shouts of victory.
Nay, turn not from me: thou alone
Art formed to make both hearts thy own.
Go join his sacred ranks: thou know'st
Th' unholy strife these Persians wage.
Good Heaven, that frown! Even now thou glow'st
With more than mortal warrior's rage.
Haste to the camp by morning's light,
And when that sword is raised in fight,
Oh, still remember love and I
Beneath its shadow trembling lie.
One victory o'er those slaves of fire,
Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire
Abhors—
"Hold, hold! Thy words are death,"
The stranger cried as wild he flung
His mantle back and showed beneath
The Gheber belt that round him clung.
"Here, maiden, look! Weep, blush to see
All that thy sire abhors in me!
Yes, I am of that impious race,
Those slaves of fire who morn and even

Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
  Among the living lights of heaven;
Yes, I am of that outcast few,
To Iran and to vengeance true,
Who curse the hour your Arabs came
To desolate our shrines of flame,
And swear before God's burning eye
To break our country's chains or die!
Thy bigot sire— Nay, tremble not:
  He who gave birth to those dear eyes
With me is sacred as the spot
  From which our fires of worship rise.
But know 'twas he I sought that night
  When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
I caught this turret's glimmering light,
  And up the rude rocks desperately
Rushed to my prey. Thou know'st the rest:
I climbed the gory vulture's nest
And found a trembling dove within.
Thine, thine the victory, thine the sin
If Love hath made one thought his own
That Vengeance claims first, last, alone.
Oh, had we never, never met
Or could this heart even now forget
How linked, how blessed, we might have been,
Had Fate not frowned so dark between,
Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,
  In neighboring valleys had we dwelt,
Through the same fields in childhood played,
  At the same kindling altar knelt,—
Then, then, while all those nameless ties
In which the charm of country lies
Had round our hearts been hourly spun
Till Iran's cause and thine were one,
While in thy lute's awakening sigh
I heard the voice of days gone by,
And saw in every smile of thine
Returning hours of glory shine,
While the wronged spirit of our land
  Lived, looked and spoke her wrongs through thee,
God! who could then this sword withstand?
  Its very flash were victory.
But now, estranged, divorced for ever
Far as the grasp of Fate can sever,
Our only ties what Love has wove,
  In faith, friends, country, sundered wide,
And then, then only true to love,
  When false to all that's dear beside,
Thy father Iran's deadliest foe,
Thyself perhaps even now— But no:
Hate never looked so lovely yet.
  No! sacred to thy soul will be
The land of him who could forget
  All but that bleeding land for thee.
When other eyes shall see, unmoved,
  Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,
Thou'lt think how well one Gheber loved,
  And for *his* sake thou'lt weep for all.
But look!"
  With sudden start he turned
  And pointed to the distant wave,
Where lights like charnel meteors burned
  Bluely as o'er some seaman's grave,
And fiery darts at intervals
  Flew up all sparkling from the main,
As if each star that nightly falls
  Were shooting back to heaven again.

"My signal-lights! I must away:
Both, both are ruined if I stay.
Farewell, sweet life! thou cling'st in vain:
Now, Vengeance, I am thine again."
Fiercely he broke away, nor stopped
Nor looked, but from the lattice dropped
Down 'mid the pointed crags beneath,
As if he fled from love to death.

While pale and mute young Hinda stood,
Nor moved, till in the silent flood
A momentary plunge below
Startled her from her trance of woe.
Shrieking she to the lattice flew:
"I come, I come! If in that tide
Thou sleep'st to-night, I'll sleep there too,
In death's cold wedlock, by thy side.
Oh, I would ask no happier bed
Than the chill wave my love lies under:
Sweeter to rest together dead—
Far sweeter—than to live asunder."

But see! What moves upon the height?
Some signal! 'Tis a torch's light.
What bodes its solitary glare?
In gasping silence toward the shrine
All eyes are turned; thine, Hinda, thine
Fix their last fading life-beams there.
'Twas but a moment: fierce and high
The death-pile blazed into the sky,
And far away, o'er rock and flood,
Its melancholy radiance sent,
While Hafed like a vision stood
Revealed before the burning pyre,
Tall, shadowy, like a spirit of fire
Shrined in its own grand element.
"'Tis he!" the shuddering maid exclaims.
But while she speaks he's seen no more:
High burst in air the funeral flames,
And Iran's hopes and hers are o'er.

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave,
Then sprung as if to reach that blaze
Where still she fixed her dying gaze,
And, gazing, sunk into the wave
Deep, deep, where never care or pain
Shall reach her innocent heart again.

Fadladeen, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cashmerian's poetry, of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets "frivolous," 'inharmonious," "nonsensical," he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favorable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats to which the princess had alluded in the relation of her dream—a slight gilded thing sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The profusion, indeed, of flowers and birds which this poet had ready on all occasions—not to mention dews, gems, etc.—was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers, and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary without its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly and was always most inspired by the worst parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion—these were the themes honored with his particular enthusiasm. Upon the whole, it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that, whatever other merits this well-dressed young gentleman might possess, poetry was by no means his proper avocation. "And, indeed," concluded the critic, "from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet."

They had now begun to ascend those barren mountains which separate Cashmere from the rest of India, and, as the heats were intolerable and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment

and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and Lalla Rookh saw no more of Feramorz. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her ladies saw with regret—though not without some suspicion of the cause—that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the king of Bucharia feel when, instead of the lively and beautiful Lalla Rookh, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the house of Azor, he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled to hide himself in her heart?

If anything could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that valley which the Persians so justly called "the Unequalled." But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains; neither the splendor of the minarets and pagodas that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottoes, hermitages and miraculous fountains which make every spot of that region holy ground; neither the countless waterfalls that rush into the valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers, appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre,—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts which but darkened and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honor to the taste and gallantry of the young king. It was night when they approached the city, and for the last two miles they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the attar gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-colored tortoise-shell of Pegu. Sometimes, from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fireworks would break out, so sudden and so brilliant that a Brahmin might fancy he beheld that grove in whose purple shade the god of battles was born bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth, while at other times a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon, like the meteors of the North as they are seen by those hunters who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the icy sea.

These arches and fireworks delighted the ladies of the princess exceedingly, and with their usual good logic they deduced, from his taste for illuminations, that the king of Bucharia would make the most exemplary

husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could Lalla Rookh herself help feeling the kindness and splendor with which the young bridegroom welcomed her; but she also felt how painful is the gratitude which kindness from those we cannot love excites, and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness which we can fancy in the cold odoriferous wind that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was for the first time to be presented to the monarch in that imperial palace beyond the lake, called the Shalimar. Though never before had a night of more wakeful and anxious thought been passed in the happy valley, yet when she rose in the morning, and her ladies came around her to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul beaming forth from the eyes, which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the henna leaf and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels of the shape worn by the ancient queens of Bucharia, they flung over her head the rose-colored bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake, first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian which her father at parting had hung about her neck.

The morning was as fresh and fair as the maid on whose nuptials it rose, and the shining lake all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the island and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing as only she who was the object of it all did not feel with transport. To Lalla Rookh alone it was a melancholy pageant, nor could she have even borne to look upon the scene were it not for a hope that among the crowds around she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of Feramorz. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed on the way at which her heart did not flutter with the momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell. In the barge immediately after the princess sat Fadladeen, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the king "concerning Feramorz and literature, and the Chabuk as connected therewith."

They now had entered the canal which leads from the lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and went gliding on through the gardens that ascended from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume, while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height that they stood like tall pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame that it was with difficulty she could walk up the marble steps

which were covered with cloth of gold for ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones as precious as the cerulean throne of Coolburga, on one of which sat Aliris, the youthful king of Bucharia, and on the other was in a few minutes to be placed the most beautiful princess in the world. Immediately upon the entrance of Lalla Rookh into the saloon the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise and fainted at his feet. It was Feramorz himself that stood before her. Feramorz was himself the sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as a humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a king.

The consternation of Fadladeen at this discovery was for the moment almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly; he was seized with an admiration of the king's verses as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the monarch Aliris, and, moreover, ready to prescribe his favorite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the king and queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of Lalla Rookh that to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the king by any other name than Feramorz.

THOMAS MOORE.

A VISION OF INFINITY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

GOD called up from dreams a man into the vestibule of heaven, saying, "Come thou thither, and see the glory of my house." And to the angels which stood around his throne he said, "Take him; strip from him his robes of flesh, cleanse his vision and put a new breath into his nostrils; only touch not with any change his human heart, the heart that weeps and trembles." It was done; and, with a mighty angel for his guide, the man stood ready for his infinite voyage, and from the terraces of heaven, without sound or farewell, at once they wheeled away into endless space. Sometimes with the solemn flight of angel-wings they passed through Zaharas of darkness, through wildernesses of death, that divided the worlds of life; sometimes they swept over frontiers that were quickening under prophetic motions from God. Then from a distance which is counted only in heaven light dawned for a time through a shapeless film; by unutterable pace the light swept to them, they by unutterable pace to the light. In a moment the rushing of planets was upon them: in a moment the blazing of suns was around them.

Then came eternities of twilight, that revealed, but were not revealed. On the right hand and on the left towered mighty constellations that by self-repetitions and answers from afar, that by counter-positions, built up

triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose archways, horizontal, upright, rested, rose, at altitude, by spans that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs that scaled the eternities around; above was below and below was above to the man stripped of gravitating body; depth was swallowed up in height insurmountable, height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly, as thus they rode from infinite to infinite, suddenly, as thus they tilted over abysmal worlds, a mighty cry arose that systems more mysterious, that worlds more billowy, other heights and other depths, were coming, were nearing, were at hand.

Then the man sighed and stopped, shuddered and wept. His overladen heart uttered itself in tears, and he said,

"Angel, I will go no farther, for the spirit of man acheth with this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of God. Let me lie down in the grave and hide me from the persecution of the Infinite, for end I see there is none."

And from all the listening stars that shone around issued a choral voice:

"The man speaketh truly: end there is none that ever yet we heard of."

"End is there none?" the angel solemnly demanded; "is there indeed no end? And is this the sorrow that fills you?"

But no voice answered, that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the heaven of heavens, saying,

"End is there none to the universe of God. Lo, also, there is no beginning."

Translation of THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

CÆSAR PASSING THE RUBICON.

HOW long did Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon? How came he to the brink of that river? How dared he cross it? Shall a private man respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river? Oh, but he paused upon the brink. He should have perished on the brink ere he had crossed it. Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Because of compassion, you say. What compassion? The compassion of an assassin, that feels a momentary shudder as his weapon begins to cut.

Cæsar paused upon the banks of the Rubicon! What was the Rubicon? The boundary of Cæsar's province. From what did it separate his province? From his country. Was that country a desert? No; it was cultivated and fertile, rich and populous. Its sons were men of genius, spirit and generosity; its daughters were lovely and chaste. Friendship was its inhabitant; love was its inhabitant; domestic affection was its inhabitant; Liberty was its inhabitant—all bounded by the stream of the Rubicon.

What was Cæsar, that stood upon the bank of the Rubicon? A traitor bringing war and pestilence. No wonder that he paused; no wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water and heard groans instead of murmurs. No wonder if some gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot. But no! He cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged, he crossed, and Rome was free no more.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

FRANZ MELCHERSON.

From the German of Johann August Musæus.

UNDER an invisible guidance, Franz was journeying toward Brabant to call in some considerable sums that were due him at Antwerp. A journey from Bremen to Antwerp, in the time when road-blockades were still in fashion and every landlord thought himself entitled to plunder any traveller who had purchased no safe-conduct, and to leave him pining in the ward-room of his tower, was an undertaking of more peril and difficulty than in our days would attend a journey from Bremen to Kamtschatka; for the *Landfried* (or Act for Suppressing Private Wars), which the emperor Maximilian had proclaimed, was in force through the empire rather as a law than an observance. Nevertheless, our solitary traveller succeeded in arriving at the goal of his pilgrimage without encountering more than a single adventure.

Far in the wastes of Westphalia he rode one sultry day till nightfall without reaching any inn. Toward evening stormy clouds towered up at the horizon, and a heavy rain wetted him to the skin. To the fondling, who from his youth had been accustomed to all possible conveniences, this was a heavy matter, and he felt himself in great embarrassment how in this condition he should pass the night. To his comfort, when the tempest had moved away, he saw a light in the distance, and soon after reached a mean peasant hovel which afforded him but little consolation. The house was more like a cattle-stall than a human habitation, and the unfriendly landlord refused him fire and water, as if he had been an outlaw, for the man was just about to stretch himself upon the straw among his steers, and too tired to relight the fire on his hearth for the sake of a stranger.

Franz in his despondency uplifted a mournful *miserere* and cursed the Westphalian steppes with strong maledictions; but the peasant took it all in good part and blew out his light with great composure, troubling himself no further about the stranger, for in the laws of hospitality he was altogether uninstructed. But, as the wayfarer, standing at the door, would not cease to annoy him with his lamentations, he endeavored in a civil way to get rid of him, consented to answer, and said,

"Master, if you want good entertainment, and would treat yourself handsomely, you could not find what you are seeking here. But ride there to the left hand, through the bushes; a little way behind lies the castle of the valiant Eberhard Bronkhorst, a knight who lodges every traveller as a Hospitaller does the pilgrims from the holy sepulchre. He has just one maggot in his head, which sometimes twitches and vexes him: he lets no traveller depart from him unbasted. If you do not lose your way, though he may dust your jacket, you will like your cheer prodigiously."

To buy a mess of pottage and a stoop of wine by surrendering one's ribs to the bastinado is, in truth, no job for every man, though your spongers and plate-lickers let themselves be tweaked and snubbed, and from rich artists willingly endure all kinds of tar-and-feathering, so their palates be but tickled for the service.

Franz considered for a while, and was undetermined what to do; at last he resolved on fronting the adventure.

"What is it to me," said he, "whether my back be broken here on miserable straw or by the Ritter Bronkhorst? The friction will expel the fever which is coming on and shake me tightly if I cannot dry my clothes."

He put spurs to his nag, and soon arrived before a castle gate of old Gothic architecture, knocked pretty plainly on the iron door, and an equally distinct "Who's there?" resounded from within. To the freezing passenger the long entrance ceremonial of this doorkeeper precognition was as inconvenient as are similar delays to travellers who at barriers and gates of towns bewail or execrate the despotism of guards and tollmen. Nevertheless, he must submit to use and wont, and patiently wait to see whether the philanthropist in the castle was disposed that night for cudgelling a guest, or would choose rather to assign him a couch under the open canopy.

The possessor of this ancient tower had served in his youth as a stout soldier in the emperor's army under the bold Georg von Fronsberg, and led a troop of foot against the Venetians, had afterward retired to repose, and was now living on his property, where, to expiate the sins of his campaigns, he employed himself in doing good works, in feeding the hungry, giving drink to the thirsty, lodging pilgrims and cudgelling his lodgers out of doors. For he was a rude, wild son of war and could not lay aside his martial tone, though he had lived for many years in silent peace.

The traveller who had now determined for good quarters to submit to the custom of the house had not waited long till the bolts and locks began rattling within, and the creaking gate-leaves moved asunder, moaning in doleful notes, as if to warn or to deplore the entering stranger. Franz felt one cold shudder after the other running down his back as he passed in; nevertheless, he was handsomely received. Some servants hastened to assist him in dismounting, speedily unbuckled his luggage, took his steed to the stable and its rider to a large well-lighted chamber, where their master was in waiting.

The warlike aspect of this athletic gentleman who advanced to meet his guest, and shook him by the hand so heartily that he was like to shout with pain, and bade him welcome with a Stentor's voice, as if the stranger had been deaf, and seemed withal to be a person still in the vigor of life, full of fire and strength, put the timorous wanderer into such a terror that he could not hide his apprehensions and began to tremble over all his body.

"What ails you, my young master," asked the Ritter, with a voice of thunder, "that you quiver like an aspen-leaf and look as pale as if Death had you by the throat?"

Franz plucked up a spirit, and, considering that his shoulders had at all events the score to pay, his poltroonery passed into a species of audacity.

"Sir," replied he, "you perceive that the

rain has soaked me as if I had swum across the Weser. Let me have my clothes dried or changed, and get me by way of luncheon a well-spiced aleberry, to drive away the ague-fit that is quaking through my nerves; then I shall come to heart in some degree."

"Good!" replied the knight. "Demand what you want; you are at home here."

Franz made himself be served like a bashaw, and, having nothing else but currying to expect, he determined to deserve it; he bantered and bullied in his most imperious style the servants that were waiting on him; it comes all to one, thought he, in the long run.

"This waistcoat," said he, "would go round a tun; bring me one that fits a little better. This slipper burns like a coal against my corns; pitch it over the lists. This ruff is stiff as a plank and throttles me like a halter; bring one that is easier, and is not plastered with starch."

At this Bremish frankness the landlord, far from showing any anger, kept inciting his servants to go briskly through with their commands, and calling them a pack of blockheads who were fit to serve no stranger. The table being furnished, the Ritter and his guest sat down to it, and both heartily enjoyed their aleberry. The Ritter asked,

"Would you have aught further by way of supper?"

"Bring us what you have," said Franz, "that I may see how your kitchen is provided."

Immediately appeared the cook and placed upon the table a repast with which a duke might have been satisfied. Franz diligently fell to, without waiting to be pressed. When he had satisfied himself, "Your kitchen," said he, "is not ill-furnished, I perceive; if your cellar corresponds to it, I shall almost praise your housekeeping."

Bronkhorst nodded to his butler, who directly filled the cup of welcome with common table-wine, tasted, and presented it to his master, and the latter cleared it at a draught to the health of his guest. Franz pledged him honestly, and Bronkhorst asked,

"Now, fair sir, what say you to the wine?"

"I say," answered Franz, "that it is bad if it is the best sort in your catacombs, and good if it is your meanest number."

"You are a judge," replied the Ritter.—"Here, butler, bring us of the mother-cask."

The butler put a stoop upon the table as a sample, and Franz, having tasted it, said,

"Ay, this is genuine last year's growth; we will stick by this."

The Ritter made a vast pitcher of it be brought in, soon drank himself into hilarity and glee beside his guest, began to talk of his campaigns, how he had been encamped against the Venetians, had broken through their barricado and butchered the Italian squadrons like a flock of sheep. In this narrative he rose into such a warlike enthusiasm that he hewed down bottles and glasses, brandishing the carving-knife like a lance, and in the fire of action came so near his messmate with it that the latter was in fright for his nose and ears.

It grew late, but no sleep came into the eyes of the Ritter; he seemed to be in his proper element when he got to speak of his Venetian campaigns. The vivacity of his narration increased with every cup he emptied, and Franz was afraid that this would prove the prologue to the melodrama in

which he himself was to play the most interesting part. To learn whether it was meant that he should lodge within the castle or without, he demanded a bumper by way of good-night. Now, he thought, his host would first force him to drink more wine, and if he refused would, under pretext of a drinking quarrel, send him forth, according to the custom of the house, with the usual *viaticum*. Contrary to his expectation, the request was granted without remonstrance; the Ritter instantly cut asunder the thread of his narrative, and said,

"Time will wait on no one; more of it to-morrow."

"Pardon me, Herr Ritter," answered Franz; "to-morrow by sunrise I must over hill and dale. I am travelling a far journey to Brabant, and must not linger here. So let me take leave of you to-night, that my departure may not disturb you in the morning."

"Do your pleasure," said the Ritter; "but depart from this you shall not till I am out of the feathers to refresh you with a bit of bread and a toothful of Dantzig, then attend you to the door and dismiss you according to the fashion of the house."

Franz needed no interpretation of these words. Willingly as he would have excused his host this last civility, attendance to the door, the latter seemed determined to abate no whit of the established ritual. He ordered his servants to undress the stranger and put him in the guests' bed, where Franz, once settled on elastic swan's-down, felt himself extremely snug and enjoyed delicious rest; so that ere he fell asleep he owned to himself that for such royal treatment a moderate bastinado was not too dear a price. Soon pleasant dreams came hovering round his fancy. He found his charming Meta in a rosy grove, where she was walking with her mother, plucking flowers. Instantly he hid himself behind a thick-leaved hedge, that the rigorous duenna might not see him. Again his imagination placed him in the alley, and by his looking-glass he saw the snow-white hand of the maiden busied with her flowers; soon he was sitting with her on the grass and longing to declare his heartfelt love to her, and the bashful shepherd found no words to do it in. He would have dreamed till broad midday had he not been roused by the sonorous voice and clanking spurs of the Ritter, who with the earliest dawn was holding a review of kitchen and cellar, ordering a sufficient breakfast to be readied, and placing every servant at his post, to be at hand when the guest should awake, to dress him and wait upon him.

It cost the happy dreamer no small struggling to forsake his safe and hospitable bed. He rolled to this side and to that, but the pealing voice of the worshipful knight came heavy on his heart, and, dally as he might, the sour apple must at last be bit. So he rose from his down, and immediately a dozen hands were busy dressing him. The Ritter led him into the parlor, where a small well-furnished table waited them; but now, when the hour of reckoning had arrived, the traveller's appetite was gone.

The host endeavored to encourage him:

"Why do you not get to? Come, take somewhat for the raw foggy morning."

"Herr Ritter," answered Franz, "my stomach is still too full of your supper, but my pockets are empty; these I may fill for the hunger that is to come."

With this he began stoutly cramming, and stowed himself with the daintiest and best that was transportable till all his pockets were bursting. Then, observing that his horse, well curried and equipped, was led past, he took a dram of Dantzig for good-bye, in the thought that this would be the watchword for his host to catch him by the neck and exercise his household privileges.

But, to his astonishment, the Ritter shook him kindly by the hand, as at his first entrance, wished him luck by the way, and the bolted door was thrown open. He loitered not in putting spurs to his nag, and tip! tap! he was without the gate and no hair of him harmed.

A heavy stone was lifted from his heart as he found himself in safety and saw that he had got away with a whole skin. He could not understand how the landlord had trusted him the shot, which, as he imagined, must have run pretty high on the chalk, and he embraced with warm love the hospitable man whose club-law arm he had so much dreaded; and he felt a strong desire to search out at the fountainhead the reason or unreason of the ill report which had affrighted him. Accordingly, he turned his horse and cantered back. The knight was still standing in the gate and descanting with his servants, for the forwarding of the science of horse-flesh, on the breed, shape and character of the nag and his hard pace. He supposed the stranger must have missed something in his travelling-gear, and he already looked askance at his servants for such negligence.

"What is it, young master," cried he, "that makes you turn again, when you were for proceeding?"

"Ah! yet a word, valiant knight," cried the traveller. "An ill report has gone abroad that injures your name and breeding. It is said that you treat every stranger that calls upon you with your best, and then, when he leaves you, let him feel the weight of your strong fists. This story I have credited, and spared nothing to deserve my due from you. I thought within myself, 'His Worship will abate me nothing; I will abate him as little.' But now you let me go without strife or peril, and that is what surprises me. Pray tell me, is there any shadow of foundation for the thing? or shall I call the foolish chatter lies next time I hear it?"

The Ritter answered:

"Report has nowise told you lies; there is no saying that circulates among the people but contains in it some grain of truth. Let me tell you accurately how the matter stands. I lodge every stranger that comes beneath my roof, and divide my morsel with him for the love of God. But I am a plain German man, of the old cut and fashion, speak as it lies about my heart and require that my guest also should be hearty and confiding—should enjoy with me what I have and tell frankly what he wants. Now, there is a sort of people that vex me with all manner of grimaces, that banter me with smirkings and bows and crouchings, put all their words to the torture, make a deal of talk without sense or salt, think they will cozen me with smooth speeches, behave at dinner as women at a christening. If I say, 'Help yourself!' out of reverence they pick you a fraction from the plate which I would not offer to my dog; if I say, 'Your health!' they scarcely wet their lips from the full cup, as if they set God's gifts at naught. Now, when the sorry rabble carry things too far with me, and I

cannot for the soul of me know what they would be at, I get into a rage at last, and use my household privilege—catch the noodle by the spall, thrash him sufficiently and pack him out of doors. This is the use and wont with me, and I do so with every guest that plagues me with these freaks. But a man of your stamp is always welcome: you told me plump out in plain German what you thought, as is the fashion with the Bremers. Call on me boldly again if your road lead you hither. And so God be with you!"

Franz now moved on with a joyful humor toward Antwerp, and he wished that he might everywhere find such a reception as he had met with from the Ritter Eberhard Bronkhorst.

Translation of THOMAS CARLYLE.

DEVOTION.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled!

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed:
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye without a tear
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:
That heart will rest on thee.

HELÆN MARIA WILLIAMS.

LAKE SARATOGA.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

A LADY stands beside the silver lake.
"What," said the Mohawk, "wouldst thou have me do?"—
"Across the water, sir, be pleased to take
Me and my children in thy bark canoe."

"Ah!" said the chief; "thou knowest not, I think,
The legend of the lake. Hast ever heard
That in its wave the stoutest boat will sink
If any passenger shall speak a word?"

"Full well we know the Indian's strange belief,"
The lady answered, with a civil smile;
"But take us o'er the water, mighty chief:
In rigid silence we will sit the while."

Thus they embarked, but ere the little boat
Was half across the lake the woman gave
Her tongue its wonted play; but still they float,
And pass in safety o'er the utmost wave.

Safe on the shore, the warrior looked amazed,
Despite the stoic calmness of his race;

No word he spoke, but long the Indian gazed
In moody silence in the woman's face.

"What think you now?" the lady gayly said.
"Safely to land your frail canoe is brought;
No harm, you see, has touched a single head;
So superstition ever comes to naught."

Smiling, the Mohawk said, "Our safety shows
That God is merciful to old and young;
Thanks unto the Great Spirit! well he knows
The pale-faced woman cannot hold her tongue."

JOHN G. SAXE.

PRECEPTS.

PITCH thy behavior low, thy projects high:
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be;
Sink not in spirit: who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much then he that means a tree.
A grain of glorie mixt with humblenesse
Cures both a fever and lethargicknesse.

Let thy minde still be bent, still plotting where
And when and how the businesse may be done.
Slacknesse breeds worms, but the sure traveller,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
Active and stirring spirits live alone;
Write on the others, "Here lies such a one."

Slight not the smallest losse, whether it be
In love or honor: take account of all;
Shine like the sunne in every corner: see
Whether thy stock of credit swell or fall.
Who say, "I care not," those I give for lost,
And to instruct them 'twill not quit the cost.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree:
Love is a present for a mightie king;
Much lesse make any one thine enemie:
As gunnes destroy, so may a little sting.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool that he may chance to use.

All forrain wisdome doth amount to this—
To take all that is given, whether wealth
Or love or language; nothing comes amisse:
A good digestion turneth all to health;
And then, as farre as fair behavior may,
Strike off all scores; none are so cleare as they.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

SHE is modest, but not bashful;
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple ripe and mellow,
Not too young and not too old.
Half inviting, half repulsive,
Now advancing and now shy,
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;
She is schooled in all her arts:
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of all hearts;

She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile.
Oh, a maid is sometimes charming,
But the widow all the while.

Are you sad? How very serious
Will her handsome face become!
Are you angry? She is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb.
Are you mirthful? How her laughter,
Silver-sounding, will ring out!
She can lure and catch and play you
As the angler does the trout.

You old bachelors of forty
Who have grown so bald and wise,
Young Americans of twenty
With the love-locks in your eyes,—
You may practise all your lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who could win and fool you all.

ROBERT JOSSELYN.

WOULD YOU?

BABY, crowing on your knee
While you sing some little ditty,
Pulls your hair or thumbs your "ee."
Would you think it wasn't pretty?
Tell me, could you?
If you owned "the baby," would you?

Wife, with arm about your neck,
Says you look just like the baby;
Wants some cash to make "a spec,"
And you would refuse her—maybe?
Could you? Should you?
If you owned "the woman," would you?

Little labor, little strife,
Little care and little cot—
Would you sigh for single life?
Would you murmur at your lot?
Tell me, should you?
If you owned "the cottage," would you?

Health and comforts, children fair,
Wife to meet you at the door,
Fond hearts throbbing for you *there*,—
Tell me, would you ask for more?
Should you? Could you?
If you owned "the baby," would you?

ALBERTUS B. FOOTE.

I LATELY VOWED.

I LATELY vowed, but 'twas in haste,
That I no more would court
The joys that seem, when they are past,
As dull as they are short.

I oft to hate my mistress swear,
But soon my weakness find;
I make my oaths when she's severe,
But break them when she's kind.

JOHN OLDMIXON.

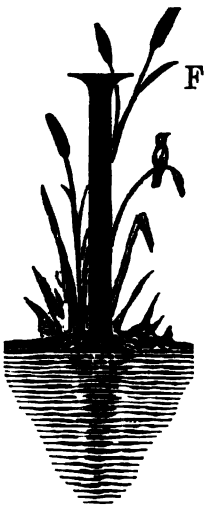
THE CURTAIN OF THE DARK.

THE curtain of the dark
Is pierced by many a rent;
Out of the star-wells spark on spark
Trickles through night's torn tent.

Grief is a tattered tent
Where through God's light doth shine;
Who glances up, at every rent
Shall catch a ray divine.

LUCY LARCOM.

REVOLUTION AND LIBERTY.



IF it were possible that a people brought up under an intolerant and arbitrary system could subvert that system without acts of cruelty and folly, half the objections to despotic power would be removed. We should in that case be compelled to acknowledge that it at least produces no pernicious effects on the intellectual and moral character of a people. We deplore the outrages which accompany revolution; but, the more violent the outrages, the more assured we feel that a revolution was necessary. The violence of those outrages will always be proportioned to the ferocity and ignorance of the people; and the ferocity and ignorance of the people will be proportioned to the oppression and degradation under which they have been accustomed to live.

It is the character of such revolutions that we always see the worst of them at first. Till men have been for some time free they know not how to use their freedom. The natives of wine-countries are always sober; in climates where wine is a rarity intemperance abounds. A newly-liberated people may be compared to a Northern army encamped on the Rhine or the Xeres. It is said that when soldiers in such a situation first find themselves able to indulge without restraint in such a rare and expensive luxury, nothing is to be seen but intoxication. Soon, however, plenty teaches discretion; and after wine has been for a few months their daily fare, they become more temperate than they had ever been in their own country. In the same manner, the final and permanent fruits of liberty are wisdom, moderation and mercy. Its immediate effects are often atrocious crimes, conflicting errors, scepticism on points the most clear, dogmatism on points the most mysterious. It is just at this crisis that its enemies love to exhibit it. They pull down the scaffolding from the half-finished edifice; they point to the flying dust, the falling bricks, the comfortless rooms, the frightful irregularity of the whole appearance, and then ask in scorn where the promised splendor and comfort are to be found. If such miserable sophisms were to prevail, there would never be a good house or a good government in the world.

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were for ever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed; but to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterward revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war. Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she

stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory.

There is only one cure for the evils which newly-acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors or recognize faces. But the remedy is not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage, but let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinion subsides; hostile theories correct each other; the scattered elements of truth cease to conflict and begin to coalesce; and at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story who resolved not to go into the water till he had learnt to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait for ever.

T. Babington Macaulay.

THE SONG OF A SUMMER.

I PLUCKED an apple from off a tree,
Golden and rosy and fair to see;
The sunshine had fed it with warmth and light,
The dews had freshened it night by night,
And high on the topmost bough it grew,
Where the winds of heaven about it blew;
And while the mornings were soft and young
The wild-birds circled and soared and sung.
There in the storm and calm and shine
It ripened and brightened, this apple of mine,
Till the day I plucked it from off the tree,
Golden and rosy and fair to see.

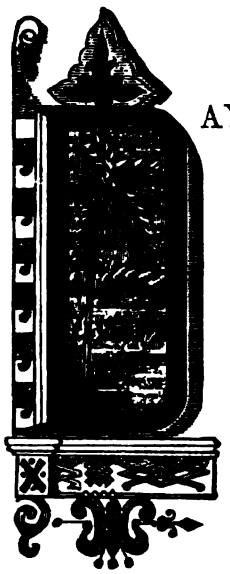
How could I guess 'neath that daintiest rind
That the core of sweetness I hoped to find—
The innermost hidden heart of the bliss
Which dews and winds and the sunshine's kiss
Had tended and fostered by day and night—
Was black with mildew and bitter with blight?
Golden and rosy and fair of skin,
Nothing but ashes and ruin within!
Ah! never again with toil and pain
Will I strive the topmost bough to gain;
Though its wind-swung apples are fair to see,
On a lower branch is the fruit for me.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

A CHILD'S DECLAMATION.

YOU'D scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

David Everett.



THE FOURTH OF JULY.

AY of glory, welcome day,
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
See how cheerfully they play
With thy morning breeze
On the rocks where Pilgrims kneeled,
On the heights where squadrons wheeled,
When a tyrant's thunder pealed
O'er the trembling seas.

God of armies, did thy "stars
In their courses" smite his cars,
Blast his arm and wrest his bars
From the heaving tide?
On our standard, lo! they burn,
And when days like this return
Sparkle o'er the soldier's urn
Who for freedom died.

God of peace, whose spirit fills
All the echoes of our hills,
All the murmurs of our rills,
Now the storm is o'er,
Oh, let freemen be our sons,
And let future Washingtons
Rise to lead their valiant ones,
Till there's war no more.

By the patriot's hallowed rest,
By the warrior's gory breast,
Never let our graves be pressed
By a despot's throne;
By the Pilgrims' toils and cares,
By their battles and their prayers,
By their ashes, let our heirs
Bow to thee alone.

JOHN PIERPONT.

LOVE'S ARTIFICE.

I SAID it was a wilful, wayward thing—
And so it is, fantastic and perverse—
Which makes its sport of persons and of seasons,
Takes its own way, no matter right or wrong.
It is the bee that finds the honey out
Where least you dream 'twould seek the nectarous store,
And 'tis an errant masquer—this same love—
That most outlandish, freakish faces wears
To hide his own. Looks a proud Spaniard now,
Now a grave Turk; hot Ethiopian next,
And then phlegmatic Englishman, and then
Gay Frenchman; by and by Italian, at
All things a song, and in another skip
Gruff Dutchman: still is Love behind the masque.
It is a hypocrite; looks every way
But that where lie its thoughts; will openly
Frown at the thing it smiles in secret on;
Shows most like hate e'en when it most is love;
Would fain convince you it is very rock
When it is water, ice when it is fire;
Is oft its own dupe, like a thorough cheat;
Persuades itself 'tis not the thing it is;

Holds up its head, purses its brows and looks
Askant with scornful lip, hugging itself
That it is high disdain, till suddenly
It falls on its knees, making most piteous suit
With hail of tears and hurricane of sighs,
Calling on heaven and earth for witnesses
That it is love, true love—nothing but love.

J. Sheridan Knowles.

A SKELETON.

YEAR after year its course has sped,
Age after age has passed away,
And generations, born and dead,
Have mingled with their kindred clay,
Since this rude pile, to mem'ry dear,
Was watered by affection's tear.

Perhaps this mould'ring human frame,
In death's dark slumber wrapped so long,
Once wore the "magic of a name,"
The pride of chivalry and song;
And this once-animated earth
Haply a noble soul enshrined,
A feeling heart of sterling worth,
A genius bright though unrefined.
Perhaps— But let conjecture cease.—
Departed spirit, rest in peace.

No legend tells thy hidden tale,
Thou relic of a race unknown;
Oblivion's deepest, darkest veil
Around thy history is thrown.
Fate with an arbitrary hand
Inscribed thy story on the sand.

The sun in whose diurnal race
Was measured out thy earthly span
Exhibits his unaltered face
And mocks the brevity of man;
The hill, the plain, where thou hast trod
Are yearly clad in garments green,
While thou hast lain beneath the sod
Unconscious of the lovely scene;
Yet roll the river's limpid waves
Where thou of yore wert wont to drink,
And yet its rising current laves
The rock that overhangs its brink;
But rock and river, hill and plain,
To chaos shall return again,
And e'en the radiant orb of day,
Like thee, frail man, must pass away.

John Finley.

WE WATCHED HER BREATHING.

WE watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied:
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed: she had
Another morn than ours.

Thomas Hood.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

SAVAGENESS begets savageness, and gentleness begets gentleness. Children who are unsympathetically treated become relatively unsympathetic, whereas treating them with due fellow-feeling is a means of cultivating their fellow-feeling. With family governments as with political ones, a harsh despotism itself generates a great part of the crimes it has to repress; while, conversely, a mild and liberal rule not only avoids many causes of dissension, but so ameliorates the tone of feeling as to diminish the tendency to transgression. As John Locke long since remarked, "Great severity of punishment does but very little good—nay, great harm—in education; and I believe it will be found that, *cæteris paribus*, those children who have been most chastised seldom make the best men." In confirmation of which opinion we may cite the fact made public by Mr. Rogers, chaplain of the Pentonville prison, that those juvenile criminals who have been whipped are those who most frequently return to prison. On the other hand, as exhibiting the beneficial effects of a kinder treatment, we will instance the fact stated to us by a French lady in whose house we recently stayed in Paris. Apologizing for the disturbance daily caused by a little boy who was unmanageable both at home and at school, she expressed her fear that there was no remedy save that which had succeeded in the case of an elder brother—namely, sending him to an English school. She explained that at various schools in Paris this elder brother had proved utterly intractable, that in despair they had followed the advice to send him to England, and that on his return home he was as good as he had before been bad. And this remarkable change she ascribed entirely to the comparative mildness of the English discipline.

Be content with moderate measures and moderate results. Constantly bear in mind the fact that a higher morality, like a higher intelligence, must be reached by a slow growth, and you will then have more patience with those imperfections of nature which your child hourly displays. You will be less prone to that constant scolding and threatening and forbidding by which many parents induce a chronic domestic irritation, in the foolish hope that they will thus make their children what they should be. This comparatively liberal form of domestic government, which does not seek despotically to regulate all the details of a child's conduct, necessarily results from the system for which we have been contending. Satisfy yourself with seeing that your child always suffers the natural consequences of his actions, and you will avoid that excess of control in which so many parents err. Leave him, wherever you can, to the discipline of experience, and you will so save him from that hothouse virtue which over-regulation produces in yielding natures, or that demoralizing antagonism which it produces in independent ones.

By aiming in all cases to administer the natural reactions to your child's actions, you will put an advantageous check upon your own temper. The method of moral education pursued by many—we fear by most—parents is little else than that of venting their anger in the way that first suggests itself. The slaps and rough shakings and sharp words with which a mother commonly visits her offspring's small offences—many of them not offences, considered intrinsically—are very generally but the manifestations of her own ill-controlled feelings, and result much more from the promptings of those feelings than from a wish to benefit the offenders. While they are injurious to her own character, these ebullitions tend, by alienating her children and by decreasing their respect for her, to diminish her influence over them. But by pausing in each case of transgression to consider what is the natural consequence, and how that natural consequence may best be brought home to the transgressor, some little time is necessarily obtained for the mastery of yourself; the mere blind anger first aroused in you settles down into a less vehement feeling, and one not so likely to mislead you.

Do not, however, seek to behave as an utterly passionless instrument. Remember that, besides the natural consequences of your child's conduct which the working of things tends to bring round on him, your own approbation or disapprobation is also a natural consequence, and one of the ordained agencies for guiding him.

Be sparing of commands. Command only in those cases in which other means are inapplicable or have failed. "In frequent orders the parent's advantage is more considered than the child's," says Richter. As in primitive societies a breach of law is punished not so much because it is intrinsically wrong as because it is a disregard of the king's authority, a rebellion against him, so in many families the penalty visited on a transgressor proceeds less from reprobation of the offence than from anger at the disobedience. Listen to the ordinary speeches: "How *dare* you disobey me?"—"I tell you I'll *make* you do it, sir!"—"I'll soon teach you who is *master;*" and then consider what the words, the tone and the manner imply. A determination to subjugate is much more conspicuous in them than an anxiety for the child's welfare. For the time being the attitude of mind differs but little from that of the despot bent on punishing a recalcitrant subject. The right-feeling parent, however, like the philanthropic legislator, will not rejoice in coercion, but will rejoice in dispensing with coercion. He will do without law in all cases where other modes of regulating conduct can be successfully employed, and he will regret the having recourse to law when it is necessary. As Richter remarks, "The best rule in politics is said to be *pas trop gouverner;* it is also true in education." And, in spontaneous conformity with this maxim, parents whose lust of dominion is restrained by a true sense of duty will aim to make their children control themselves wherever it is possible, and will fall back upon absolutism only as a last resort.

But whenever you *do* command, command with decision and consistency. If the case is one which really cannot be otherwise dealt with, then issue your fiat, and, having issued it, never afterward swerve from it. Consider well beforehand what you are going to do, weigh all the consequences, think whether

your firmness of purpose will be sufficient, and then, if you finally make the law, enforce it uniformly at whatever cost. Let your penalties be like the penalties inflicted by inanimate nature—inevitable. The hot cinder burns a child the first time he seizes it; it burns him the second time; it burns him the third time; it burns him every time; and he very soon learns not to touch the hot cinder. If you are equally consistent, if the consequences which you tell your child will follow certain acts follow with like uniformity, he will soon come to respect your laws as he does those of Nature. And this respect, once established, will prevent endless domestic evils. Of errors in education one of the worst is that of inconsistency. As in a community crimes multiply when there is no certain administration of justice, so in a family an immense increase of transgressions results from a hesitating or irregular infliction of penalties. A weak mother who perpetually threatens and rarely performs, who makes rules in haste and repents of them at leisure, who treats the same offence now with severity and now with leniency according as the passing humor dictates, is laying up miseries both for herself and her children. She is making herself contemptible in their eyes; she is setting them an example of uncontrolled feelings; she is encouraging them to transgress by the prospect of probable impunity; she is entailing endless squabbles and accompanying damage to her own temper and the tempers of her little ones; she is reducing their minds to a moral chaos which after-years of bitter experience will with difficulty bring into order. Better even a barbarous form of domestic government carried out consistently than a humane one inconsistently carried out. Again we say, Avoid coercive measures whenever it is possible to do so; but when you find despotism really necessary, be despotic in good earnest.

Bear constantly in mind the truth that the aim of your discipline should be to produce a self-governing being, not to produce a being to be governed by others. Were your children fated to pass their lives as slaves, you could not too much accustom them to slavery during their childhood; but as they are by and by to be freemen, with no one to control their daily conduct, you cannot too much accustom them to self-control while they are still under your eye. This it is which makes the system of discipline by natural consequences so especially appropriate to the social state which we in England have now reached. Under early tyrannical forms of society, when one of the chief evils the citizen had to fear was the anger of his superiors, it was well that during childhood parental vengeance should be a predominant means of government. But now that the citizen has little to fear from any one, now that the good or evil which he experiences throughout life is mainly that which in the nature of things results from his own conduct, it is desirable that from his first years he should begin to learn experimentally the good or evil consequences which naturally follow this or that conduct. Aim, therefore, to diminish the amount of parental government as fast as you can substitute for it in your child's mind that self-government arising from a foresight of results. In infancy a considerable amount of absolutism is necessary. A three-year-old urchin playing with an open razor cannot be allowed to learn by this discipline of conse-

quences, for the consequences may in such a case be too serious. But as intelligence increases the number of instances calling for peremptory interference may be, and should be, diminished, with the view of gradually ending them as maturity is approached. All periods of transition are dangerous, and the most dangerous is the transition from the restraint of the family circle to the non-restraint of the world. Hence the importance of pursuing the policy we advocate, which, alike by cultivating a child's faculty of self-restraint, by continually increasing the degree in which it is left to its self-constraint, and by so bringing it, step by step, to a state of unaided self-restraint, obliterates the ordinary sudden and hazardous change from externally-governed youth to internally-governed maturity. Let the history of your domestic rule typify in little the history of our political rule—at the outset autocratic control where control is really needful, by and by an incipient constitutionalism in which the liberty of the subject gains some express recognition, successive extensions of this liberty of the subject, gradually ending in parental abdication.

Do not regret the exhibition of considerable self-will on the part of your children. It is the correlative of that diminished coerciveness so conspicuous in modern education. The greater tendency to assert freedom of action on the one side corresponds to the smaller tendency to tyrannize on the other. They both indicate an approach to the system of discipline we contend for, under which children will be more and more led to rule themselves by the experience of natural consequences, and they are both the accompaniments of our more advanced social state. The independent English boy is the father of the independent English man, and you cannot have the last without the first. German teachers say that they had rather manage a dozen German boys than one English one. Shall we, therefore, wish that our boys had the manageableness of the German ones, and with it the submissiveness and political serfdom of adult Germans? Or shall we not rather tolerate in our boys those feelings which make them free men, and modify our methods accordingly?

Lastly, always remember that to educate rightly is not a simple and easy thing, but a complex and extremely difficult thing—the hardest task which devolves upon adult life. The rough-and-ready style of domestic government is indeed practicable by the meanest and most uncultivated intellects. Slaps and sharp words are penalties that suggest themselves alike to the least reclaimed barbarian and the most stolid peasant. Even brutes can use this method of discipline, as you may see in the growl and half bite with which a bitch will check a too exigeant puppy. But if you would carry out with success a rational and civilized system, you must be prepared for considerable mental exertion, for some study, some ingenuity, some patience, some self-control. You will have habitually to trace the consequences of conduct, to consider what are the results which in adult life follow certain kinds of acts, and then you will have to devise methods by which parallel results shall be entailed on the parallel acts of your children. You will daily be called upon to analyze the motives of juvenile conduct; you must distinguish between acts that are really good and those which, though externally simulating them, proceed from in-

ferior impulses; while you must be ever on your guard against the cruel mistake—not unfrequently made—of translating neutral acts into transgressions or ascribing worse feelings than were entertained. You must more or less modify your method to suit the disposition of each child, and must be prepared to make further modifications as each child's disposition enters on a new phase. Your faith will often be taxed to maintain the requisite perseverance in a course which seems to produce little or no effect. Especially if you are dealing with children who have been wrongly treated you must be prepared for a lengthened trial of patience before succeeding with better methods, seeing that that which is not easy even where a right state of feeling has been established from the beginning becomes doubly difficult when a wrong state of feeling has to be set right. Not only will you have constantly to analyze the motives of your children, but you will have to analyze your own motives—to discriminate between those internal suggestions which spring from a true parental solicitude and those which spring from your own selfishness, from your love of ease, from your lust of dominion. And then, more trying still, you will have not only to detect, but to curb, these baser impulses. In brief, you will have to carry on your higher education at the same time that you are educating your children. Intellectually you must cultivate to good purpose that most complex of subjects, human nature and its laws as exhibited in your children, in yourself and in the world; morally you must keep in constant exercise your higher feelings and restrain your lower. It is a truth yet remaining to be recognized that the last stage in the mental development of each man and woman is to be reached only through the proper discharge of the parental duties; and when this truth is recognized, it will be seen how admirable is the ordination in virtue of which human beings are led by their strongest affections to subject themselves to a discipline which they would else elude.

While some will probably regard this conception of education as it should be with doubt and discouragement, others will, we think, perceive in the exalted ideal which it involves evidence of its truth. That it cannot be realized by the impulsive, the unsympathetic and the short-sighted, but demands the higher attributes of human nature, they will see to be evidence of its fitness for the more advanced states of humanity. Though it calls for much labor and self-sacrifice, they will see that it promises an abundant return of happiness, immediate and remote. They will see that, while in its injurious effects on both parent and child a bad system is twice cursed, a good system is twice blessed: it blesses him that trains and him that's trained.

We have said nothing about the transcendental distinction between right and wrong, of which wise men know so little and children nothing. Nor have we introduced the religious element. We have confined our inquiries to a nearer and a much more neglected field, though a very important one. Our readers may supplement our thoughts in any way they please: we are only concerned that they should be accepted as far as they go.

HERBERT SPENCER.

BALLADS.

LET who may make the laws of a people, allow me to write their ballads and I'll guide them at my will. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept, and was forgiven?

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
The precious odors poured,

And wiped them with that golden hair
Where once the diamond shone,
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for God alone,—

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed—
That hair, those weeping eyes,
And the sunk heart that inly bled—
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh, wouldst thou wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much," and be forgiven.

THOMAS MOORE.

FAULT-MENDING.

I LATELY thought no man alive
Could e'er improve past forty-five,
And ventured to assert it;
The observation was not new,
But seemed to me so just and true
That none could controvert it.

"No, sir," said Johnson, "'tis not so;
'Tis your mistake, and I can show
An instance, if you doubt it.
You, who perhaps are forty-eight,
May still improve: 'tis not too late;
I wish you'd set about it."

Encouraged thus to mend my faults,
I turned his counsel in my thoughts
Which way I could apply it;
Genius, I knew, was past my reach—
For who can learn what none can teach?—
And wit—I could not buy it.

Then come, my friends, and try your skill;
You may improve me if you will
(My books are at a distance);
With you I'll live and learn, and then
Instead of books I shall read men,
So lend me your assistance.

DR. BARNARD.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle:
Why not I with thine?

See, the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

A BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

"OH, whither sail you, Sir John Franklin?"
Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.
"To know if between the land and the pole
I may find a broad seaway."

"I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,
As you would live and thrive,
For between the land and the frozen pole
No man may sail alive."

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men:
"Half England is wrong if he is right;
Bear off to westward, then."

"Oh, whither sail you, brave Englishman?"
Cried the little Esquimaux.—
"Between your land and the polar star
My goodly vessels go."

"Come down if you would journey there,"
The little Indian said,
"And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled."

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And the crew laughed with him too:
"A sailor to change from ship to sled,
I ween, were something new."

All through the long, long polar day
The vessels westward sped,
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown
The ice gave way and fled—

Gave way with many a hollow groan
And with many a surly roar;
But it murmured and threatened on every side,
And closed where he sailed before.

"Ho! see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea?
Bethink ye what the whaler said,
Think of the little Indian's sled!"
The crew laughed out in glee.

Sir John, Sir John, 'tis bitter cold;
The scut drives on the breeze;
The ice comes looming from the north;
The very sunbeams freeze.

"Bright summer goes, dark winter comes:
We cannot rule the year;
But long ere summer's sun goes down
On yonder sea we'll steer."

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose,
And floundered down the gale;
The ships were stayed, the yards were manned,
And furled the useless sail.

"The summer's gone, the winter's come:
We sail not on yonder sea;
Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin?"
A silent man was he.

"The summer goes, the winter comes:
We cannot rule the year:
I ween, we cannot rule the ways,
Sir John, wherein we'd steer."

The cruel ice came floating on
And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dashed no more;
'Twas ice around, behind, before.
My God! there is no sea!

What think you of the whaler now?
What of the Esquimaux?
A sled were better than a ship,
To cruise through ice and snow.

Down sank the baleful crimson sun,
The Northern Light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ships
And shook its spears about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
And on the decks was laid,
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.

"Sir John, the night is black and long;
The hissing wind is bleak;
The hard green ice is strong as death:
I prithee, captain, speak!

"The night is neither bright nor short;
The singing breeze is cold;
The ice is not so strong as hope:
The heart of man is bold."

"What hope can scale this icy wall,
High o'er the main flag-staff?
Above the ridges the wolf and bear
Look down with a patient, settled stare—
Look down on us and laugh."

"The summer went, the winter came:
We could not rule the year;
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer."

The winter went, the summer went,
The winter came around,
But the hard green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

"Hark! heard ye not the noise of guns?
And there, and there, again?"—
"'Tis some uneasy iceberg's roar,
As he turns in the frozen main"

"Hurrah! hurrah! The Esquimaux
Across the ice-fields steal.
God give them grace for their charity!"
"Ye pray for the silly seal."

"Sir John, where are the English fields,
And where are the English trees,
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze?"

"Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
You shall see the fields again
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass and the waving grain."

"Oh, when shall I see my orphan child?
My Mary waits for me."—
"Oh, when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee?"

"Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
Think not such thoughts again."
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek:
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

"Oh, think you, good Sir John Franklin,
We'll ever see the land?
'Twas cruel to send us here to starve
Without a helping hand.

"'Twas cruel, Sir John, to send us here,
So far from help or home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea;
I ween, the lords of the admiralty
Would rather send than come."

"Oh, whether we starve to death alone
Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done;
The truth is founded, the secret won:
We passed the northern sea."

GEORGE H. BOKER.

THE HORSEMAN AND THE LAKE OF CONSTANCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV SCHWAB.

THE horseman rides in the valley's glow,
The sunbeam glistens on the fields of snow;
The sweat-drop falls as he speeds to gain
The lake of Constance ere day doth wane,
To pass with his steed in the ferry o'er,
And land ere night on the further shore.
On rugged path, with mettlesome steed,
O'er brambles and stones he gains the mead;
The mountains quitted, he sees the land
Extend like a snow-white sheet of sand;
Behind him town and hamlet wane,
And smooth is the path of the level plain.
Not a hill around, not a house, he sees:
The rocks have vanished—no shrubs nor trees.

A league hath he won, a second, a third:
Aloft is the cry of the solan-goose heard;
The water-hen soars on rustling wing;
No other sounds through the stillness ring;
No wanderer can his eye behold
To point out the path his steps should hold.
On, on, as on velvet, o'er yielding snow:
"Oh, when will the murmuring waters glow?"
The day hath waned; through the gloom of night
In the distance glimmers a taper's light;
'Mid the fog peers tree upon tree anew,
Dark mountains limit the distant view;
Again over stone and thorn he rides,
Then digs his spurs in the horse's sides.
The dogs at the steed and his rider bay;
The village hearth glows with inviting ray.
"Oh, welcome, fair maid, at the window! Say,
To the lake, to the lake, how far, I pray?"

The maiden gazed with wondering eye:
"Both ferry and lake behind thee lie;
And were it not bound by its icy crust,
I should say thou hadst quitted the boat but just."

The stranger shuddered in dread suspense:
"Yon plain behind? I have ridden thence."

The maiden uplifted her arms and spake:
"Great God! thou hast ridden across the lake;
The hoofs of thy steed have knocked at the grave
In the gulf of death, the fathomless wave.

Did the billows beneath thee not vent their wrath?
Broke not with a crash thy icy path?
Thou wert not the prey of the silent brood
Of the ravenous pike in the chilly flood?"

She calls forth the village the tale to hear:
The gathering groups of boys draw near;
The dames and the sires crowd round the spot:
"Rejoice, O fortunate man, at thy lot!
Come in to the stove, to the steaming dish;
Break bread at our board and eat of our fish."
The rider, transfixed upon his steed,
Unto the first word alone gave heed;
His heart stood still, and on end his hair;
The horrors behind him still grimly stare;
His eye sees naught but the gulf profound;
His mind sinks down to the deep, deep ground:
Like rending ice in his ear it roars;
From his brow in torrents the cold sweat pours.
He sighs, falls from his steed to the ground:
A grave on the shore of the lake he found.

Translation of ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

BAROUSHKA.*

A RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

BAROUSHKA muses by her door:
The labors of the day are o'er,
Save that she yet must set aright
Her household for the coming night;
And, gazing thus on heaven alone,
Each star from out its mystic throne
Sent thoughts like those upon its beams
To mingle with her evening dreams.

Lo! who these three who wend their way
To where she stands? Their rich array,
The gems that glitter, richly fair,
On robes of texture rich and rare,
Proclaim them men of high degree,
Whate'er their native land may be;
The turbaned brow, the swarthy cheek,
A lineage of the East bespeak,
Where, men have said, the Chaldean's eye
Could read in heaven our destiny.
Slowly they came with princely mien,
A glittering caravan, I ween,
Their camels laden with the myrrh,
A costly balm of Orient fir,
And fabrics rich in many a fold,
And frankincense and Ophir's gold,
If by the lamp's dim, flickering rays
That through Baroushka's casement blaze
The dubious eye aright may scan
The freightage of this caravan.

"Say, who be ye who thus bedight
Yet wander through the wilds to-night,
Where ravening beasts and fiercer men
Find in the wilderness their den,
And hide them in their lairs by day,
But prowl in darkness for their prey?"

"Baroushka, safe the traveller speeds
Whose lighted feet th' Almighty leads;
We are the Wise Men, who from far
Have followed still yon guiding star,
Whose glorious beam from days of old
The Orient's seers have long foretold.

* This poem was suggested by a popular tradition in Russia among the peasant population. "Baroushka" takes there the place of our Santa Claus, and is believed to be the beneficent genius who brings the Christmas-tide gifts to children.

It is the star of Him whose birth
Shall bring glad tidings unto earth;
It is the Christ-child's natal sign—
That wondrous star, whose ray divine
Before us, through yon solemn skies,
Moves till it leads us where he lies.
Baroushka, come, and with us flee
To worship his divinity."

"Wait ye," replied Baroushka then;
"Wait but one hour, ye holy men.
My goods, my house, demand my care
One hour, and then will I repair
With you to bow me at his feet,
And render there the worship meet."

Alas! the hour hath passed away:
Those princely Wise Men, where are they?
And where that wondrous guiding star
Which kindled o'er the heavens afar?
Only the night, chill, cold and dark,
Only the meteor's burning spark.

"Baroushka, in the book of Fate
Thy doom is written · 'Tis too late!'
Who with the Christ-child would abide
Must cast all earthly things aside;
Who tarrieth when his call is given
The kingdom may not find of heaven.
Forth to the night, Baroushka, go,
To wanderings dark of lonely woe,
Condemned through centuries to tears,
And weariest search through withering years
For Him whose call hadst thou obeyed
Thou mightst have found where he was laid,
And, bending o'er the cradled rest
Of Jesus, been for ever blest.
Go, seek, if on earthly ground
He haply yet may e'er be found,
And grant thee with a pardoning eye
His blessing and the power to die.
To die? To live! For, sin forgiven
And Jesus found, death means but heaven."

Ages have passed—two thousand years;
Yet still in sorrow, gloom and tears
Baroushka lorn her sad search keeps
By every couch where childhood sleeps,
And on the eve of Christmas comes
Beside their rest in myriad homes.
'Tis said with generous hand 'tis she
Who dresses aye the Christmas tree,
And fills the stocking to the brim
At midnight by the fireside dim,
And brings them gifts and toys and flowers
To gladden still their Christmas hours,
Hoping that 'mid the myriad band,
The little ones of many a land,
She yet may find that priceless gem,
The Christ-child, God of Bethlehem.

B. Frank Taylor.

MADIE'S SCHOOL.

WHEN weary wi' toil or when cankered wi' care,
Remembrance takes wing like a bird o' the air,
And free as a thought that ye canna confine
It flees to the pleasures o' bonnie langsyne.
In fancy I bound o'er the green sunny braes
And drink up the bliss o' the lang summer days,
Or sit sae demure on a wee creepy-stool
And con ower my lesson in Auld Madie's schule.

Up four timmer stairs, in a garret fu' clean,
In awful authority Madie was seen;

Her close-luggit mutch towered aloft in its pride,
Her lang winsey apron flowed down by her side;
The taws on her lap like some dreaded snake lay,
Aye watchin' an' ready to spring on its prey;
The wheel at her foot an' the cat on her knee,
Nae queen on her throne mair majestic than she.

To the whir o' the wheel while auld baudrons would sing,
On stools, wee an' muckle, a' ranged in a ring,
Ilk idle bit urchin wha glowered aff his book
Was caught in a twinklin' by Madie's dread look.
She ne'er spak' a word, but the taws she would fling;
The sad leather whang up the culprit maun bring,
While his sair bluthered face, as the palmies would fa',
Proclaimed through the schule an example to a'.

But, though Madie could punish, she weel could reward;
The gude and the eydant aye won her regard:
A Saturday penny she freely would gi'e,
And the second-best scholar got aye a bawbee.
It sweetened the joy o' that dear afternoon
When free as the breeze in the blossoms o' June,
And blythe as the lav'rock that sang ower the lea,
Were the happy wee laddies frae bondage set free.

And then when she washed we were sure o' the play,
And Wednesday aye brought the grand washin'-day,
When Madie relaxed frae her sternness a wee
And announced the event wi' a smile in her e'e,
The tidings were hailed wi' a thrill o' delight:
E'en drowsy auld baudrons rejoiced at the sight,
While Madie—dread Madie—would laugh in her chair
As in order we tript down the lang timmer stair.

But the schule is now skailt, and will ne'er again meet;
Nae mair on the timmer stair sound our wee feet;
The taws and the penny are vanished for aye,
And gane is the charm o' the dear washin'-day.
Her subjects are scattered—some lang dead and gane—
But dear to remembrance wi' them wha remain
Are the days when they sat on a wee creepy-stool
An' conned ower their lessons in Auld Madie's schule.

ALEXANDER SMART.

THE OUTCAST.

AND did you pity me, kind sir?
Say, did you pity me?
Then oh how kind, and oh how warm,
Your generous heart must be!

For I have fasted all the day—
  Ay, nearly fasted three—
And slept upon the cold, hard earth,
  And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
  And none to pity me.

My mother told me I was born
  On a battlefield in Spain
Where mighty men like lions fought,
  Where blood ran down like rain,
And how she wept, with bursting heart,
  My father's corse to see,
When I lay cradled 'mong the dead,
  And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
  And none to pity me.

At length there came a dreadful day:
  My mother too lay dead,
And I was sent to England's shore
  To beg my daily bread—
To beg my bread; but cruel men
  Said, "Boy, this may not be,"
So they locked me in a cold, cold cell,
  And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
  And none to pity me.

They whipped me, sent me hungry forth:
  I saw a lovely field
Of fragrant beans; I plucked, I ate:
  To hunger all must yield.
The farmer came; a cold, a stern,
  A cruel man was he:
He sent me as a thief to jail,
  And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
  And none to pity me.

It was a blessed place for me,
  For I had better fare;
It was a blessed place for me—
  Sweet was the evening prayer.
At length they drew my prison-bolts,
  And I again was free,
Poor, weak and naked in the street,
  And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
  And none to pity me.

I saw sweet children in the fields
  And fair ones in the street,
And some were eating tempting fruit
  And some got kisses sweet,
And some were in their fathers' arms,
  Some on their mothers' knee;
I thought my orphan heart would break,
  For none did pity me;
For none did pity me, kind sir,
  For none did pity me.

Then do you pity me, kind sir?
  Then do you pity me?
Then oh how kind, and oh how warm,
  Your generous heart must be!
For I have fasted all the day—
  Ay, fasted nearly three—
And slept upon the cold, hard ground,
  And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
  And none to pity me.

ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.

NAEBODY'S BAIRN.

SHE was naebody's bairn, she was naebody's bairn;
She had mickle to thole, she had mickle to learn,

Afore a kind word or kind look she could
earn,
For naebody cared about naebody's bairn.

Tho' faither or mither ne'er owned her
ava,
Tho' reared by the fremmit for fee unco
sma',
She grew in the shade like a young lady-
fern;
For Nature was bounteous to naebody's
bairn.

Tho' toited by some and tho' lightlied by
mair,
She never compleened, tho' her young heart
was sair,
And warm virgin tears that might melted
cauld airn
Whiles glist in the blue e'e o' naebody's
bairn.

Though nane cheered her childhood an' nane
hailed her birth,
Heaven sent her an angel to gladden the
earth;
And when the earth doomed her in laigh
nook to dern,
Heaven couldna but tak again "naebody's
bairn."

She cam' smiling sweetly as young mornin'
daw,
Like loun simmer gloamin' she faded awa;
And, lo! how serenely that lone e'enin'
starn
Shines on the green sward that haps nae-
body's bairn!

JAMES BALLANTINE.

JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not! The workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar brought from some well-won field
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

The fall thou darest to despise,
Maybe the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand,
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost, but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after-days.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

ORIGINALITY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

YOU'RE a disciple of no school,
And own no living master's rule;
Nor have dead men in Greece or Rome
Taught you things better learned at home;
This means, if I am not mistaking,
You're a prime fool of your own making.

Translation of JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THERE is no English poet better known and more quoted in harmonious couplets which have become household words wherever the language is spoken than Alexander Pope. He was essentially a self-made man, and owed nothing to his antecedents and family surroundings. His father was a linen-draper who had gathered a very considerable fortune in his trade, and who retired to the country to enjoy it. His mother was an excellent woman, dearly loved and fondly remembered by her son during his whole life. The poet was born in London on the 22d of May, 1688, the year that saw the revolution by which James II. was driven from the throne and succeeded by William III. and Mary. His literary efforts were to a great extent influenced by the political situation. He was physically a delicate, almost deformed child, but of exceeding mental precocity. As his family were Catholics, he received his earlier instruction from some priests of that Church; but he soon took his education into his own hands, making great progress in the classics and trying his hand at poetry and other forms of literature. Referring to his early powers in verse, he wrote,

"I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

At the age of twelve he produced his "Ode to Solitude," which has a rare harmony and finish; at sixteen he published his "Pastorals," with an essay on pastoral poetry more astonishing than the poems themselves. At the age of eighteen he produced the beautiful "sacred eclogue" entitled "The Messiah," published in Addison's *Spectator*. It is an ingenious and a successful effort to harmonize the sacred prophecies of Isaiah with the mysterious utterances of Virgil in the Pollio (Ec. IV.). Devout, enthusiastic, sonorous, it has been always admired, and some of its lines have been adopted in many hymnals. Among these are the splendid apostrophe to "Jerusalem which is from above the mother of us all:"

"Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes."

In 1709, before he had reached the age of twenty-one, he astonished the reading world still more by writing his "Essay on Criticism," which not only put into easily remembered verses the most advanced technical rules of literary criticism, but presented others discovered or excogitated by the youthful poet. In 1712 appeared his beautiful mock-heroic poem "The Rape of the Lock," by which he hoped to heal the breach occasioned by the cutting of a lock of hair from the head of a famous London belle—Miss Arabella Fermor—by Lord Petre.

Among the more laborious literary efforts of Pope is his translation of the *Iliad* of Homer. It was greatly needed: scholarship was confined to the favored few. Chapman's spirited translation was not known to many more than was the Greek itself. The num-

ber of current readers was increasing daily, and Pope's version was received as no similar effort had ever been. The *Iliad* was published by subscription, and brought the poet more than six thousand pounds. In the translation of the *Odyssey* he had very large collaboration, especially that of Fenton and Broome, to whom he gave but eight hundred pounds, reserving for himself the lion's share. With the proceeds of this work he leased a villa at Twickenham, on the Thames, near London. There he received the best company, having even been honored by a visit from royalty. There he became intimate with Lady Mary Wortley Montague, one of the most remarkable women of her age, who first attracted him and then quarrelled with him. His caustic pen had made him many enemies, among whom John Dennis was the most persistent. In 1728 he pilloried his foes in the most remarkable of English satires, "The Dunciad." In 1733 he published his "Essay on Man," the most powerful, elegant, finished and instructive of all his poems. He died on the 30th of May, 1744.

The chief of the artificial school, Pope wrote more for the court and the town than for the people. He had little sympathy with external nature. He cannot be ranked among poets of the first class, but he is more read and better understood than they. With the coming of the "transition school" of Thomson and Cowper and the "natural school" of the Lakers, it became the fashion to neglect Pope or to diminish his merits. In this later period he is being again taken into favor, and will find his true place—and an exalted one it will be—on the bede-roll of England's famous poets.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

AMONG the historic characters of the sixteenth century which partake of the romance and chivalry of an earlier period, appearing like anachronisms in their own, there is not one whose career is more interesting and whose fate is at once more sad and curious than Sir Walter Raleigh. He was born at Dudley, in Devonshire, in the year 1553, only six years before the accession of Queen Elizabeth, during whose entire reign he lived and played his brilliant part. In 1568 he was a student at Oxford, but did not long remain there. He left this college to travel in France, and was in Paris, leading the life of a gay and gallant youth, when the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day took place, in August, 1572. Like Sir Philip Sidney, who was also there, he was saved by taking refuge at the house of the British ambassador. Filled with a love of adventure, he accompanied his half brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in a voyage of exploration and settlement to Newfoundland, which was not very successful. But the gallant youth had found favor with the queen, who in 1584 gave him a patent to discover any "remote heathen or barbarous countries" not already in Christian possession. He set out in that year, and in the month of July coasted the Carolinas, and gave the entire coast the name "Virginia," in honor of Queen Elizabeth. The next year, 1585, he made a voyage and landed a colony at Roanoke Island, in Albemarle Sound. It was not permanent, but it is said he took back with him the Indian weed *tobacco* and introduced it into England.

In 1594, Raleigh made a voyage to Gui-

ana, of which he wrote an elaborate and most interesting description. He became embroiled with the Spanish adventurers, and, owing to the ill-will of the Spanish ambassador in England, he fell somewhat into disfavor. His patroness, Elizabeth, died in 1603, and her successor, James I., disliked him. On false and garbled evidence he was brought to trial for high treason, the specifications being that he was in a conspiracy to dethrone the king and to bring back popery to the realm. He was unjustly found guilty and condemned to death, but through the influence of his friends he was reprieved; the sentence was suspended, and he was confined to the Tower for twelve years. There he spent his enforced leisure in writing a *History of the World* from the creation to the fall of the Macedonian empire, 168 B. C. It is a delightful, instructive, well-digested work, and is ranked in the standard literature of the language. The last act in the drama of his life was eventful and singular. In 1615 he was released from prison—his sentence still, however, unrevoked—and directed to organize another expedition to Guiana. He sailed in 1617 with twelve ships, but his expedition was bloody and unsuccessful. Again he came in conflict with the Spaniards, and so, on his return, the suspended sentence was executed. He was decapitated on the 29th of October, 1618, dying with the courage of a man and the resignation of a Christian.

APOSTROPHE TO WATER.

LOOK at that! Behold it! See its purity! See how it glitters like a crown of liquid gems! It is a beverage that was brewed by the hand of the Almighty himself. Not in the simmering still or smoking fires choked with poisonous gases and surrounded by the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions doth our Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water; but in the green glade and glassy dell, where the wild deer wanders and the child loves to play—there God brews it; and down, down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high up on the mountain-tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sunlight, where the storm-clouds brood and the thunder-storms crash—there he brews it; and away, far out on the wide, wide sea, where the hurricanes howl music and the mighty waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water.

And everywhere it is a thing of beauty. Whether gleaming in the dewdrop, pattering in the summer rain, shining in the ice-gem till the trees all seem turned into living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun or a bright halo around the midnight moon, roaring in the cataract, sleeping in the glaciers, dancing in the hailstorm, folding its pearly-white mantle gently about the wintry world or waving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of radiation,—still always it is beautiful, that blessed life-water!

There are no poison-bubbles on its brink. Its foam brings no sadness or sorrow. There are no blood-stains in its limpid glass. Broken-hearted wives, pale widows and starving

orphans shed no tears in its depths. No drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair. But it is beautiful, pure, blest and glorious. Give me for ever the sparkling, pure, heavenly water. JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE RETURN.

"HAST thou come with the heart of thy childhood back?
The free, the pure, the kind?"
So murmured the trees in my homeward track
As they played to the mountain-wind.

"Hath thy soul been true to its early love?"
Whispered my native streams;
"Hath the spirit nursed amidst hill and grove
Still revered its first high dreams?"

"Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer
Of the child in his parent-halls?"
Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air
From the old ancestral walls.

"Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead
Whose place of rest is nigh—
With the father's blessing o'er thee shed,
With the mother's trusting eye?"

Then my tears gushed forth in sudden rain
As I answered: "O ye shades!
I bring not my childhood's heart again
To the freedom of your glades.

"I have turned from my first pure love aside,
O bright and happy streams!
Light after light, in my soul have died
The dayspring's glorious dreams.

"And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath passed—
The prayer at my mother's knee;
Darkened and troubled I come at last,
Home of my boyish glee.

"But I bear from my childhood a gift of tears
To soften and atone,
And oh, ye scenes of those blessed years,
They shall make me again your own."

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE PRESENT.

WE live not in our moments or our years;
The present we fling from us as the rind
Of some sweet future, which we after find
Bitter to taste, or bind that in with fears
And water it beforehand with our tears—
Vain tears for that which never may arrive;
Meanwhile, the joy whereby we ought to live,
Neglected or unheeded, disappears.
Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the present brings—
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds and flowers—
With a child's pure delight in little things,
And of the griefs unborn to rest secure,
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

OF THE USE OF THE SENSES.

From an Indian Manuscript written by an Ancient Brahmin.

VAUNT not of thy body because it was first formed; not of thy brain because therein thy soul resideth. Is not the master of the house more honorable than its walls?

The ground must be prepared before corn be planted; the potter must build his furnace before he can make his porcelain.

As the breath of Heaven saith unto the water of the deep, This way shall thy billows roll, and no other; thus high, and no higher, shall they raise their fury,—so let thy spirit, O man, actuate and direct thy flesh; so let it repress its wildness.

Thy soul is the monarch of thy frame: suffer not its subjects to rebel against it.

Thy body is as the globe of the heart; thy bones, the pillars that sustain it on its basis.

As the ocean giveth rise to springs whose waters return again into its bosom through the rivers, so runneth thy life from the heart outward, and so returneth it unto its place again.

Do not both retain their course for ever? Behold, the same God ordained them.

Is not thy nose the channel to perfumes? thy mouth the path to delicacies? Yet know thou that perfumes long smelt become offensive; that delicacies destroy the appetite they flatter.

Are not thine eyes the sentinels that watch for thee? Yet how often are they unable to distinguish truth from error!

Keep thy soul in moderation, teach thy spirit to be attentive to its good; so shall these its ministers be always to thee conveyances of truth.

Thine hand—is it not a miracle? Is there in the creation aught like unto it? Wherefore was it given thee but that thou mightest stretch it out to the assistance of thy brother?

Why, of all things living, art thou alone made capable of blushing? The world shall read thy shame upon thy face; therefore do nothing shameful.

Fear and dismay—why rob they thy countenance of its ruddy splendor? Avoid guilt, and thou shalt know that fear is beneath thee, that dismay is unmanly.

Wherefore to thee alone speak shadows in the visions of thy pillow? Reverence them, for know that dreams are from on high.

Thou, man, alone canst speak. Wonder at thy glorious prerogative, and pay to Him who gave it thee a rational and welcome praise, teaching thy children wisdom, instructing the offspring of thy loins in piety.

Translation of Robert Dodsley.

INJUSTICE.

OF all injustice, that is the greatest which goes under the name of law; and of all sorts of tyranny, the forcing of the letter of the law against the equity is the most insupportable. Sir Roger L'Estrange.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

THE person who is known throughout the world by this name, and who stands confessed—and self-satisfied—as the champion liar of mankind, is at once a real man and an invented character. As to his reality, he was Hieronymus Karl Friederich, Baron von Munchausen. He was born in 1720, of a noble family, on the ancestral estate of Bodenwerder, in Hanover, and served in his extreme youth as a cavalry officer in the Russian campaigns of 1737–39. Strange and wonderful things he doubtless saw, and greatly exaggerated. He delighted in telling marvellous stories of his adventures and exploits—manifestly untrue, and yet put forth with such consequence and coolness as almost to challenge belief.

So much for the real Munchausen. He continued his course of lying until his death, in 1797. What were his own stories it is now impossible to learn, for in the published record we have scarcely a suggestion of the real man; almost everything is invented or compiled by his editors. A series of tales—or, rather, a loosely-connected narrative purporting to set forth his adventures—was issued in London in 1785 by Rudolf Erich Raspe, a German outlaw who had escaped to England. The second edition—and a more important one—was published at Oxford the next year (1786). It was entitled *The Singular Travels, Campaigns, Voyages and Sporting Adventures of Baron Munnikhousen, commonly pronounced Munchausen.* The first German work (not a translation of the English) was issued by the poet Bürger in 1787, with the title *Wunderbare Abentheuer und Reisen des Herr von Münchausen.* The latest issue of this volume, in 1849, has an introduction by Adolf Ellisen, who is said to have known and heard the old baron when he became a driveller as well as a liar.

In these works Munchausen is but a lay-figure clothed with the numerous curious stories and fantastical lies of writers from the classic times to his own—from Lucian's *True Histories*, from Rabelais, from Henry Bebel's *Facetiæ* (1508) and from Lange's *Deliciæ Academicæ* (1765). The stories are wildly impossible, but capable of being followed in fancy. One condition of the writer seems to be that he must never, by mistake even, tell the truth; and yet it is curious to observe how nearly science causes us to approximate in truth what was intended to be an inimitable lie. "I travelled post," he says, "and, finding myself in a narrow lane, bid the postilion give a signal with his horn, that other travellers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might, but his endeavors were in vain: he could not make the horn sound; which was unaccountable and rather unfortunate, for soon we found ourselves in the presence of another coach coming from the opposite direction. . . . After we arrived at the

inn, my postilion and I refreshed ourselves. He hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire; I sat on the other side. Suddenly we heard a 'Tereng! tereng! teng! teng!' We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound the horn: his tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out now by thawing, plain enough and much to the credit of the driver." So we breathe words or song into the phonograph, of recent invention, which remain silent until science "thaws them out" by its superhuman influences.

Every language has its Munchausenisms; the Germans call them *Münchhausiaden*. The liar is immortal; and, brazen and foolish as he is, he really assumes the garb of the moralist. His stories—perhaps unconsciously—partake at once of the nature of burlesque and of satire, and confound falsehood by displaying to it the grotesqueness and ugliness of its own most sublimated image.

As the beauty and the purity of a statue wrought in Parian marble are set forth and enhanced by the foil of a dark background, so truth shines with greater lustre and in more finished outlines when contrasted with fanaticism and imposture—with the scheming of the quack and the hypocrisy of the charlatan; with all "that loveth and maketh a lie." Thus we are well content to let Munchausen live

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."

THE LION AND THE CROCODILE.

AFTER we had resided at Ceylon about a fortnight, I accompanied one of the governor's brothers upon a shooting-party. He was a strong, athletic man, and, being used to that climate—for he had resided there some years—he bore the violent heat of the sun much better than I could; in our excursion he had made considerable progress through a thick wood when I was only at the entrance.

Near the banks of a large piece of water, which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind me; on turning about, I was almost petrified—as who would not?—at the sight of a lion, which was evidently approaching with the intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcase, and that without asking my consent. What was to be done in this horrible dilemma? I had not even a moment for reflection; my piece was only charged with swan-shot, and I had no others about me. However, though I could have had no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also. I immediately let fly without waiting till he was within reach, and the report did but enrage him, for he now quickened his pace and seemed to approach me at full speed. I attempted to escape, but that only added—if an addition could be made—to my distress, for the moment I turned about I found a large crocodile with his mouth extended almost ready to receive me. On my right hand was the piece of water before mentioned, and on my left a deep precipice said to have, as I have since learned, a receptacle at the bottom for venomous creatures. In short, I gave myself up as lost, for the lion was now upon his hind legs, just in the act of seizing me; I fell involuntarily to the ground with fear, and,

as it afterward appeared, he sprang over me. I lay some time in a situation which no language can describe, expecting to feel his teeth or talons in some part of me every moment. After waiting in this prostrate situation a few seconds, I heard a violent but unusual noise different from any sound that had ever before assailed my ears; nor is it at all to be wondered at, when I inform you from whence it proceeded. After listening for some time I ventured to raise my head and look round, when, to my unspeakable joy, I perceived the lion had, by the eagerness with which he sprung at me, jumped forward, as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth, which, as before observed, was wide open. The head of the one stuck in the throat of the other, and they were struggling to extricate themselves. I fortunately recollected my *couteau de chasse*, which was by my side; with this instrument I severed the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet. I then, with the butt-end of my fowling-piece, rammed the head farther into the throat of the crocodile and destroyed him by suffocation, for he could neither gorge nor eject it.

Soon after I had thus gained a complete victory over my two powerful adversaries my companion arrived in search of me, for, finding I did not follow him into the wood, he returned, apprehending I had lost my way or met with some accident. After mutual congratulations we measured the crocodile, which was just forty feet in length.

As soon as we had related this extraordinary adventure to the governor he sent a wagon and servants, who brought home the carcases. The lion's skin was properly preserved with its hair on; after which, it was made into tobacco-pouches, and presented by me upon our return to Holland to the burgomasters, who in return requested my acceptance of a thousand ducats.

The skin of the crocodile was stuffed in the usual manner, and makes a capital article in their public museum at Amsterdam, where the exhibitor relates the whole story to each spectator with such additions as he thinks proper. Some of his variations are rather extravagant; one of them is that the lion jumped quite through the crocodile and was making his escape, when, as soon as his head appeared, Monsieur the Great Baron—as he is pleased to call me—cut it off, and three feet of the crocodile's tail along with it. Nay, so little attention has this fellow to the truth that he sometimes adds, as soon as the crocodile missed his tail, he turned about, snatched the *couteau de chasse* out of the monsieur's hand, and swallowed it with such eagerness that it pierced his heart and killed him immediately. The little regard which this impudent knave has to veracity makes me sometimes apprehensive that my real facts may fall under suspicion by being found in company with his confounded invention. BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

A TRUE FRIEND.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

THE venomous serpent, dearest,
Shall couch with the cushat dove,
Ere a true friend, as thou fearest,
Shall ever be false in love.
From Eden's greenest mountain
Two separate streamlets came,
But their source was in one fountain,
Their waters are the same.

Translation of WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

THE DIVER.

A Ballad.

From the German of Friedrich Schiller.

"IS among ye a knight or a squire so bold
As to plunge into this abyss?
I cast in the vortex a goblet of gold;
The dark waves already surge around it and hiss.
Whoe'er again shows me the goblet I've thrown,
Let him keep it, and ever retain as his own."

Thus speaking, the king from the precipice flung,
From the verge of the cliff's rugged steep,
Which o'er the dark waves of the boundless sea hung,
The cup where Charybdis howls down in the deep:
"Who is the bold-hearted, I ask ye again,
Who dares to dive down to the depths of the main?"

The knights and the squires with silent emotion
All hear it, but cast down their eyes;
They gazed on the depths of the raging wild ocean,
But there's none that will risk the bold deed for the prize.
Thrice lifting his voice, cried the monarch again:
"Is there none that will venture down into the main?"

But now, as before, no answer was heard,
Till a squire, young, daring and gentle,
Steps fearlessly out of the tremulous herd;
His girdle he casteth aside and his mantle.
The knights all around, and the ladies, amazed,
Upon the bold form of the noble youth gazed.

And as he stepped on to the rock's hanging verge,
The dark gulf beneath him to view,
Charybdis, with deafening roaring, the surge
Which she had engulfed now disgorges anew,
And as with the roar of the far thunder-clap
The billows rush foaming from out her dark lap.

It seethes, and it boils, and it hisses and lashes,
Like water which quenches the fire;
To heaven the steaming froth surges and splashes,
And flood upon flood rolleth maddened with ire,
Exhaustless and endless, succeeding each other
As would the wild ocean give birth to another.

But at length the mad billows' wild fury doth cease,
And, black in the foaming white bed,

Wide yawneth a fathomless gloomy abyss,
As if to hell's regions of darkness it led;
Hurled onward the furious breakers are borne,
And down into the bubbling vortex are torn.

Now quick, ere returning the breakers resound,
To God he commendeth his soul,
And a wild cry of horror is echoed around:
Already the surging waves over him roll;
The jaws of the cavern back over him close,
And to the bold swimmer its secrets disclose.

Now o'er the dark chasm deep silence lies;
Dull moans rise alone from the wave;
From lip to lip echo these trembling cries:
"Fare thee well, gallant youth, the bold-hearted, the brave!"
More hollow and hollow now grows the dull roar,
More fearful and fearful suspense on the shore.

E'en if in the billows thy crown thou shouldst fling,
And say, "He who bringeth it thence
Upon his own brow may e'er wear it as king,"
I should not lust after the dear recompense.
What the howling depths in their dark bosom conceal
No living soul ever to thee will reveal.

For, seized by the vortex resistless and fast,
Shot many a bark in the wave,
But, dashed into atoms, the keel and the mast
Alone rose from out this all-swallowing grave.

Like the roar of the tempest, now clearer and clearer,
They heard the wild breakers rise nearer and nearer.

And it seethes, and it boils, and it hisses and lashes,
Like water which quenches the fire;
To heaven the steaming froth surges and splashes,
And wave upon wave rolleth maddened with ire,
And as with the boom of the far thunder-clap
The billows rush roaring from out the dark lap.

Lo! amid the dark waves of that deep-heaving womb
What gleams so swanlike and white?
An arm and a neck peering forth from the gloom:
They stem the waves boldly, with vigor they fight.
It is he, and, oh joy! he upraises his hand;
He waves the gold goblet, saluting the strand.

And long and deep was the breath that he drew
As he greeted the heavenly glow;
With joy to each other they shout as they view:
"He lives! Lo, he comes! He has vanquished the foe!
From the bubbling vortex, from out the dark grave,
Comes the living soul, saved by the hand of the brave."

He comes. They surround him with shouting and glee;
At the feet of the monarch he falls;
The goblet he offers upon his bent knee;
To his lovely young daughter the monarch then calls:
She fills it with sparkling wine to the brim.
Thus the youth to the king as he turned unto him:

"Long life to the king! Oh, rejoiced may he be
Who breathes 'neath the roseate sky,
But terrible is it there down in the sea:
In the secrets of Heaven let man never pry,
And nevermore strive to reveal to the light
What its mercy concealed beneath terror and night.

"With the speed of the lightning it tore me along
When forth from the dark caverns gushed
A furious torrent, resistless and strong;
The double stream seized me as o'er me it rushed;
In dizzying circles it hurled me, and vain
Was the struggle of man 'gainst the might of the main.

"Then showed me my God, unto whom I had cried
In this terrible hour of need,
A cliff jutting out of the deep at my side:
I seized it, and thus from Death's grapple was freed.
The goblet there hanging on corals I found,
Or even as yet 'twould have reached not the ground.

"For beneath me the sea as a mountain was deep;
In purple darkness it rolled.
What though to the ear it appeared as in sleep?
With a shudder of horror the eye could behold
Below in this fearful hell-chasm wander
The dragon, the snake and the salamander.

"Black, swarming in hateful and fearful array,
Coiled in hideous shapes deform,
I saw the electric and prickly ray,
And the balance-fish writhing its horrible form,
And menacing gleamed the white teeth in the dark
Of the ocean's hyena, the terrible shark.

"There I hung, by a feeling of horror oppressed,
Far, far from humanity's aid,
'Mid demons, the only one sensitive beast,
Around me drear solitude's terrors arrayed;
Deep, deep, where the accents of man never rung,
'Mid the monsters of ocean's dark desert, I hung.

"Thus thinking, I shuddered. Lo! then it crept near:
I a hundred feet moving beheld;
And, darting, it snapped. In the madness of fear,
I loosened my grasp of the coral I held.
Then seized me the vortex; with fury it tore me,
But 'twas to salvation, for upward it bore me."

At the tale of the youth marvelled greatly the king,
And he speaks: "The goblet is thine,
For thee too I destine, bold swimmer, this ring,
Adorned with the costliest gems of the mine,
If again thou wilt venture and tell unto me
What thou'st seen in the lowermost depths of the sea."

The maiden's heart thrilled with soft pity's emotion;
Her accents caressingly plead:
"Urge, father, no more this dread sport with the ocean;
None other would venture the perilous deed;
And if thou canst tame not thy yearning desire,
So let, then, the knights put to shame the brave squire."

Then the king seized the goblet and hurled it amain
Down into the furious sea:
"And if thou canst bring me the goblet again,
The noblest of all my brave knights shalt thou be,
And to-day shalt embrace, too, the maiden as bride
Who pleads with soft pity for thee at my side."

Then thrilled in his breast a might wild as the storm,
And his eyes flashed forth fire around;
He sees the blush rise o'er that beautiful form,
And he sees the pale cheek as she sank on the ground.

To win the loved prize, by sweet hope hurried on,
To win it or perish—a plunge—he is gone.

The breakers were heard as returning they broke,
Their herald the deafening roar,
And, o'er the wave bending, love casts a fond look,
And billow on billow rolled back as before.
They surge to the surface; then downward they sweep:
Not one bears the youth on its breast from the deep.

Translation of ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

DISDAIN.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,—
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.
But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within,
And find naught but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

THOMAS CAREW

KOSMOS.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

IN reflecting upon the different degrees of enjoyment presented to us in the contemplation of nature, we find that the first place must be assigned to a sensation which is wholly independent of an intimate acquaintance with the physical phenomena presented to our view or of the peculiar character of the region surrounding us. In the uniform plain bounded only by a distant horizon, where the lowly heather, the cistus or waving grasses deck the soil, on the ocean-shore, where the waves, softly rippling over the beach, leave a track green with the weeds of the sea, everywhere, the mind is penetrated by the same sense of the grandeur and vast expanse of nature, revealing to the soul by a mysterious inspiration the existence of laws that regulate the forces of the universe. Mere communion with nature, mere contact with the free air, exercise a soothing yet strengthening influence on the wearied spirit, calm the storm of passion and soften the heart when shaken by sorrow to its inmost depths. Everywhere, in every region of the globe, in every stage of intellectual culture, the same sources of enjoyment are alike vouchsafed to man. The earnest and solemn thoughts awakened by a communion with nature intuitively arise from a presentiment of the order and harmony pervading the whole universe, and from the contrast we draw between the narrow limits of our own existence and the image of infinity revealed on every side, whether we look upward to the starry vault of heaven, scan the far-stretching plain before us or seek to trace the dim horizon across the vast expanse of ocean.

The contemplation of the individual characteristics of the landscape and of the conformation of the land in any definite region of the earth gives rise to a different source of enjoyment, awakening impressions that are more vivid, better defined and more congenial to certain phases of the mind than those of which we have already spoken. At one time the heart is stirred by a sense of the grandeur of the face of nature, by the strife of the elements, or, as in Northern Asia, by the aspect of the dreary barrenness of the far-stretching steppes; at another time softer emotions are excited by the contemplation of rich harvests wrested by the hand of man from the wild fertility of nature or by the sight of human habitations raised beside some wild and foaming torrent.

THOUGHT AND LANGUAGE.

Thought and language have ever been most intimately allied. If language by its originality of structure and its native richness can in its delineations interpret thought with grace and clearness, and if by its happy flexibility it can paint with vivid truthfulness the objects of the external world, it reacts at the same time upon thought, and animates it, as it were, with the breath of life. It is this mutual reaction which makes words more than mere signs and forms of thought, and the beneficent influence of a language is most strikingly manifested on its native soil, where it has sprung spontaneously from the minds of the people whose character it embodies. Proud of a country that seeks to concentrate her strength in intellectual unity, the writer recalls with delight the

* See Bayard Taylor's article on Humboldt's *Kosmos* in this work.

advantages he has enjoyed in being permitted to express his thoughts in his native language.

Language is a part and parcel of the history of the development of mind, and, however happily the human intellect, under the most dissimilar physical conditions, may unfettered pursue a self-chosen track and strive to free itself from the dominion of terrestrial influences, this emancipation is never perfect. There ever remains in the natural capacities of the mind a trace of something that has been derived from the influences of race or of climate, whether they be associated with a land gladdened by cloudless azure skies or with the vapory atmosphere of an insular region. As, therefore, richness and grace of language are unfolded from the most luxuriant depths of thought, we have been unwilling wholly to disregard the bond which so closely links together the physical world with the sphere of intellect and of the feelings by depriving this general picture of nature of those brighter lights and tints which may be borrowed from considerations, however slightly indicated, of the relations existing between races and languages.

While we maintain the unity of the human species, we at the same time repel the depressing assumption of superior and inferior races of men. There are nations more susceptible of cultivation, more highly civilized, more ennobled by mental cultivation, than others, but none in themselves nobler than others. All are in like degree designed for freedom—a freedom which in the ruder conditions of society belongs only to the individual, but which in social states enjoying political institutions appertains as a right to the whole body of the community. "If we would indicate an idea which throughout the whole course of history has ever more and more widely extended its empire, or which more than any other testifies to the much-contested, and still more decidedly misunderstood, perfectibility of the whole human race, it is that of establishing our common humanity—of striving to remove the barriers which prejudice and limited views of every kind have erected among men, and to treat all mankind, without reference to religion, nation or color, as one fraternity, one great community fitted for the attainment of one object, the unrestrained development of the physical powers. This is the ultimate and highest aim of society, identical with the direction implanted by nature in the mind of man toward the indefinite extension of his existence. He regards the earth in all its limits and the heavens as far as his eye can scan their bright and starry depths as inwardly his own, given to him as the objects of his contemplation and as a field for the development of his energies. Even the child longs to pass the hills or the seas which inclose his narrow home; yet when his eager steps have borne him beyond those limits, he pines like the plant for his native soil, and it is by this touching and beautiful attribute of man—this longing for that which is unknown and this fond remembrance of that which is lost—that he is spared from an exclusive attachment to the present. Thus deeply rooted in the innermost nature of man, and even enjoined upon him by his highest tendencies, the recognition of the bond of humanity becomes one of the noblest leading principles in the history of mankind."

Translation of E. C. Otte.

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Margaret Fuller

C M Sedgwick

Caroline Lee Hentz

COMPOUND INTEREST.*

UST at the close of the year 18— a man with a shuffling, lumbering tread ascended the well-worn steps which are the common access to half a dozen lawyers' offices in Wall street, and, turning into one well furnished with tables and busy clerks, he, after in vain casting his eye around for the principal, inquired for Lawyer Gretton.

"Mr. Gretton is in the next room," replied the head-clerk. "Tell me your business; I can probably do it for you."

"No, no; you ain't the man that can do my business," replied the stranger.

"Tell me what it is, and I can best judge whether I can do it or not."

"Do you say," pursued the inquirer, without being repulsed by the clerk's reply or at all daunted by his supercilous manner—"do you say Lawyer Gretton is in there?" pointing with his elbow to the inner room.

The clerk had resumed his pen, and the man was obliged to repeat his question before it was answered with a careless "Yes." The man muttered that he could not wait—that time was money; and, threading his way through chairs, tables and busy students, he opened the inner door, while one of the clerks said to his neighbor,

"Burton might have known that a man with such a bullet head and high, broad shoulders as that fellow's would have his way; nothing less than a cannon-ball would stop him."

"Mr. Gretton, I am wanting to speak to you," said the stranger, for the first time taking off his hat.

"I am busy," replied Mr. Gretton, casting a careless glance at the man; "you must call again. Shut the door." The stranger lingered. "You see I am already engaged, and there are two gentlemen waiting for me."

"I suppose I can wait too; it is a broken day, and I shall have to break another if I go and come again."

Apparently there was something in this remark that quickened Mr. Gretton's memory, for, turning his eye toward the speaker, he said,

"Ah, Ross, is it you? Very well; sit down. I will attend to you as soon as I have finished with these gentlemen."

Ross was a tall, strong-built laboring-man, as his dress, his hard-bound hands and his stooping shoulders indicated. His brow was prematurely fretted into myriads of wrinkles; there was a remarkable blending of acuteness and ignorance in his face, the first indicated by the ratlike brilliancy of his deep-set, piercing eye and the ignorance most emphatically expressed by a sort of staring wonder, so to speak, in his open, dropping mouth. His nose, short, flat and

* "He that lendeth to an ignorant man, getteth him an enemy without cause; he payeth him with curses and railings: and for honor he will pay him disgrace."

broad at the nostrils, completed the far more brutish than human expression of his physiognomy. A lawyer's office was a new scene to him, and he was intent on its revelations, and, as it seemed, astounded by them; for when the clients who had preceded him were gone, he advanced eagerly to the desk, and, putting his finger on a bank-note which Mr. Gretton had received from one of them, he said,

"Excuse me, Squire Gretton, but that is a hundred-dollar note, ain't it?"

"Yes, it is Ross," replied Mr. Gretton, laying it aside in his note-book with an accustomed air.

"And won't you tell me what he meant by calling it a retainer?"

"He gives it to me, Ross, to retain me in his cause."

"That ain't all."

"Yes; that is, he makes sure of my not being employed by the opposing party, and of securing my best services."

"And that's all! You have not worked for it—have not stirred your foot, made a mark of your pen, turned over a leaf of a book. It's bounty-money; when you come to do the job, you are to be paid over and above all this?"

"Certainly I am."

"Well, well! And that gentleman with the furred coat that you talked to ten minutes—just ten by that clock there—for just the breath that you spent in them ten minutes did he pay you that hundred-dollar note?"

"Yes, Ross. And now, if you please, as I take it for granted you have come for that purpose, we will look over our papers."

"There's a difference!" continued Ross, without heeding Mr. Gretton's last suggestion. "And why? Can any one tell me that? Here you stand by your comfortable fire, and your very breath turns into money; and I—I, to earn that hundred dollars, must be up early and late, must shiver in cold days and sweat in hot ones, must crack my bones with lifting heavy timbers, must drive nails week after week and month after month. There's no fair play about it; it's condemned hard, and that's the end on't."

Perhaps, had Mr. Gretton taken the trouble, he might by changing his estimates have turned the current of Ross's feelings. Difficult as it is for a man who works with his hands to comprehend the toil and weariness of intellectual labor, Ross might have been made to understand the money-value of Mr. Gretton's education—the cost in dollars and cents of those preparatory studies which had made ten minutes of Mr. Gretton's worth months of his labor. He might possibly have understood what we believe the political economists call the accumulated capital upon which the lawyer was now receiving the income. And if he could have had a little further insight into the anxious hours Mr. Gretton had endured during his slow approaches to his present assured condition while he had a sickly wife looking to him not only for bread, but for luxuries which habit had made necessities, and, still farther, could he have seen in Gretton's pale brow and sunken cheek the curse of intense sedentary occupation, the too sure prophecy of the short career that awaits our professional men, he would have returned to his hammer and nails with a tranquilized and unenvious spirit. But thus it is. It is for the most part man's ignorance that makes his breast the abode of

discontent, distrust in Providence, envy and covetousness. It is out of the depths of his ignorance that come his repinings and railings and calls for agrarian law.

Mr. Gretton smiled at what seemed to him merely a rhapsody, and, saying, "Perhaps, my friend, you would think the play fairer if you knew more about it," he drew a paper from a file, adding, "As the year is coming to a close, I suppose you have come to see how your debt stands. Have you any prospect of paying off the mortgage?"

"Less than ever. My wife has been sick, and there's been a doctor's cursed bill to pay; and Jemmy must be dressed up for school, and that costs money again; but, for all"—as he added this Ross fixed his eye on the note-book—"Jemmy shall be a lawyer, if I die for't."

Mr. Gretton did not notice the ineffable grin with which this was said.

"But you have a good business," he replied; "a carpenter is sure of employment in our city, and you are an industrious man, Ross."

"God knows I am that, but it comes in at the spile and goes out at the bung. Come, squire, you may look it over; I know pretty well how it stands. I calculate the interest that runs up each day when I go to bed at night: it amounts now to eight hundred and ninety-eight dollars and thirty-seven and a half cents."

Mr. Gretton smiled:

"A trifle more, Ross."

"It can't be! it can't be! I've gone over it hundreds of times; I've chalked it out when I've been at my work; I've writ it down over and over; I've calculated it again and again in the night when I've been up with my sick wife. It is eight hundred and ninety-eight dollars and thirty-seven and a half cents, and no more—not a fraction."

"At simple interest you are right; you forgot to calculate the compound interest."

"'Compound interest'! What's that? what's that?"

Mr. Gretton explained. Ross swore that, as he never agreed for it, he would never pay it. Mr. Gretton, who was conscious of having been forbearing and of having waited at some pecuniary sacrifice, was provoked, and threatened to foreclose the mortgage at once and have done with it.

Ross was calmed, not satisfied.

"I have worked hard twenty years," he said; "I thought to have a house over Jemmy's head that he'd never be ashamed of. I built it with my own hands; every nail I've driv myself. And now to pay that compound interest! It's too bad."

It was evident that to Ross's apprehension the whole debt was merged in this unlooked-for addition to it.

Mr. Gretton pitied the man's ignorance and disappointment, and said, soothingly,

"You will get through with it, Ross. Pay what you can, and I'll wait for the rest. Saturday is New Year—a holiday for you and me. I will come up to Cherry street and look at your premises and bring the mortgage with me, and you may then make a payment; that will save you the trouble of coming to Wall street again."

Ross merely nodded his head acquiescingly, and left the office without speaking. Like a good portion of the world, he could entertain but one idea at a time; that filled his field of vision: the "compound interest" seemed to him more than the original debt.

CATHERINE M. SEDGWICK.

THE SNOWFLAKE.

E'RE welcome, ye white and feathery flakes,
That fall like the blossoms the summer wind shakes
From the bending spray!
Oh say, do ye come
With tidings to me from my far-distant home?

"Our home is above, in the depths of the sky;
In the hollow of God's own hand we lie.
We are fair, we are pure, our birth is divine:
Say, what can we know of thee or of thine?"

I know that ye dwell in the kingdoms of air,
I know ye are heavenly pure and fair,
But oft have I seen ye, far travellers, roam,
By the cold blast driven, round my Northern home.

"We roam over mountains and valley and sea,
We hang our pale wreaths on the leafless tree;
The heralds of wisdom and mercy we go,
And perchance the far home of thy childhood we know.

'We roam, and our fairy track we leave,
While for Nature a winding-sheet we weave—
A cold, white shroud that shall mantle the gloom
Till her Maker recalls her to glory and bloom."

O foam of the shoreless ocean above!
I know thou descendest in mercy and love.
All chill as thou art, yet benign is thy birth
As the dew that impearls the green bosom of Earth;

And I've thought, as I've seen thy tremulous spray,
Soft curling like mist, on the branches lay,
In bright relief on the dark-blue sky,
That thou meltedst in grief when the sun came nigh.

"Say, whose is the harp whose echoing song
Breathes wild on the gale that wafts us along?
The moon, the flowers, the blossoming tree,
Wake the minstrel's lyre; they are brighter than we."

The flowers shed their fragrance, the moonbeams their light,
Over scenes never veiled by your drapery of white,
But the clime where I first saw your drowsy flakes fall—
My own native clime—is far dearer than all.

Oh fair when ye clothed in their wintry mail
The elms that o'ershadow my home in the vale;
Like warriors they looked as they bowed in the storm,
With the tossing plume and the towering form.

Ye fade, ye melt; I feel the warm breath
Of the redolent South o'er the desolate heath;
But tell me, ye vanishing pearls, where ye dwell
When the dewdrops of summer bespangle the dell?

"We fade, we melt into crystalline spheres;
We weep, for we pass through the valley of tears;
But onward to glory, away to the sky,
In the hollow of God's own hand we lie."

CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

TO EDITH.

IF the same star our fates together bind,
Why are we thus divided, mind from mind?
If the same law one grief to both impart,
How couldst thou grieve a trusting mother's heart?

Our aspiration seeks a common aim;
Why were we tempered of such differing frame?
But 'tis too late to turn this wrong to right;
Too cold, too damp, too deep, has fallen the night.

And yet the angel of my life replies,
"Upon that night a morning-star shall rise
Fairer than that which ruled the temporal birth,
Undimmed by vapors of the dreamy earth."

It says that where a heart thy claim denies,
Genius shall read its secret ere it flies;
The earthly form may vanish from thy side:
Pure love will make thee still the Spirit's bride.

And thou, ungentle yet much-loving child,
Whose heart still shows the "untamed haggard wild"—
A heart which justly makes the highest claim,
Too easily is checked by transient blame—

Ere such an orb can ascertain its sphere,
The ordeal must be various and severe;
My prayers attend thee; though the feet may fly,
I hear thy music in the silent sky.

MARGARET FULLER.

WITHERED FLOWERS DEARLY LOVED.

I HAVE a wreath—a withered wreath—
More dearly prized than gems or gold;
Methinks the flowers still sweetly breathe
Of her who gave me them of old.
This faded rose was on her breast,
This in her soft white hand she bore,
And this was with her bright hairs tressed;
Ten thousand times I've kissed them o'er.

They bring to mind fair summer days,
And rosy eves and starry nights;
Sweet music, old delicious lays,
Fond words, fond dreams, serene delights;
Enchanting smiles and eyes that gleamed
Like mirrored stars upon the sea:
How blest my fate had they but beamed
With any ray of love on me!

O wreath, beloved for her fair sake,
  Dear record of my happiest hours,
How many a golden thought you wake,
  How many a hope entwined in flow'rs!
And yet how oft my spirit sighs
  To think its fate like yours should be,
Reft of the heaven of her dear eyes
  Whose light gave life to you and me.

EDWARD VAUGHAN KENEALY.

THE REWARD.

A VENETIAN BARCAROLE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

O FISHER, o'er the waters glide,
  Bring here thy bark of lightness;
Come search the deep and azure tide
  That sleeps in the moon's brightness.

What shall I seek within its waves?
  A ring of radiant splendor
I've lost, but soon those coral caves
  The jewel back shall render.

A thousand crowns of shining gold,
  Young fisherman, I'll send thee,
When once again my ring I hold,
  If haply Fate befriend me.

A thousand crowns I will not take,
  O lady robed in beauty!
To search the deep for thy fair sake,
  I hold, it is my duty.

But if, perchance, thou wilt persist
  And payment be thy pleasure,
I'd rather by thy lips be kist
  Than all thy golden treasure.

Translation of EDWARD VAUGHAN KENEALY.

MAOUALS.*

FROM THE ARABIC.

NOW that thy graceful form is like a young tree,
Bending, waving, thin and flexible,
Give me of the nectar of thy love, O beloved;
Let us enjoy the spring ere it is gone.

Close no longer against the soft knock of love
The secret door of thine affections;
Beauty is a flower perfect while it lasts,
But the duration of its reign is momentary.

They have likened thee, O maid, to the star of night,
But thou indeed art far more beautiful.
Has the moon those exquisite black eyes,
With pupils brighter than any planet?

The feathery reed bends like a young virgin
Beneath the soft breathings of the west wind;
But thou, O slight and flower-fragrant stem,
Seest all mankind bend before thee.

When my beloved passes, the bough of the willow
Sighs with envy of her graceful form;
The rose, gazing on the garden of her cheek,
Is suffused with shame at the superior loveliness.
So I, when I behold this peerless virgin,
Sigh, O thou who hast put me into captivity;
Thy lancelike eyes have penetrated my heart,
Making wounds that never shall be healed.

Translation of EDWARD VAUGHAN KENEALY.

* This is the name of the common love-songs of the Arabs. They are short, graceful and sweet, like the madrigals of the Greek anthology.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

MARGARET FULLER.

AMONG the very first of the female writers of America, on account of the unusual vigor of her intellect and the extent and variety of her learning, must be ranked Sarah Margaret Fuller, also well known by her husband's name as the Marchioness d'Ossoli. She was born on the 23d of May, 1810, at Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, where her father lived—a man of uncommon learning and for eight years a member of Congress from that State. She was not only a precocious child, but a hard student from her early childhood; her father was rigorous in his requirements, and she was soon known as a prodigy of Greek and Latin learning. She also very early became a student of German literature when its study was far less common than at present. On the death of her father she devoted herself to teaching; in 1836 she taught in Mr. Alcott's school at Boston, and had, besides, special classes of young ladies. In 1840–41 she edited *The Dial*, in which Emerson wrote his early philosophical rhapsodies. After this, and at the close of an extended tour in the West, she became a regular writer for the New York *Tribune*. In 1845 she accompanied some friends to Europe and made a considerable sojourn at Rome, where, in 1847, she married the Marquis d'Ossoli. In 1850 she sailed from Leghorn for America in the brig Elizabeth. The ill-fated vessel was quarantined for small-pox at Gibraltar; and when, after a stormy voyage, it reached her native shores, it was completely wrecked on Fire Island beach, on the 19th of July, 1850. She, her husband and her infant son were lost.

The works of Margaret Fuller are a complete key to her character. She held curious and most advanced views of woman's mission and woman's rights; she was thoroughly imbued with German philosophy, and yet she was eminently judicious and original in many of her views of art and letters. Among her principal works are the following: *Translations of Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe* and other German works, published from 1839 to 1843; *Woman in the Nineteenth Century* (1845); *Papers on Literature and Art* (1846); *At Home and Abroad* (1848–49). She had prepared a work, much of it the result of personal observation, on the revolution in Europe of 1848, which would certainly have been of great interest and value, but the manuscript was lost with her in the shipwreck.

CATHERINE M. SEDGWICK.

MISS CATHERINE MARIA SEDGWICK was perhaps the first woman who brought to the pursuit of literature in America unusual vigor of intellect, singular clearness of diction, fine imagination and good taste; it may be doubted whether she has had an equal in these qualifications among female writers since. She was born at Stock-

bridge, in Massachusetts, in 1789. Her father, the Hon. Theodore Sedgwick, was a member of Congress, a Senator of the United States and a judge, and in his cultivation of letters was an example and an incentive to his gifted daughter. Her first decided effort was in 1822, when she published *The New England Tale*. This was followed in 1824 by *Redwood*, and in 1827 appeared *Hope Leslie*, which crowned her reputation. Following these were *Clarence* (1830), *The Linwoods; or, Sixty Years Since in America* (1835) and *The Poor Rich Man and The Rich Poor Man* (1836). Later she wrote stories for young persons. She died near Roxbury, Massachusetts, on the 31st of July, 1867. A volume containing her life and letters was published in 1871.

CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

THIS gifted and hardworking authoress was born at Lancaster, Massachusetts; she was the daughter of General John Whiting and the sister of General Henry Whiting of the United States army. In 1825 she married Professor Hentz, a French gentleman, who had a chair in the university at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Mrs. Hentz made early literary efforts in both prose and poetry, and her tales soon acquired considerable popularity. She and her husband lived in many places pursuing the occupation of teaching. Her principal stories are *Aunt Patty's Scrap-Bag* (1846) and *The Mob-Cap, and Other Tales* (1848). She wrote several novels, among which the best are *Linda, Rena, Marcus Walzland, Eoline, Wild Jack* and—the best of them all—*Ernest Linwood*. Among her tragedies are *De Lara, Lamorah* and *Constance of Werdensberg*. She died at Mariana, in Florida, on the 11th of February, 1856.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

THE subject of this notice was the daughter of Joseph Locke, and was a native of Boston, in which city she resided until her marriage with Samuel S. Osgood, an artist of distinction. A noted writer says of her in a critique, "Her personal not less than her literary character and existence are one perpetual poem. Not to write poetry—not to think it, act it, dream it and be it—is entirely out of her power." Her first volume, *The Wreath of Wild Flowers*, was published in England during a visit to that country immediately after her marriage. In the words of the critic already quoted, "there was that about the volume—that inexpressible grace of thought and manner—which never fails to find a ready echo in the heart." The next collection of her poems was published in New York, and was most favorably received by the public and the press throughout the country. A charming naïveté, an exquisite simplicity, an inimitable grace, with at times a thrilling and impassioned earnestness, are Mrs. Osgood's chief characteristics as a writer.

We close our remarks with a just and beautiful tribute to our fair authoress from the pen of a sister-poetess: "With her beautiful Italian soul, with her impulse and wild imagery and exuberant fancy and glowing passionateness, and with the wonderful facility with which, like an almond tree casting off its blossoms, she flings around her heart tinted and love-perfumed lays, she has, I must believe, more of the improvisatrice than has yet

been revealed by any of our gifted countrywomen."

Mrs. Osgood died in May, 1850.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

PLANS OF LIFE OFTEN ILLUSORY.

OMAR, the son of Hassan, had passed seventy-five years in honor and prosperity. The favor of three successive califs had filled his house with gold and silver; and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage.

Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel; the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odors. The vigor of Omar began to fail; the curls of beauty fell from his head; strength departed from his hands and agility from his feet. He gave back to the calif the keys of trust and the seals of secrecy, and sought no other pleasure for the remains of life than the converse of the wise and the gratitude of the good. The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants eager to catch the dictates of experience and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caled, the son of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent; Omar admired his wit and loved his docility.

"Tell me," said Caled, "thou to whose voice nations have listened and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia—tell me how I may resemble Omar the prudent. The arts by which thou hast gained power and preserved it are to thee no longer necessary or useful; impart to me the secret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan upon which thy wisdom has built thy fortune."

"Young man," said Omar, "it is of little use to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my twentieth year, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of solitude I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar, which spread its branches over my head:

"'Seventy years are allowed to man; I have yet fifty remaining. Ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries. I shall be learned, and therefore shall be honored; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my friendship. Twenty years thus passed will store my mind with images, which I shall be busy through the rest of my life in combining and comparing. I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; I shall find new pleasures for every moment, and shall nevermore be weary of myself. I will not, however, deviate too far from the beaten track of life, but will try what can be found in female delicacy. I will marry a wife beautiful as the Houries and wise as Zobeide; with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of Bagdat in every pleasure that wealth can purchase and fancy can invent. I will then retire to a rural dwelling, pass my days in obscurity and contemplation, and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution that I will never depend upon the smile of princes—that I will never stand exposed to the artifices of court. I will never pant for public honors, nor disturb my quiet with the affairs of state.'

"Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly upon my memory.

"The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honor and the most engaging pleasure; yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished and left nothing behind them. I now postponed my purpose of travelling; for why should I go abroad, while so much remained to be learned at home? I immured myself for four years and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my skill reached the judges; I was found able to speak upon doubtful questions, and was commanded to stand at the footstool of the calif. I was heard with attention; I was consulted with confidence, and the love of praise fastened on my heart. I still wished to see distant countries, listened with rapture to the relations of travellers, and resolved some time to ask my dismission, that I might feast my soul with novelty; but my presence was always necessary, and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude, but I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage. In my fiftieth year I began to suspect that the time of travelling was past, and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power and indulge myself in domestic pleasures. But at fifty no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the Houries and wise as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of wishing to marry. I had now nothing left but retirement; and for retirement I never found a time till disease forced me from public employment.

"Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequence. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried; and with unalterable resolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdat."

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

THE heavens present even to the untutored observer a sublime and elevating spectacle. He beholds an immense concave hemisphere surrounding the earth in every region, and resting, as it were, upon the circle of the horizon. Wherever he roams abroad, on the surface of the land or of the ocean, this celestial vault still appears encompassing the world, and after travelling thousands of miles it seems to make no nearer an approach than when the journey commenced. From every quarter of this mighty arch numerous lights are displayed, moving onward in solemn silence and calculated to inspire admiration and awe. Even the rudest savages have been struck with admiration at the view of the nocturnal heavens, and have regarded the celestial luminaries either as the residences of their gods or the arbiters of their future destinies.

But to minds enlightened with the dis-

coveries of science and revelation the firmament presents a scene incomparably more magnificent and august. Its concave rises toward immensity, and stretches on every hand to regions immeasurable by any finite intelligence; it opens to the view a glimpse of orbs of inconceivable magnitude and grandeur and arranged in multitudes which no man can number, which have diffused their radiance on the earth during hundreds of generations; it opens a vista which carries our views into the regions of infinity and exhibits a sensible display of the immensity of space and of the boundless operations of Omnipotence; it demonstrates the existence of an eternal and incomprehensible Divinity, who presides in all the grandeur of his attributes over an unlimited empire; it overwhelms the contemplative mind with a display of the riches of his wisdom and the glories of his omnipotence; it directs our prospects to the regions of other worlds, where ten thousand times ten thousands of intelligences of various orders experience the effects of divine love and beneficence. Amid the silence and the solitude of the midnight scene it inspires the soul with a solemn awe and with reverential emotions; it excites admiration, astonishment and wonder in every reflecting mind, and has a tendency to enkindle the fire of devotion and to raise the affections to that ineffable Being who presides in high authority over all its movements. While contemplating with the eye of intelligence this immeasurable expanse, it teaches us the littleness of man and of all that earthly pomp and splendor of which he is so proud; it shows us that this world, with all its furniture and decorations, is but an almost invisible speck on the great map of the universe, and that our thoughts and affections ought to soar above all its sinful pursuits and its transitory enjoyments. In short, in this universal temple hung with innumerable lights we behold with the eye of imagination unnumbered legions of bright intelligences unseen by mortal eyes, celebrating in ecstatic strains the perfections of Him who is the Creator and Governor of all worlds; we are carried forward to an eternity to come, amid whose scenes and revolutions alone the magnificent objects it contains can be contemplated in all their extent and grandeur.

It is an evidence of the depraved and grovelling dispositions of man that the firmament is so seldom contemplated with the eye of reason and devotion. No other studies can present an assemblage of objects so wonderful and sublime, and yet, of all the departments of knowledge which are generally prosecuted, no one is so little understood or appreciated by the bulk of mankind as the science of the heavens. Were it more generally studied or its objects more frequently contemplated, it would have a tendency to purify and elevate the soul, to expand and ennoble the intellectual faculty, and to supply interesting topics for conversation and reflection. The objects in the heavens are so grand, so numerous, so diversified and so magnificent, both in their size and in the rapidity of their motions, that there appears no end to speculation, to inquiry, to conjecture, to incessant admiration. There is ample room for all the faculties of the brightest genius to be employed and to expatiate in all their energy on the boundless theme; and were they thus employed more frequently than they are, our views of

the arrangement and the nature of the magnificent globes of heaven might be rendered still more definite and expansive.

While contemplating the expanse of the starry heavens the mind is naturally led into a boundless train of speculations and inquiries. Where do these mighty heavens begin, and where do they end? Can imagination fathom their depth or human calculations and figures express their extent? Have angels or archangels ever winged their flight across the boundaries of the firmament? Can the highest created beings measure the dimensions of those heavens or explore them throughout all their departments? Is there a boundary to creation beyond which the energies of Omnipotence are unknown, or does it extend throughout the infinity of space? Is the immense fabric of the universe yet completed, or is almighty power still operating throughout the boundless dimensions of space and new creations still starting into existence? At what period in duration did this mighty fabric commence, and when will it be completed? Will a period ever arrive when the operations of creating power shall cease, or will they be continued throughout all the revolutions of eternity? What various orders of intellectual beings people the vast regions of the universe? With what mental energies and corporeal powers are they endowed? Are they confined to one region of space, or are they invested with powers of locomotion which enable them to wing their flight from world to world? Are they making rapid advances from age to age in intellectual improvement? Has moral evil ever made inroads into those remote regions of creation, or are all their inhabitants confirmed in a state of innocence and bliss? Is their history diversified by new and wonderful events, and do changes and revolutions happen among them? Are all the tribes of intellectual natures throughout creation connected together by certain relations and bonds of union, and will a period ever arrive in the future revolutions of eternity when they shall have had an intimate correspondence with one another? These and hundreds of similar inquiries are naturally suggested by serious contemplations of the objects connected with the starry heavens, and they have a tendency to lead the mind to sublime and interesting trains of thought and reflection, and to afford scope for the noblest energies of the human soul.

THOMAS DICK, LL.D.

HOW TO STUDY.

THE eagerness and strong bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often an hindrance to it. It still presses into farther discoveries and new objects and catches at the variety of knowledge, and therefore often stays not long enough on what is before it to look into it as it should for haste to pursue what is yet out of sight. He that rides post through a country may be able from the transient view to tell how in general the parts lie, and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain, and there a plain; here a morass, and there a river; woodland in one part, and savannahs in another. Such superficial ideas and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it, but the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals and inhabitants, with their several sorts

and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discover the rich mines without some digging. Nature commonly lodges her treasure and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter be knotty and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it, and stick upon it with labor and thought and close contemplation, and not leave it till it has mastered the difficulty and got possession of truth. But here care must be taken to avoid the other extreme: a man must not stick at every useless nicely and expect mysteries of science in every trivial question or scruple that he may raise. He that will stand to pick up and examine every pebble that comes in his way is as unlikely to return enriched and loaded with jewels as the other that travelled full speed. Truths are not the better nor the worse for their obviousness or difficulty, but their value is to be measured by their usefulness and tendency. Insignificant observations should not take up any of our minutes, and those that enlarge our view and give light toward further and useful discoveries should not be neglected, though they stop our course and spend some of our time in a fixed attention.

There is another haste that does often, and will, mislead the mind if it be left to itself and its own conduct. The understanding is naturally forward not only to learn its knowledge by variety—which makes it skip over one to get speedily to another part of knowledge—but also eager to enlarge its views by running too fast into general observations and conclusions without a due examination of particulars enough whereon to found those general axioms. This seems to enlarge their stock, but it is of fancies, not realities. Such theories, built upon narrow foundations, stand but weakly, and if they fall not of themselves are at least very hardly to be supported against the assaults of opposition. And thus men, being too hasty to erect to themselves general notions and ill-grounded theories, find themselves deceived in their stock of knowledge when they come to examine their hastily-assumed maxims themselves or to have them attacked by others. General observations drawn from particulars are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room; but they are therefore to be made with the greater care and caution, lest, if we take counterfeit for true, our loss and shame be the greater when our stock comes to a severe scrutiny. One or two particulars may suggest hints of inquiry, and they do well to take those hints; but if they turn them into conclusions and make them presently general rules, they are forward indeed, but it is only to impose on themselves by propositions assumed for truths without sufficient warrant. To make such observations is to make the head a magazine of materials which can hardly be called knowledge, or at least it is but like a collection of lumber not reduced to use or order; and he that makes everything an observation has the same useless plenty and much more falsehood mixed with it. The extremes on both sides are to be avoided, and he will be able to give the best account of his studies who keeps his understanding in the right mean between them.

JOHN LOCKE.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

I REMEMBER once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman,

"What river is that, sir?"

"That," said he, "is Niagara River."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I—"bright and fair and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near the Falls?"

"You will find it so, sir."

And so I found it, and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget.

Now, launch your bark on that Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank,

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! We have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail and speed to the land.—Then on, boys. Don't be alarmed; there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! We will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may—will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! beware! The rapids are below you. Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! quick! Pull for your lives! Pull till the blood starts from your nostrils and the veins stand like whipcords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail!"

Ah! ah! it is too late. Shrieking, howling, blaspheming, over they go.

Thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year through the power of habit, crying all the while,

"When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up." JOHN B. GOUGH.

WERE THIS WORLD ONLY MADE FOR ME.

UNTHINKING, idle, wild and young,
I laughed and talked and danced and sung,
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care or pain,
Concluding in those hours of glee
That all the world was made for me.

But when the days of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When Folly's gay pursuits were o'er
And I could dance and sing no more,
It then occurred how sad 'twould be
Were this world only made for me.

PRINCESS AMELIA.

BADEN-BADEN.

BADEN-BADEN sits in the lap of the hills, and the natural and artificial beauties of the surroundings are combined effectively and charmingly. The level strip of ground which stretches through and beyond the town is laid out in handsome pleasure-grounds shaded by noble trees and adorned at intervals with lofty and sparkling fountain-jets. Thrice a day a fine band makes music in the public promenade before the Conversation-House, and in the afternoon and evening that locality is populous with fashionably-dressed people of both sexes, who march back and forth past the great music-stand and look very much bored, though they make a show of feeling otherwise. It seems like a rather aimless and stupid existence. A good many of these people are there for a real purpose, however: they are racked with rheumatism, and they are there to stew it out in hot baths. These invalids looked melancholy enough limping about on their canes and crutches and apparently brooding over all sorts of cheerless things. People say that Germany, with her damp stone houses, is the home of rheumatism. If that is so, Providence must have foreseen that it would be so, and therefore filled the land with these healing baths. Perhaps no other country is so generously supplied with medicinal springs as Germany. Some of these baths are good for one ailment, some for another; and, again, peculiar ailments are conquered by combining the individual virtues of several different baths. For instance, for some forms of disease the patient drinks the native hot water of Baden-Baden with a spoonful of salt from the Carlsbad springs dissolved in it. That is not a dose to be forgotten right away.

They don't sell this hot water. No. You go into the great Trinkhalle and stand around, first on one foot and then on the other, while two or three young girls sit pottering at some sort of ladylike sewing-work in your neighborhood and can't seem to see you, polite as three-dollar clerks in government offices. By and by one of these rises painfully and "stretches"—stretches fists and body heavenward till she raises her heels from the floor, at the same time refreshing herself with a yawn of such comprehensiveness that the bulk of her face disappears behind her upper lip and one is able to see how she is constructed inside; then she slowly closes her cavern, brings down her fists and her heels, comes languidly forward, contemplates you contemptuously, draws you a glass of hot water and sets it down where you can get it by reaching for it. You take it and say, "How much?" and she returns you, with elaborate indifference, a beggar's answer: "Nach Beliebe" ("What you please").

This thing of using the common beggar's trick and the common beggar's shibboleth to put you on your liberality, when you were

expecting a simple straightforward commercial transaction, adds a little to your prospering sense of irritation. You ignore her reply, and ask again, "How much?" and she calmly, indifferently, repeats, "Nach Beliebe."

You are getting angry, but you are trying not to show it; you resolve to keep on asking your question till she changes her answer, or at least her annoyingly indifferent manner. Therefore, if your case be like mine, you two fools stand there, and without perceptible emotion of any kind or any emphasis on any syllable you look blandly into each other's eyes and hold the following idiotic conversation:

"How much?"
"Nach Beliebe."
"How much?"
"Nach Beliebe."
"How much?"
"Nach Beliebe."
"How much?"
"Nach Beliebe"
"How much?"
"Nach Beliebe."
"How much?"
"Nach Beliebe."

I do not know what another person would have done, but at this point I gave it up: that cast-iron indifference, that tranquil contemptuousness, conquered me, and I struck my colors. Now, I know she was used to receiving about a penny from manly people who care nothing about the opinions of scullery-maids, and about tuppence from moral cowards; but I laid a silver twenty-five cent piece within her reach and tried to shrivel her up with this sarcastic speech:

"If it isn't enough, will you stoop sufficiently from your official dignity to say so?"

She did not shrivel. Without deigning to look at me at all, she languidly lifted the coin and bit it to see if it was good. Then she turned her back and placidly waddled to her former roost again, tossing the money into an open till as she went along. She was victor to the last, you see.

Baden-Baden is an inane town filled with sham and petty fraud and snobbery, but the baths are good. I spoke with many people, and they were all agreed in that. I had had twinges of rheumatism unceasingly during three years, but the last one departed after a fortnight's bathing there, and I have never had one since. I fully believe I left my rheumatism in Baden-Baden. Baden-Baden is welcome to it. It was little, but it was all I had to give. I would have preferred to leave something that was catching, but it was not in my power.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS
(Mark Twain).

THE WHITE ROSE.

SENT BY A YORKISH LOVER TO HIS LANCASTRIAN MISTRESS.

IF this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou mayest deign,
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkish turn again.

ANONYMOUS.

THE LAST CONFLICT.

From "The Mill on the Floss."

MAGGIE took up the letter, held it to the candle and let it burn slowly on the hearth. To-morrow she would write to him the last word of parting.

"'I will bear it, and bear it till death.' But how long it will be before death comes! I am so young, so healthy! How shall I have patience and strength? Am I to struggle and fall and repent again? Has life other trials as hard for me still?" With that cry of self-despair Maggie fell on her knees against the table and buried her sorrow-stricken face. Her soul went out to the unseen Pity that would be with her to the end. Surely there was something being taught her by this experience of great need, and she must be learning a secret of human tenderness and long-suffering that the less erring could hardly know. "O God, if my life is to be long, let me live to bless and comfort—"

At that moment Maggie felt a startling sensation of sudden cold about her knees and feet: it was water flowing under her. She started up; the stream was flowing under the door that led into the passage. She was not bewildered for an instant; she knew it was the flood. The tumult of emotion she had been enduring for the last twelve hours seemed to have left a great calm in her. Without screaming, she hurried with the candle up stairs to Bob Jakin's bedroom. The door was ajar. She went in and shook him by the shoulder:

"Bob, the flood is come; it is in the house. Let us see if we can make the boat safe."

She lighted his candle, while the poor wife, snatching up her baby, burst into screams, and then she hurried down again to see if the waters were rising fast. There was a step down into the room at the door leading from the staircase; she saw that the water was already on a level with the step. While she was looking, something came with a tremendous crash against the window and sent the leaded panes and the old wooden framework inward in shivers, the water pouring in after it.

"It is the boat!" cried Maggie.—"Bob, come down to get the boats!" and without a moment's shudder of fear she plunged through the water, which was rising fast to her knees, and by the glimmering light of the candle she had left on the stairs she mounted on to the window-sill and crept into the boat, which was left with the prow lodging and protruding through the window.

Bob was not long after her, hurrying without shoes or stockings, but with the lantern in his hand.

"Why, they're both here—both the boats," said Bob as he got into the one where Maggie was. "It's wonderful this fastening isn't broke too, as well as the mooring."

In the excitement of getting into the other

boat, unfastening it and mastering an oar Bob was not struck with the danger Maggie incurred. We are not apt to fear for the fearless when we are companions in their danger, and Bob's mind was absorbed in possible expedients for the safety of the helpless in-doors. The fact that Maggie had been up, had waked him and had taken the lead in activity gave Bob a vague impression of her as one who would help to protect, not need to be protected. She too had got possession of an oar, and had pushed off, so as to release the boat from the overhanging window-frame.

"The water's rising so fast," said Bob, "I doubt it'll be in at the chambers before long, th' house is so low. I've more mind to get Prissy and the child and the mother into the boat, if I could, and trustin' to the water, for the old house is none so safe. And if I let go the boat— But you!" he exclaimed, suddenly lifting the light of his lantern on Maggie as she stood in the rain with the oar in her hand and her black hair streaming.

Maggie had no time to answer, for a new tidal current swept along the line of the houses, and drove both the boats out on to the wide water with a force that carried them far past the meeting current of the river.

In the first moments Maggie felt nothing, thought of nothing, but that she had suddenly passed away from that life which she had been dreading: it was the transition of death without its agony, and she was alone in the darkness with God.

The whole thing had been so rapid, so dreamlike, that the threads of ordinary association were broken. She sank down on the seat, clutching the oar mechanically, and for a long while had no distinct conception of her position. The first thing that waked her to fuller consciousness was the cessation of the rain and a perception that the darkness was divided by the faintest light, which parted the overhanging gloom from the immeasurable watery level below. She was driven out upon the flood—that awful visitation of God which her father used to talk of, which had made the nightmare of her childish dreams. And with that thought there rushed in the vision of the old home and Tom and her mother: they had all listened together.

"O God, where am I? Which is the way home?" she cried out, in the dim loneliness.

What was happening to them at the mill? The floods had once nearly destroyed it. They might be in danger, in distress, her mother and her brother, alone there beyond reach of help. Her whole soul was strained now on that thought, and she saw the long-loved face looking for help into the darkness and finding none. She was floating in smooth water now—perhaps far on the overflooded fields. There was no sense of present danger to check the outgoing of her mind to the old home, and she strained her eyes against the curtain of gloom that she might seize the first sight of her whereabout, that she might catch some faint suggestion of the spot toward which all her anxieties tended.

Oh how welcome the winding of that dismal watery level, the gradual uplifting of the cloudy firmament, the slowly-defining blackness of objects above the glossy dark! Yes, she must be out on the fields: those were the tops of hedgerow trees. Which way did the river lie? Looking behind her, she saw the lines of black trees; looking before her, there were none. Then the river lay before her. She seized an oar and began to paddle the

boat forward with the energy of weakening hope. The dawning seemed to advance more swiftly now she was in action, and she could soon see the poor dumb beasts crowding piteously on a mound where they had taken refuge. Onward she paddled and rowed by turns in the growing twilight; her wet clothes clung round her and her streaming hair was dashed about by the wind, but she was hardly conscious of any bodily sensations except a sensation of strength inspired by a mighty emotion. Along with the sense of danger and possible rescue for those long-remembered beings at the old home, there was an undefined sense of reconcilement with her brother. What quarrel, what harshness, what unbelief in each other, can subsist in the presence of a great calamity, when all the artificial vesture of our life is gone and we are all one with each other in primitive mortal needs? Vaguely Maggie felt that in the strong resurgent love toward her brother that swept away all the later impressions of hard, cruel offence and misunderstanding, and left only the deep underlying, unshakable memories of early union.

But now there was a large dark mass in the distance, and near to her Maggie could discern the current of the river. The dark mass must be—yes, it was—St. Ogg's. Ah! now she knew which way to look for the first glimpse of the well-known trees—the gray willows, the now-yellowing chestnuts—and above them the old roof. But there was no color, no shape, yet; all was faint and dim. More and more strongly the energies seemed to come and put themselves forth, as if her life were a stored-up force that was being spent in this hour, unneeded for any future.

She must get her boat into the current of the Floss, else she would never be able to pass the Ripple and approach the house; this was the thought that occurred to her as she imagined with more and more vividness the state of things round the old home. But then she might be carried very far down, and be unable to guide her boat out of the current again. For the first time distinct ideas of danger began to press upon her, but there was no choice of course, no room for hesitation, and she floated into the current. Swiftly she went now, without effort. More and more clearly in the lessening distance and the growing light she began to discern the objects that she knew must be the well-known trees and roofs; nay, she was not far off a rushing muddy current that must be the strangely altered Ripple.

Great God! there were floating masses in it that might dash against her boat as she passed and cause her to perish too soon. What were those masses?

For the first time Maggie's heart began to beat in an agony of dread. She sat helpless, dimly conscious that she was being floated along—more intensely conscious of the anticipated clash. But the horror was transient; it passed away before the oncoming warehouses of St. Ogg's. She had passed the mouth of the Ripple, then; now she must use all her skill and power to manage the boat, and get it, if possible, out of the current. She could see now that the bridge was broken down; she could see the masts of a stranded vessel far out over the watery field; but no boats were to be seen moving on the river: such as had been laid hands on were employed in the flooded streets.

With new resolution, Maggie seized her oar and stood up again to paddle; but the

now-ebbing tide added to the swiftness of the river, and she was carried along beyond the bridge. She could hear shouts from the windows overlooking the river, as if the people there were calling to her. It was not till she had passed on nearly to Tofton that she could get the boat clear of the current. Then, with one yearning look toward her uncle Deane's house, that lay farther down the river, she took to both her oars and rowed with all her might across the watery fields back toward the mill. Color was beginning to awake now, and as she approached the Dorlcote fields she could discern the tints of the trees—could see the old Scotch firs far to the right, and the home chestnuts. Oh how deep they lay in the water!—deeper than the trees on this side the hill. And the roof of the mill—where was it? Those heavy fragments hurrying down the Ripple—what had they meant? But it was not the house: the house stood firm—drowned up to the first story, but still firm. Or was it broken in at the end toward the mill?

With panting joy that she was there at last—joy that overcame all distress—Maggie neared the front of the house. At first she heard no sound, she saw no object moving. Her boat was on a level with the up-stairs windows. She called out in a loud, piercing voice:

"Tom, where are you? Mother, where are you? Here is Maggie!"

Soon, from the window of the attic in the central gable, she heard Tom's voice:

"Who is it? Have you brought a boat?"

"It is I, Tom—Maggie. Where is mother?"

"She is not here; she went to Garum the day before yesterday. I'll come down to the lower window. Alone, Maggie?" said Tom, in a voice of deep astonishment, as he opened the middle window on a level with the boat.

"Yes, Tom; God has taken care of me to bring me to you. Get in quickly. Is there no one else?"

"No," said Tom, stepping into the boat; "I fear the man is drowned. He was carried down the Ripple, I think, when part of the mill fell with the crash of trees and stones against it. I've shouted again and again, and there has been no answer. Give me the oars, Maggie."

It was not till Tom had pushed off and they were on the wide water—he face to face with Maggie—that the full meaning of what had happened rushed upon his mind. It came with so overpowering a force, such an entirely new revelation to his spirit of the depths in life that had lain beyond his vision, which he had fancied so keen and clear, that he was unable to ask a question. They sat mutely gazing at each other—Maggie with eyes of intense life looking out from a weary, beaten face; Tom, pale with a certain awe and humiliation. Thought was busy, though the lips were silent; and, though he could ask no question, he guessed a story of almost miraculous divinely-protected effort. But at last a mist gathered over the blue-gray eyes and the lips found a word they could utter:

"Maggie!"

Maggie could make no answer but a long deep sob of that mysterious wondrous happiness that is one with pain. As soon as she could speak she said,

"We will go to Lucy, Tom; we'll go and see if she is safe, and then we can help the rest."

Tom rowed with untired vigor, and with a different speed from poor Maggie's. The boat was soon in the current of the river again, and soon they would be at Tofton.

"Park House stands high up out of the flood," said Maggie. "Perhaps they have got Lucy there."

Nothing else was said.

Now a new danger was being carried toward them by the river; some wooden machinery had just given way on one of the wharves, and huge fragments were being floated along. The sun was rising now, and the wide area of watery desolation was spread out in dreadful clearness around them; in dreadful clearness floated onward the hurrying, threatening masses. A large company in a boat that was working its way along under the Tofton houses observed their danger and shouted,

"Get out of the current!"

But that could not be done at once, and Tom, looking before him, saw death rushing on them. Huge fragments clinging together in fatal fellowship made one wide mass across the stream.

"It is coming, Maggie," Tom said, in a deep hoarse voice, loosing the oars and clasping her.

The next instant the boat was no longer seen upon the water, and the huge mass was hurrying on in hideous triumph. But soon the keel of the boat reappeared, a black speck on the golden water.

The boat reappeared, but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted, living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love and roamed the daisied fields together.

Nature repairs her ravages—repairs them with her sunshine and with human labor. The desolation wrought by that flood had left but little visible trace on the face of the earth five years after. The fifth autumn was rich in golden cornstacks rising in thick clusters among the distant hedgerows; the wharves and warehouses on the Floss were busy again with echoes of eager voices, with hopeful lading and unlading.

Nature repairs her ravages, but not all. The uptorn trees are not rooted again; the parted hills are left scarred. If there is a new growth, the trees are not the same as the old, and the hills underneath their green vesture bear the marks of the past rending. To the eyes that have dwelt on the past there is no thorough repair.

Dorlcote Mill was rebuilt, and Dorlcote churchyard—where the brick grave that held a father was found with the stone laid prostrate upon it after the flood—had recovered all its grassy order and decent quiet. Near that brick grave there was a tomb erected very soon after the flood for two bodies that were found in close embrace. The tomb bore the names of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, and below the names it was written: "In their death they were not divided."

GEORGE ELIOT.

CHARACTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

THE formation of his character is not, as it ought to be, the chief concern with every man. Many wish merely to find a sort of recipe for comfort, directions for acquiring riches or whatever good they aim at.

Translation of JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

IN A GARRET, AT TWENTY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PIERRE-JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

ONCE more I behold thee, thou humble retreat
Where my youth learned the lesson of poverty strong!
I was twenty; and this was my fortune complete,
A fair partner, dear friends and a true love of song.
So, braving the world—thoughtless madcap accounted—
All rich in young life, from anxiety free,
Light and joyous my six-flighted staircase I mounted:
In a garret, at twenty, how blest one can be!

It was naught but a garret—ay, read it who will.
My bed, low and hard, in that nook I recall;
There my table of fir; and above it see still
The verses with charcoal inscribed on the wall!
Oh, appear once again, dear enjoyments, scarce fledged,
Ere stolen by fell Time from my comrades and me;
For you I my watch have a score of times pledged.
In a garret, at twenty, how blest one can be!

One day—rare event!—a few ducats were mine;
I had friends round my table; we shouted and sung;
When cries from the street made us spring from our wine:
"Hurrah! Vive Napoleon! Marengo is won!"
Forth pealed the hoarse cannon; our voices replied
As the hero's proud feats we applauded with glee.
"Who shall now dare invade our fair country?" we cried.
In a garret, at twenty, how blest one can be!

But quit we this roof where fond mem'ry would hover;
O days of my youth, with what speed did ye flow!
To live but one month of those thoughtless times over
All of life that remains me I'd gladly forego!
To dream love and glory, to revel in bliss,
A long future by hope brightly gilded to see,
Joys of years crowded into an hour,—with all this,
In a garret, at twenty, how blest one can be!

Translation of WILLIAM ANDERSON.

THE ALTAR.

OH, there are hearts that well may date
The era of their joy from thee—
The birthplace of the brightest fate
That wedded life and love may be—
Hearts that have blessed, that bless thee now,
In memory of their plighted vow.

How long, how fondly, memory dwells
On moments past that led to bliss!
Not time, which breaks all other spells,
E'er broke the heavenly charm of this,
Which falls upon the heart like dew
That decks the faded flower anew.

JAMES BIRD

A FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah! why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn, thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear:

"Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in the sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in the breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow
Whose birth was in their tops grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy and tall and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art in here; thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship; nature here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around

From perch to perch the solitary bird
Passes, and yon clear spring, that 'midst its herbs
Wells softly forth and wandering steeps the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections: grandeur, strength and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince
In all that proud Old World beyond the deep
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest-flower
With scented breath and look so like a smile
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

"My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
For ever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die; but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever-gay and beautiful youth—
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly than their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne, the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

"There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still. O God, when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
With all the waters of the firmament
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities,—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach

Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE MINSTREL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE.

"WHAT is't without the gate I hear,
What on the drawbridge sound?
Quick! let the song unto our ear
Within the hall resound!"
The monarch spake, the page he sped;
The boy returned; the monarch said,
"Conduct the old man in."

"All hail, ye noble lords and peers!
All hail, ye gentle dames!
E'en richer than the starry spheres:
Who knoweth all their names?
In this bright hall, where splendors blaze,
Close, close, mine eyes! ye may not gaze,
Nor feast with wonder now."

He closed his eyes; he struck an air:
The thrilling tones resound;
The knights with courage looked, the fair
Gazed down upon the ground.
The king was pleased, and for his strain,
To honor him, a golden chain
He bade them bring to him.

"The golden chain I may not take:
The chain on knights bestow
Before whose daring presence break
The lances of the foe.
Give it thy chancellor to wear;
Let him the golden burden bear,
With others that he hath.

"I sing as do the little birds
That 'mid the branches live;
The song which I pour forth in words
Its own reward doth give.
Yet, may I ask, grant this request:
Give me a draught of wine, the best,
In goblet of pure gold."

He raised the cup, the cup did drain:
"O draught more sweet than all!
May prosper long the house and reign
Where such a gift is small!
If well thou farest, think of me,
And thank thy God, as I do thee
For this delicious draught."

Translation of ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

TALK not of temples! There is one,
Built without hands, to mankind given;
Its lamps are the meridian sun
And all the stars of heaven;
Its walls are the cerulean sky,
Its floor the earth so green and fair;
The dome is vast immensity:
All nature worships there.

The Alps arrayed in stainless snow,
The Andean ranges yet untrod,
At sunrise and at sunset glow
Like altar-fires to God;
A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze
As if with hallowed victims rare,
And thunder lifts its voice in praise:
All nature worships there.

The ocean heaves resistlessly,
And pours his glittering treasure forth;

His waves—the priesthood of the sea—
  Kneel on the shell-gemmed earth,
And there emit a hollow sound,
  As if they murmured praise and prayer;
On every side 'tis holy ground:
  All nature worships there.

The grateful earth her odors yield
  In homage, mighty One, to thee;
From herbs and flowers in every field,
  From fruit on every tree,
The balmy dew at morn and even
  Seems like the penitential tear
Shed only in the sight of Heaven:
  All nature worships there.

The cedar and the mountain-pine,
  The willow on the fountain's brim,
The tulip and the eglantine
  In reverence bend to him;
The song-birds pour their sweetest lays
  From tower and tree and middle air;
The rushing river murmurs praise:
  All nature worships there.

Then talk not of a fane save one,
  Built without hands, to mankind given;
Its lamps are the meridian sun
  And all the stars of heaven;
Its walls are the cerulean sky,
  Its floor the earth so green and fair;
The dome is vast immensity:
  All nature worships there.

DAVID VEDDER.

GO, FORGET ME.

GO, forget me: why should sorrow
  O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me, and to-morrow
  Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile, though I shall not be near thee;
Sing, though I shall never hear thee:
  May thy soul with pleasure shine,
  Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing
  Clothes the meanest things in light;
And when thou, like him, art going,
  Loveliest objects fade in night.
All things looked so bright about thee
That they nothing seem without thee;
  By that pure and lucid mind
  Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,
  Softly on my soul that fell;
Go, for me no longer beaming,
  Hope and Beauty, fare ye well!
Go, and all that once delighted
Take, and leave me, all-benighted,
  Glory's burning generous swell,
  Fancy and the poet's shell.

CHARLES WOLFE.

THE STAR-SURVEYING SAGE.

WITH study pale and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube,
And, travelling through the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But ah, proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head:
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails,
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

ROBERT BLAIR.

LOOK AT THE CLOCK!

FROM INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

"LOOK at the clock!" quoth
Winifred Pryce
As she opened the door to
her husband's knock,
Then paused to give him a
piece of advice:
"You nasty warmint, look
at the clock!
Is this the way, you
Wretch, every day you
Treat her who vowed to love
and obey you?—
Out all night;
Me in a fright;
Staggering home as it's just getting light!
You intoxified brute! you insensible block!
Look at the clock! Do! Look at the clock!"

Winifred Pryce was tidy and clean;
Her gown was a flowered one, her petticoat
green;
Her buckles were bright as her milking-cans,
And her hat was a beaver and made like a
man's;
Her little red eyes were deep set in their
socket-holes;
Her gown-tail was turned up and tucked
through the pocket-holes;
A face like a ferret
Betokened her spirit.
To conclude, Mrs. Pryce was not over-young,
Had very short legs and a very long tongue.

Now, David Pryce
Had one darling vice:
Remarkably partial to anything nice,
Naught that was good to him came amiss,
Whether to eat or to drink or to kiss—
Especially ale;
If it was not too stale,
I really believe he'd have emptied a pail.
Not that in Wales
They talk of their ales;
To pronounce the word they make use of
might trouble you,
Being spelt with a C, two R's and a W.

That particular day,
As I've heard people say,
Mr. David Pryce had been soaking his clay
And amusing himself with his pipe and
cheroots
The whole afternoon at the Goat-in-Boots
With a couple more soakers,
Thoroughbred smokers,
Both, like himself, prime singers and jokers;
And long after day had drawn to a close
And the rest of the world was wrapped in
repose,
They were roaring out "Shenkin!" and "Ar
hydd y nos;"
While David himself, to a Sassenach tune,
Sang, "We've drunk down the sun, boys:
let's drink down the moon!
What have we with day to do?
Mrs. Winifred Pryce, 'twas made
for you!"
At length, when they couldn't well drink any
more,
Old Goat-in-Boots showed them the door;

And then came that knock
And the sensible shock
David felt when his wife cried, "Look at the clock!"
For the hands stood as crooked as crooked might be—
The long at the XII and the short at the III

That selfsame clock had long been a bone
Of contention between this Darby and Joan,
And often, among their pother and rout,
When this otherwise amiable couple fell out,
Pryce would drop a cool hint,
With an ominous squint
At its case, of an "uncle" of his, who'd a "spout."
That horrid word "spout"
No sooner came out
Than Winifred Pryce would turn her about,
And with scorn on her lip,
And a hand on each hip,
"Spout" herself till her nose grew red at the tip:
"You thundering willin!
I know you'd be killing
Your wife—ay, a dozen of wives—for a shilling!
You may do what you please,
You may sell my chemise"
(Mrs. P. was too well bred to mention her stock),
"But I never will part with my grandmother's clock!"

Mrs. Pryce's tongue ran long and ran fast,
But patience is apt to wear out at last,
And David Pryce in temper was quick;
So he stretched out his hand and caught hold of a stick.
Perhaps in its use he might mean to be lenient,
But walking just then wasn't very convenient,
So he threw it, instead,
Direct at her head:
It knocked off her hat;
Down she fell flat;
Her case, perhaps, was not much mended by that.
But whatever it was—whether rage and pain
Produced apoplexy or burst a vein,
Or her tumble induced a concussion of brain—
I can't say for certain; but this I can:
When, sobered by fright, to assist her he ran,
Mrs. Winifred Pryce was as dead as Queen Anne.

The fearful catastrophe
Named in my last strophe
As adding to grim Death's exploits such a vast trophy
Made a great noise, and the shocking fatality
Ran over, like wild-fire, the whole principality.
And then came Mr. Ap Thomas, the coroner,
With his jury, to sit—some dozen or more—on her.
Mr. Pryce, to commence
His ingenious defence,
Made a powerful appeal to the jury's good sense:
The world he must defy
Even to justify
Any presumption of malice prepense;
The unlucky lick
From the end of his stick
He deplored—he was "apt to be rather too quick"—

But, really, her prating
Was so aggravating.
Some trifling correction was just what he meant; all
The rest, he assured them, was quite accidental.

Then he calls Mr. Jones,
Who depones to her tones
And her gestures, and hints about breaking his bones,
While Mr. Ap Morgan and Mr. Ap Rhys
Declare the deceased
Had styled him "a beast,"
And swear they had witnessed, with grief and surprise,
The allusions she made to his limbs and his eyes.

The jury, in fine, having sat on the body
The whole day, discussing the case and gin-toddy,
Returned about half-past eleven at night
The following verdict: "We find, 'Sarve her right!'"

Mr. Pryce, Mrs. Winifred Pryce being dead,
Felt lonely, and moped; and one evening he said
He would marry Miss Davis at once in her stead.
Not far from his dwelling,
From the vale proudly swelling,
Rose a mountain; its name you'll excuse me from telling,
For the vowels made use of in Welsh are so few
That the A and the E, the I, O and the U,
Have really but little or nothing to do,
And the duty, of course, falls the heavier by far
On the L and the H and the N and the R.
Its first syllable—"Pen—"
Is pronounceable; then
Come two L L's and two H H's, two F F's and an N;
About half a score R's and some W's follow,
Beating all my best efforts at euphony hollow.
But we sha'n't have to mention it often; so when
We do, with your leave, we'll curtail it to "Pen."

Well, the moon shone bright
Upon Pen that night
When Pryce, being quit of his fuss and his fright,
Was scaling its side
With that sort of a stride
A man puts on when walking in search of a bride.
Mounting higher and higher,
He began to perspire,
Till, finding his legs were beginning to tire,
And feeling opprest
By a pain in his chest,
He paused, and turned round to take breath and to rest.
A walk all up hill is apt, we know,
To make one, however robust, puff and blow;
So he stopped and looked down on the valley below.

O'er fell and o'er fen,
Over mountain and glen,
All bright in the moonshine, his eye roved, and then

All the patriot rose in his soul, and he thought
Upon Wales and her glories and all he'd been taught
Of her heroes of old,
So brave and so bold;
Of her bards with long beards and harps mounted in gold;
Of King Edward the First,
Of memory accurst,
And the scandalous manner in which he behaved,
Killing poets by dozens,
With their uncles and cousins,
Of whom not one in fifty had ever been shaved;
Of the court ball at which, by a lucky mishap,
Owen Tudor fell into Queen Katherine's lap,
And how Mr. Tudor
Successfully wooed her,
Till the dowager put on a new wedding-ring,
And so made him father-in-law to the king.

He thought upon Arthur and Merlin of yore,
On Gryffith ap Conan and Owen Glendour,
On Pendragon, and Heaven knows how many more.
He thought of all this, as he gazed, in a trice,
And on all things, in short, but the late Mrs. Pryce,
When a lumbering noise from behind made him start
And sent the blood back in full tide to his heart,
Which went pit-a-pat
As he cried out, "What's that—
That very queer sound?
Does it come from the ground
Or the air? from above, or below, or around?
It is not like talking,
It is not like walking,
It's not like the clattering of pot or of pan,
Or the tramp of a horse, or the tread of a man,
Or the hum of a crowd, or the shouting of boys.
It's really a deuced odd sort of noise,
Not unlike a cart's. But that can't be; for when
Could 'all the king's horses and all the king's men,'
With Old Nick for a waggoner, drive one up Pen?"

Pryce, usually brimful of valor when drunk,
Now experienced what schoolboys denominate "funk."
In vain he looked back
On the whole of the track
He had traversed; a thick cloud, uncommonly black,
At this moment obscured the broad disk of the moon,
And did not seem likely to pass away soon,
While clearer and clearer,
'Twas plain to the hearer,
Be the noise what it might, it drew nearer and nearer,
And sounded, as Pryce to this moment declares,
Very much "like a coffin a-walking up stairs."

Mr. Pryce had begun
To make up for a run,
As in such a companion he saw no great fun,
When a single bright ray
Shone out on the way
He had passed, and he saw, with no little dismay,

Coming after him, bounding o'er crag and o'er rock,
The deceased Mrs. Winifred's grandmother's clock.
'Twas so! It had certainly moved from its place,
And come lumbering on thus to hold him in chase;
'Twas the very same head and the very same case,
And nothing was altered at all but the face.
In that he perceived, with no little surprise,
The two little winder-holes turned into eyes
Blazing with ire,
Like two coals of fire;
And the name of the maker was changed to a lip,
And the hands to a nose with a very red tip.
No, he could not mistake it; 'twas she to the life—
The identical face of his poor defunct wife.

One glance was enough—
Completely *quant. suff.*,
As the doctors write down when they send you their stuff.
Like a weathercock whirled by a vehement puff,
David turned himself round;
Ten feet of ground
He cleared, in his start, at the very first bound.

I've seen people run at West-End fair for cheeses,
I've seen ladies run at Bow fair for chemises,
At Greenwich fair twenty men run for a hat,
And one from a bailiff much faster than that;
At football I've seen lads run after the bladder;
I've seen Irish bricklayers run up a ladder;
I've seen little boys run away from a cane;
And I've seen—that is, *read of*—good running in Spain;*
But I never did read
Of or witness such speed
As David exerted that evening. Indeed,
All I ever have heard of boys, women or men
Falls far short of Pryce as he ran over Pen.

He now reaches its brow;
He has passed it; and now,
Having once gained the summit and managed to cross it, he
Rolls down the side with uncommon velocity;
But, run as he will,
Or roll down the hill,
That bugbear behind him is after him still,
And close at his heels, not at all to his liking,
The terrible clock keeps on ticking and striking,
Till, exhausted and sore,
He can't run any more,
But falls as he reaches Miss Davis's door,
And screams when they rush out, alarmed at his knock,
"Oh, look at the clock! Do! Look at the clock!"

Miss Davis looked up, Miss Davis looked down:
She saw nothing there to alarm her; a frown
Came o'er her white forehead;
She said it was horrid
A man should come knocking at that time of night
And give her mamma and herself such a fright—

* I-run is a town said to have been so named from something of this sort.

To squall and to bawl
About nothing at all!
She begged he'd not think of repeating his call.
His late wife's disaster
By no means had passed her;
She'd "have him to know she was meat for his master."
Then, regardless alike of his love and his woes,
She turned on her heel and she turned up her nose.

Poor David in vain
Implored to remain,
He dared not, he said, cross the mountain again.
Why the fair was obdurate
None knows; to be sure, it
Was said she was setting her cap at the curate.
Be that as it may, it is certain the sole hole
Pryce found to creep into that night was the coal-hole.
In that shady retreat,
With nothing to eat,
And with very bruised limbs and with very sore feet,
All night close he kept:
I can't say he slept,
But he sighed and he sobbed and he groaned and he wept,
Lamenting his sins
And his two broken shins,
Bewailing his fate with contortions and grins,
And her he once thought a complete *rara avis*
Consigning to Satan—viz., cruel Miss Davis.

Mr. David has since had a serious call;
He never drinks ale, wine, or spirits at all,
And they say he is going to Exeter Hall
To make a grand speech
And to preach and to teach
People that they can't brew their malt liquor too small;
That an ancient Welsh poet—one Pyndar ap Tudor—
Was right in proclaiming "Ariston men Udor;"
Which means "The pure element
Is for man's belly meant,"
And that gin's but a snare of Old Nick the deluder.

And still on each evening, when pleasure fills up,
At the old Goat-in-Boots, with metheglin each cup,
Mr. Pryce, if he's there,
Will get into "the chair"
And make all his quondam associates stare
By calling aloud to the landlady's daughter,
"Patty, bring a cigar and a glass of spring water!"
The dial he constantly watches; and when
The long hand's at the XII and the short at the X
He gets on his legs,
Drains his glass to the dregs,
Takes his hat and great-coat off their several pegs,
With his president's hammer bestows his last knock,
And says solemnly, "Gentlemen,
Look at the clock!"

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

THE WANTS OF MAN.

MAN wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long:"
'Tis not with me exactly so,
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and, if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread
And canvas-backs and wine,
And all the realms of Nature spread
Before me when I dine,
With four choice cooks from France, beside,
To dress my dinner well;
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell.

What next I want, at heavy cost,
Is elegant attire—
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire;
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck,
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

And then I want a mansion fair,
A dwelling-house in style,
Four stories high, for wholesome air—
A massive marble pile,
With halls for banquetings and balls
All furnished rich and fine,
With high-blood studs in fifty stalls,
And cellars for my wine.

I want a garden and a park
My dwelling to surround—
A thousand acres (bless the mark!)
With walls encompassed round—
Where flocks may range and herds may low
And kids and lambkins play,
And flowers and fruits commingled grow,
All Eden to display.

I want, when summer's foliage falls
And autumn strips the trees,
A house within the city's walls,
For comfort and for ease;
But here, as space is somewhat scant
And acres somewhat rare,
My house in town I only want
To occupy—a square.

I want a steward, butler, cooks;
A coachman, footman, grooms;
A library of well-bound books,
And picture-garnished rooms—
Correggio's "Magdalen" and "Night,"
The "Matron of the Chair,"
Guido's fleet coursers in their flight,
And Claudes at least a pair,

I want a cabinet profuse
Of medals, coins and gems,
A printing-press for private use,
Of fifty thousand ems;

And plants and minerals and shells,
Worms, insects, fishes, birds,
And every beast on earth that dwells
In solitude or herds.

I want a board of burnished plate,
Of silver and of gold;
Tureens of twenty pounds in weight
And sculpture's richest mould;
Plateaus with chandeliers and lamps,
Plates, dishes—all the same;
And porcelain vases, with the stamps
Of Sèvres and Angoulême.

And maples of fair glossy stain
Must form my chamber doors,
And carpets of the Wilton grain
Must cover all my floors;
My walls, with tapestry bedecked,
Must never be outdone,
And damask curtains must protect
Their colors from the sun.

And mirrors of the largest pane
From Venice must be brought,
And sandalwood and bamboo-cane
For chairs and tables bought;
On all the mantelpieces clocks
Of thrice-gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
Invite the stranger's hand.

I want (who does not want?) a wife,
Affectionate and fair,
To solace all the woes of life
And all its joys to share;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm yet placid mind,
With all my faults to love me still
With sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair—
The boys, all wise and brave.

And when my bosom's darling sings
With melody divine,
A pedal harp of many strings
Must with her voice combine;
Piano exquisitely wrought
Must open stand, apart,
That all my daughters may be taught
To win the stranger's heart.

My wife and daughters will desire
Refreshment from perfumes,
Cosmetics for the skin require,
And artificial blooms;
The civet fragrance shall dispense,
And treasured sweets return,
Cologne revive the flagging sense,
And smoking amber burn.

And when at night my weary head
Begins to droop and doze,
A chamber south, to hold my bed
For nature's soft repose,
With blankets, counterpanes and sheet,
Mattress and sack of down,
And comfortables for my feet,
And pillows for my crown.

I want a warm and faithful friend
To cheer the adverse hour,
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power—

A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
  My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
  For him as his for me.

I want a kind and tender heart,
  For others' wants to feel;
A soul secure from Fortune's dart,
  And bosom armed with steel,
To bear divine chastisement's rod
  And mingling in my plan
Submission to the will of God
  With charity to man.

I want a keen, observing eye,
  An ever-listening ear,
The truth through all disguise to spy,
  And Wisdom's voice to hear;
A tongue to speak, at Virtue's need,
  In heaven's sublimest strain,
And lips the cause of man to plead,
  And never plead in vain.

I want uninterrupted health
  Throughout my long career,
And streams of never-failing wealth
  To scatter far and near—
The destitute to clothe and feed,
  Free bounty to bestow,
Supply the helpless orphan's need
  And soothe the widow's woe.

I want the genius to conceive,
  The talents to unfold,
Designs the vicious to retrieve,
  The virtuous to uphold;
Inventive power, combining skill,
  A persevering soul,
Of human hearts to mould the will
  And reach from pole to pole.

I want the seals of power and place,
  The ensigns of command,
Charged by the people's unbought grace
  To rule my native land;
Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask,
  But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
  Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
  To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
  The friend of humankind,
That after-ages, as they rise,
  Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union, to the skies,
  Their blessings on my name.

These are the wants of mortal man;
  I cannot need them long,
For life itself is but a span
  And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want, absorbing all,
  Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call,
  The mercy of my God.

And oh, while circles in my veins
  Of life the purple stream,
And yet a fragment small remains
  Of nature's transient dream,
My soul, in humble hope unscared,
  Forget not thou to pray
That this thy want may be prepared
  To meet the judgment-day.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THE man forget not though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise.

MARK AKENSIDE.

THE DIFFERENCE.

SO you call that a kiss when, in token of parting,
Your lips touched my own with such tremulous fear—
When haste took for wages the most of the honey
And whispered that danger and peril were near?

So you call that a kiss! Let me paint for a minute
The home of my fancy, my castle of rest,
Where, all the bright dreams of my life stored within it,
I linger for hours with the friends I love best.

The lamps shed a light like the soft glow of moonbeams,
The air breathes warm odors of spice and of balm,
Not a sound breaks the hush, and the spirit in rapture
Folds round it the mantle of heavenly calm.

You are there in the stillness, and some one beside you—
We'll say, for the dream's sake, the one you love best;
She is kneeling beside you, your arms are around her,
Her head on your shoulder is pillowed in rest.

You smooth the soft tresses away from her forehead,
Her breath, sweet as summer, floats over your cheek;
You tighten your clasp as you murmur, "My darling,
I am weary and faint for the kisses I seek."

She turns her face toward you, her large eyes uplifted,
Dilated and dark with a passionate fire,
And her rich, dewy lips, in their innocent fondness,
Fill up in full measure your cup of desire.

Oh, moment ecstatic, renewed and repeated!
Alas! weary world, with your burden of care,
Your raptures are coldness, your kisses are failures,
When matched with the ones of my castle in air.

MARY LOUISE RITTER.

SONG.

AH, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doomed to love and doomed to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish!
For oh, that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush and modest air,
So fatally beguiling—
Thy every look and every grace—
So charm whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
Still will my hopes pursue thee.
Then, when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last
And die in sight of heaven.

WILLIAM HAMILTON

THE DYING INDIAN.

ON yonder lake I spread the sail no more;
Vigor and youth and active days are past:
Relentless demons urge me to that shore
On whose black forests all the dead are cast.
Ye solemn train, prepare the funeral song,
For I must go to shades below,
Where all is strange and all is new,
Companion to the airy throng.
What solitary streams,
In dull and dreary dreams,
All melancholy, must I rove along!

"To what strange lands must Chequi take his way!
Groves of the dead departed mortals trace;
No deer along those gloomy forests stray,
No huntsmen there take pleasure in the chase,
But all are empty, unsubstantial shades
That ramble through those visionary glades:
No spongy fruits from verdant trees depend,
But sickly orchards there
Do fruits as sickly bear,
And apples a consumptive visage show,
And withered hangs the whortleberry blue.

"Ah me! what mischiefs on the dead attend!
Wandering, a stranger, to the shores below,
Where shall I brook or real fountain find?
Lazy and sad deluding waters flow:
Such is the picture in my boding mind.
Fine tales, indeed, they tell
Of shades and purling rills
Where our dead fathers dwell
Beyond the Western hills;
But when did ghost return his state to show,
Or who can promise half the tale is true?

"I too must be a fleeting ghost—no more:
None, none but shadows to those mansions go;
I leave my woods, I leave the Huron shore,
For emptier groves below.
Ye charming solitudes,
Ye tall ascending woods,
Ye glassy lakes and purling streams,
Whose aspect still was sweet
Whether the sun did greet
Or the pale moon embraced you with her beams,
Adieu to all—

To all that charmed me where I strayed,
The winding stream, the dark sequestered shade.
Adieu all triumphs here!
Adieu the mountain's lofty swell!
Adieu, thou little verdant hill!
And seas and stars and skies, farewell
For some remoter sphere!

"Perplexed with doubts and tortured with despair,
Why so dejected at this hopeless sleep?

Nature at last these ruins may repair
When Fate's long dream is o'er and she forgets to weep;
Some real world once more may be assigned,
Some new-born mansion for the immortal mind.
Farewell, sweet lake! farewell, surrounding woods!
To other groves through midnight gloom I stray,
Beyond the mountains and beyond the floods,
Beyond the Huron bay.
Prepare the hollow tomb and place me low,
My trusty bow and arrows by my side,
The cheerful bottle and the venison store,
For long the journey is that I must go
Without a partner and without a guide."

He spoke and bid the attending mourners weep,
Then closed his eyes and sunk to endless sleep.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

THELEMÉ.

I SAT one night on a palace step,
Wrapped up in a mantle thin,
And I gazed with a smile on the world without,
With a growl at my world within,
Till I heard the merry voices ring
Of a lordly companie,
And straight to myself I began to sing,
"It is there that I ought to be."

And long I gazed through a lattice raised
Which smiled from the old gray wall,
And my glance went in with the evening breeze,
And ran o'er the revellers all;
And I said, "If they saw me, 'twould cool their mirth
Far more than this wild breeze free,
But a merrier party was ne'er on earth,
And among them I fain would be."

And oh, but they all were beautiful—
Fairer than fairy dreams;
And their words were sweet as the wind-harp's tone
When it rings o'er summer streams;
And they pledged each other with noble mien:
"True heart, with my life to thee!"
"Alack!" quoth I, "but my soul is dry,
And among them I fain would be."

And the gentlemen were noble souls,
Good fellows both sain and sound:
I had not deemed that a band like this
Could over the world be found;
And they spoke of brave and beautiful things,
Of all that was dear to me,
And I thought, "Perhaps they will like me well
If among them I once might be."

And lovely were the ladies, too,
Who sat in the light bright hall,
And one there was—oh, dream of life!—
The loveliest 'mid them all.
She sat alone by an empty chair;
The queen of the feast was she;
And I said to myself, "By that lady fair
I certainly ought to be."

And aloud she spoke: "We have waited long
For one who in fear and doubt
Looks wistfully into our hall of song
As he sits on the steps without.

I have sung to him long in silent dreams,
  I have led him o'er land and sea;
Go welcome him in as his rank beseems,
  And give him a place by me."

They opened the door, yet I shrank with shame
  As I sat in my mantle thin,
But they haled me out with a joyous shout
  And merrily led me in,
And gave me a place by my bright-haired love,
  And she wept with joy and glee,
And I said to myself, "By the stars above,
  I am just where I ought to be."

Farewell to thee, life of joy and grief!
  Farewell to ye, care and pain!
Farewell, thou vulgar and selfish world!
  For I never will know thee again.
I live in a land where good fellows abound,
  In Thelemé, by the sea;
They may long for a "happier life" that will:
  I am just where I ought to be.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

YOUR HEART IS A MUSIC-BOX, DEAREST.

YOUR heart is a music-box, dearest,
  With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody sweetest and clearest
  If tried by a delicate hand,
But its workmanship, love, is so fine
  At a single rude touch it would break;
Then oh, be the magic key mine
  Its fairy-like whispers to wake.
And there's one little tune it can play
  That I fancy all others above;
You learned it of Cupid one day:
  It begins with, and ends with, "I love."
    "I love!"
  My heart echoes to it: "I love!"

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

THE PAUPER'S DEATHBED.

TREAD softly! bow the head—
  In reverent silence bow!
No passing-bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
  Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
  With lowly reverence bow:
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
  Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
  Lo! Death doth keep his state.
Enter! no crowds attend;
Enter! no guards defend
  This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold
  No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
  A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
  An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed; again
That short deep gasp; and then
  The parting groan.

Oh change, oh wondrous change!
  Burst are the prison bars;

This moment there so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars.

Oh change, stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod:
The sun eternal breaks;
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum-bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now, now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang and clash and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!

Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells.

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels:
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah! the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone,—
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human:
They are ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls,
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,
A pæan from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
With a pæan of the bells;
And he dances and he yells,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

VEEDYA.

SONG IN THE METRE OF THE ORIGINAL.

FROM THE BENGALI.

A MAID there is more bright than light
Whose charms my soul inflame;
Her father's only child she is,
And Veedya is her name.
In vain my lyre that form, all fire
And beauty, would portray;
But oh, my heart is sad and lone
While she is far away.

They say that Love has ne'er revealed
His form to mortal eye,
But he who views my Veedya's charms
Sees Cama's self stand by.

Ye gods, forbid that he should see
That maid so choice, so fair;
For Love may then my rival prove,
And sink me to despair.

I'll chant in song her matchless grace,
And breathe it in her ear;
The sacred hymns of Noodyià
My Veedya oft shall hear.
How blest were I, if, changed by spells
Into a bird-like shape,
I sang to her in Vrindabòr
'Mid lily, rose and grape!

My Veedya's beauty fills my soul;
I murmur still her name;
She brightens every hope and thought,
And is my being's aim.
At night, at dawn, in star and sun,
I see her ever shine;
My life must be one cheerless waste
Till Veedya's heart be mine.

Translation of EDWARD VAUGHAN KENEALY.

"THERE IS NO GOD," THE SCEPTIC, SCOFFING, SAID.

"THERE is no God," the sceptic, scoffing, said;
"There is no power that sways on earth or sky."
Remove the veil that folds the doubter's head,
That God may burst upon his opened eye.

Is there no God? Yon stars, above arrayed,
If he look there, the blasphemy deny;
Whilst his own features, in the mirror read,
Reflect the image of Divinity.

Is there no God? The purling streamlet's flow,
The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,
Bright flowers, green fields, the winds that round him blow,—
All speak of God, all prove that his decrees
Have placed them where they may his being show:
Blind to thyself, behold him, man, in these.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

THE LAST SCENE.

HERE she lieth white and chill;
Put your hand upon her brow:
Her sad heart is very still,
And she does not know you now.

Ah! the grave's a quiet bed;
She will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And the tears that you may shed
Will not wake her, therefore weep.

Weep! for you have wrought her woe;
Mourn! she mourned and died for you:
Ah! too late we come to know
What is false and what is true.

WILLIAM WINTER.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

WITH one hand he put
A penny in the urn of Poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.

ROBERT POLLOK.

BEAUTY.

JOHN BULL and Lord Byron are agreed on one point: both assert "cant" to be the prevailing moral feature of the age we live in. Innumerable scribblers have caught up the same note and spun it out in endless variation, and I, among the small fry of literature, am fain to join in the chorus. Of all cants, then, one of the most sickening, to my taste, is that of some parents who pretend—I give them little credit for sincerity—to deprecate for their female offspring that precious gift, as it really is, or, as they are pleased to term it, "that dangerous distinction," personal beauty. They affect, forsooth, to thank Providence that their daughters are "no beauties" or to sigh and lament over their fatal attractions, and then they run out into a long string of trite axioms and stale commonplaces about the snares and vanities of this wicked world, as if none but beauties were exposed to the assaults of the tempter. Now, I am firmly of opinion—nay, every-day experience proves it is so—that ugly women, called plain by courtesy, are just as liable to slip and stumble in those treacherous pitfalls as others of their sex distinguished by personal attractiveness, and, on a fair average, that pretty women are the happiest as well as the most agreeable of the species.

Let us take a fair sample of this genera. Not a perfect specimen: the botanist may select such a one for his herbal, but it would not so well answer our purpose in exemplifying human varieties. Let us suppose a child endowed with moderate abilities, an amiable disposition and a decent share of beauty, and other children of the same family gifted in an equal proportion with mental qualifications, but wholly destitute of external charms; will not the fair, attractive child be the most favored, the best beloved, generally speaking, even of those parents who endeavor to be, and honestly believe that they are, most conscientiously impartial? The same anxious care may, it is true, be equally bestowed upon all, the same tender and endearing epithets be applied to all; but the eye will linger longer on the sweet countenance of the lovely little one, the parental kiss will dwell more fondly on its rosy lip, and the voice, in speaking to it, will be involuntarily modulated to softer and more tender tones. I am not arguing that this preference, however involuntary it may be, is even then wholly defensible, or that, if knowingly, weakly yielded to, it is not in the highest degree cruel and inexcusable. I only assert that it is in human nature; and, waiving that side of the question which, if analyzed, would involve a long moral discussion not necessarily connected with the present subject, I would simply observe that if this unconscious, irresistible preference frequently influences even the fondest parents, how far more unrestrainedly does it manifest itself in the circle of

friends, guests, relations and casual visitors! How many indulgences and gratifications are obtained for the irresistible pleader! How many petitions granted for the remuneration of a kiss! How tenderly are the tears of contrition wiped away from eyes that look so beautifully remorseful! And all this, I firmly believe, if restrained by right feeling and firm principle from reaching a blamable excess, is productive of good results only in the young mind, and that children thus happily constituted thrive best, even in a moral sense, in that atmosphere of tender indulgence, and become eventually more amiable and equable, least selfish and exacting, in all the various circumstances and relations of life. The reason of this I take to be that they feel the most perfect confidence in the good-will and affections of their fellow-creatures.

And how many of the best affections of our nature spring up and flourish under the kindly influence of that most Christian feeling! The fair, engaging girl expands into womanhood in the warm sunshine of affectionate encouragement, and all the delicate and grateful feelings of her heart are drawn out to bud and blossom in that congenial clime, every individual of her family and friends fondly or courteously contributing to her happiness or pleasure. Will not the desire to repay kindness with kindness, love with love, blessing with blessing, be the responsive impulse of her young heart? She finds by every-day experience that the tenderest approbation, the warmest encomiums, the fondest caresses, reward her endeavors after the attainment of useful information and elegant accomplishment, and that blessings more expressively silent—the eloquent blessings of the eye—beam unutterable things on her performance of higher duties. What a powerful stimulus to persevere in the path of well-doing, to strive to be all she is thought capable of being! Her natural failings and youthful errors are most mildly and tenderly rebuked, her motives most charitably interpreted. What incentives to conquer those failings, to avoid those errors, to justify indulgence so tender, to realize hopes so sanguine! Happiness is far less selfish than sorrow. Its natural tendency—that is, of happiness derived from pure and holy sources; the only true happiness, in short—is to communicate, to infuse itself, as it were, into every surrounding object; and, of a surety, nothing inspires us with such good-will and charity toward our fellow-creatures as the pleasant consciousness that they are benevolently disposed toward us. If all the discourteous, uncharitable, ill-natured things that are said and done were traced back to their real source, it would be found that at least every other one resulted, not from resentment for the infliction of serious injury, but from some wounded feeling, some smarting sense of neglect, unkindness, disrespect, or, it may be, of conscious insignificance and deficiency in the power of pleasing—a consciousness, by the way, widely differing from Christian humility and operating far otherwise, generally speaking, on the heart and temper.

Allowing these to be fancied—or, at least, fancifully exaggerated—injuries, their influence on the character is not, therefore, less pernicious; and the question is, Would these baleful, corroding, crushing thoughts have sprung up in the cheering sunshine of favor and indulgence? Have they not been gen-

erated and fostered in a cold ungenial shade where "flowers that love the light" could never blossom?

But "Vanity! vanity!" saith the preacher. What sevenfold shield can fence the heart of woman against vanity and its satanic legion? The only shield, I reply, of proof to repel from any human heart the perpetual, insidious and ever-varying assaults of the tempter—sound moral principles founded on religious knowledge, and a firm and humble faith in the truths of revelation. When these have not been early and sedulously inculcated, the beauty is exposed indeed to imminent and peculiar dangers.

But is the ugly woman, on her part, more secure from those temptations to which she also is peculiarly exposed? Is vanity solely confined to the consciousness of personal attractions? Is there no such thing as conceit of sense, of talent, of taste, of cleverness—that is the fashionable word—of goodness; nay, even of humility? There is also, if I may so express myself, conceit active and conceit passive. That which plumes itself on being superior on such and such points is, to my taste, less odious than the pharisaical cant, "Well, thank God I am not so and so!"

Now, verily, I am inclined to believe that of all modifications of this infirmity—this *vice*, if you will have it so—that is most harmless which plumes itself on outward and visible perfections (I speak with exclusive reference to female beauties), and, in point of fact, have we not often occasion to remark that a pretty, vain, giddy girl—one of the most apparently inconsiderate character—will settle down for life, with a companion who deserves and possesses her respect and affection, into a domestic, prudent wife, a careful and tender mother, an exemplary mistress of a family; while some grave, demure-looking miss guarded at all points in the armor of ugliness, bristling all over with decorum and pinched into the very pattern of primness and propriety doth as often, if occasion offer, launch out into such extravagances and indiscretions as defy all calculation on probability and liability, and utterly confound the wise theories of all declaimers against the dangerous endowment of beauty?

But, to sum up all, are there in the class of beauties fewer good wives, good mothers, good women and good Christians than amongst those of the sex to whom Nature has been sparing of outward adornments? An impartial observer will acknowledge that such characters are found in pretty equal proportions amongst the lovely and unlovely. But, reverting from that higher ground of observation to minor considerations, I will venture to assert that there is less vanity—or, perhaps, more correctly speaking, less solicitude—about personal appearance in pretty than in plain women. The cause is obvious: one is perpetually striving to make herself what Nature has made the other. Its frequent result is more perplexing—that exuberant self-complacency with which an ugly woman in the full pomp and panoply of dress and decoration seems, as it were, to inflate and expand her whole person; and if some solitary charm of form or feature has been grudgingly bestowed upon her, what sedulous anxiety to exhibit it to the best advantage! How the malady concentrates itself, in a manner, in that particular part!—betrays itself by an unnatural and perpetual distension of the

mouth if a set of white and even teeth is the seat of the disorder, is distinguished by a delicate curve of the fingers or a remarkable action of the hand if that happens to be the part affected, or by a frequent protrusion of the foot should the disease have possessed itself of the lower extremities.

Good Heaven! in what thing, in what place, under what circumstances, will not vanity take root and thrive? Stick it like houseleek on a bare wall, its fibres will insinuate themselves into the crevices and the plant will prosper somehow. Strew it like mustard and cress over a few woollen threads in an earthen platter, and you may pick salad to-morrow. Hang it up like the air-plant between heaven and earth by a single thread, and like the air-plant it will bud and blossom without other than ethereal nutriment. They are inexperienced naturalists who affirm that it flourishes only or peculiarly in soil or climate of such and such nature and temperature.

But to all who persist in the belief that beauty is the forcing-bed of this idle, flaunting weed—to all parents who are really sincere in deprecating for their female offspring what they are pleased to term so fatal an endowment—I would compassionately suggest one simple expedient calculated to strike at the very root of the evil: Let the pride of civilization condescend for once to adopt the practice of those unsophisticated savages who—for very opposite purposes, indeed—flatten the noses, depress the skulls and slit the lips and ears of their new-born females. The most obstinate charms, the most inveterate beauty, must infallibly yield to this early discipline; to which, as a measure of further security, may be added the Chinese precaution of compressing the feet and a general tattooing of the whole person, so that no separate part or portion thereof may become a lurking stronghold for that subtle demon who can entrench himself in the hem of an ear or "take his stand" on the tip of a little finger.

But whither tends my speculative genius? What would be the probable result of those measures I have ventured to suggest in my compassionate tenderness for parental society? If adopted by a few leaders of rank and fashion, the universal rage for novelty and imitation would soon make the practice general; and then, indeed, not alone a separate caste might be attained, sanctified in the beauty of ugliness, but a great and decided conquest over beauty itself might be confidently anticipated. But with its utter extinction in the land might not our present conceptions of its component parts and general combinations fade away to dim recollections? Those also, in process of time, could hardly fail to be wholly obliterated; and in their stead would grow up a new standard of perfection not less the object of dangerous and profane worship for being the very reverse of its present idol. With the customs of savage nations we may import their tastes also, and thenceforward a celebrated beauty may be constituted such by perfections similar to those that qualify a Hottentot Venus, an Esquimaux *petite maitresse* or a reigning toast of the Sandwich Islands; and the first glance of a flat nose, thick lips, flapping ears and depressed pericranium in his new-born babe may strike into the heart of an anxious parent the same pious horror with which he now contemplates the Grecian outline and delicate proportions of the infant

beauty who smiles in his face with such innocent and pitiable unconsciousness of the fatal charms with which Nature has endowed her.

CAROLINE A. BOWLES
(Mrs. Southey).

THE NYMPH ON THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

THE wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,
Them any harm; alas! nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill,
Nor do I for all this, nor will;
But if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, oh my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's King
Keeps register of everything,
And nothing may we use in vain:
Even beasts must be with justice slain,
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood which doth part
From thine and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean, their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain;
There is not such another in
The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning—I remember well—
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me—nay, and I know
What he said then: I'm sure I do.
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his dear!"
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled:
This waxèd tame, while he grew wild;
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this, and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game; it seemed to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it? Oh, I cannot be
Unkind t' a beast that loveth me.

Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio did: his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
For I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk and sugar, first,
I it at mine own fingers nursed;
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
I blushed to see its foot, more soft
And white— Shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet—
With what a pretty, skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;

And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler, much, than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness,
And all the springtime of the year
It only lovèd to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed
Until its lips ev'n seemed to bleed,
And then to me 'twould boldly trip
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

Oh, help! oh, help! I see it faint,
And die as calmly as a saint!
See how it weeps! the tears do come,
Sad, slowly dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam; so
The holy frankincense doth flow;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.
I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears, and fill
It till it do o'erflow with mine,
Then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanished to
Whither the swans and turtles go,
In fair Elysium to endure
With milk-white lambs and ermins pure.
Oh do not run too fast, for I
Will but bespeak thy grave and die.
First my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble; and, withal,
Let it be weeping too. But there
Th' engraver sure his art may spare,
For I so truly thee bemoan
That I shall weep though I be stone,
Until my tears, still drooping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

ANDREW MARVEL.

AN EARNEST SUIT.

AND wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long,
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart,
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart?

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas! thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

ON the mat he's sitting there:
See! he sits upright,
With the same look that he ware
When he saw the light.

But where now the hand's clenched weight?
Where the breath he drew,
That to the Great Spirit late
Forth the pipe-smoke blew?

Where the eyes that, falcon-keen,
Marked the reindeer pass
By the dew upon the green,
By the waving grass?

These the limbs that, unconfined,
Bounded through the snow
Like the stag that's twenty-tyned,
Like the mountain-roe;

These the arms that, stout and tense,
Did the bow-string twang.
See! the life is parted hence!
See how loose they hang!

Well for him! he's gone his ways
Where are no more snows;
Where the fields are decked with maize
That unplanted grows;

Where with beasts of chase each wood,
Where with birds each tree,
Where with fish is every flood,
Stocked full pleasantly.

He above with spirits feeds;
We, alone and dim,
Left to celebrate his deeds,
And to bury him.

Bring the last sad offerings hither;
Chant the death-lament;
All inter with him together
That can him content.

'Neath his head the hatchet hide
That he swung so strong,
And the bear's ham set beside,
For the way is long;

Then the knife—sharp let it be—
That from foeman's crown,
Quick, with dexterous cuts but three,
Skin and tuft brought down;

Paints, to smear his frame about,
Set within his hand,
That he redly may shine out
In the spirits' land.

Translation of NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM

THE LOST HUNTER.

NUMBED by the piercing, freezing air
And burdened by his game,
The hunter, struggling with despair,
Dragged on his shivering frame;

The rifle he had shouldered late
Was trailed along, a weary weight;
His pouch was void of food;
The hours were speeding in their flight,
And soon the long, keen winter night
Would wrap the solitude.

Oft did he stoop a listening ear,
Sweep round an anxious eye:
No bark or axe-blow could he hear,
No human trace descry.
His sinuous path, by blazes, wound
Among trunks grouped in myriads round,
Through naked boughs between
Whose tangled architecture, fraught
With many a shape grotesquely wrought,
The hemlock's spire was seen.

An antlered dweller of the wild
Had met his eager gaze,
And far his wandering steps beguiled
Within an unknown maze;
Stream, rock and run-way he had crossed,
Unheeding, till the marks were lost
By which he used to roam;
And now deep swamp and wild ravine
And rugged mountain were between
The hunter and his home.

A dusky haze which slow had crept
On high now darkened there,
And a few snowflakes fluttering swept
Athwart the thick gray air,
Faster and faster, till between
The trunks and boughs a mottled screen
Of glimmering motes was spread,
That ticked against each object round
With gentle and continuous sound,
Like brook o'er pebbled bed.

The laurel tufts that drooping hung
Close rolled around their stems,
And the sear beech-leaves still that clung,
Were white with powdering gems.
But hark! afar a sullen moan
Swelled out to louder, deeper tone
As surging near it passed,
And, bursting with a roar and shock
That made the groaning forest rock,
On rushed the winter blast.

As o'er it whistled, shrieked and hissed,
Caught by its swooping wings,
The snow was whirled to eddying mist
Barbed, as it seemed, with stings;
And now 'twas swept with lightning flight
Above the loftiest hemlock's height
Like drifting smoke, and now
It hid the air with shooting clouds
And robed the trees with circling shrouds,
Then dashed in heaps below.

Here plunging in a billowy wreath,
There clinging to a limb,
The suffering hunter gasped for breath,
Brain reeled and eye grew dim;
As though to whelm him in despair,
Rapidly changed the blackening air
To murkiest gloom of night,
Till naught was seen around, below,
But falling flakes and mantled snow,
That gleamed in ghastly white.

At every blast an icy dart
Seemed through his nerves to fly;
The blood was freezing to his heart:
Thought whispered he must die.
The thundering tempest echoed death:
He felt it in his tightened breath;

Spoil, rifle, dropped, and slow,
As the dread torpor crawling came
Along his staggering, stiffening frame,
He sunk upon the snow.

Reason forsook her shattered throne:
He deemed that summer hours
Again around him brightly shone
In sunshine, leaves and flowers;
Again the fresh green forest-sod,
Rifle in hand, he lightly trod;
He heard the deer's low bleat,
Or, couched within the shadowy nook,
He drank the crystal of the brook
That murmured at his feet.

It changed: his cabin roof o'erspread;
Rafters and wall and chair
Gleamed in the crackling fire that shed
Its warmth, and he was there.
His wife had clasped his hand, and now
Her gentle kiss was on her brow;
His child was prattling by;
The hound crouched, dozing, near the blaze,
And through the pane's frost-pictured haze
He saw the white drifts fly.

That passed. Before his swimming sight
Does not a figure bound,
And a soft voice with wild delight
Proclaim the lost is found?
No, hunter, no! 'tis but the streak
Of whirling snow, the tempest's shriek:
No human aid is near.
Never again that form will meet
Thy clasped embrace, those accents sweet
Speak music to thine ear.

Morn broke; away the clouds were chased,
The sky was pure and bright,
And on its blue the branches traced
Their webs of glittering white.
Its ivory roof the hemlock stooped
The pine its silvery tassel drooped,
Down bent the burdened wood,
And, scattered round, low points of green
Peering above the snowy scene
Told where the thickets stood.

In a deep hollow, drifted high,
A wave-like heap was thrown;
Dazzlingly in the sunny sky,
A diamond blaze, it shone;
The little snow-bird, chirping sweet,
Dotted it o'er with tripping feet;
Unsullied, smooth and fair,
It seemed like other mounds where trunk
And rock amid the wreaths were sunk,
But oh, the dead was there.

Spring came with wakening breezes bland,
Soft suns and melting rains,
And, touched by her Ithurial-wand,
Earth burst its winter-chains.
In a deep nook where moss and grass
And fern-leaves wove a verdant mass
Some scattered bones beside,
A mother, kneeling with her child,
Told by her tears and wailings wild
That there the lost had died.

ALFRED B. STREET.

NATURE NE'ER DESERTS.

NATURE ne'er deserts the wise and pure.
No plot so narrow, be but Nature there,
No waste so vacant, but may well employ
Each faculty of sense and keep the heart
Awake to love and beauty.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

LEFT ALONE AT EIGHTY.

"WHAT did you say, dear? Breakfast? Somehow, I've slept too late.
You are very kind, dear Effie; go tell them not to wait.
I'll dress as quick as ever I can: my old hands tremble sore,
And Polly, who used to help, dear heart! lies t'other side of the door.

Put up the old pipe, deary; I couldn't smoke to-day:
I'm sort of dazed and frightened and don't know what to say.
It's lonesome in the house here, and lonesome out of door;
I never knew what lonesome meant in all my life before.

The bees go humming the whole day long, and the first June rose has blown,
And I am eighty, dear Lord, to-day—too old to be left alone.
O heart of love so still and cold! O precious lips so white!
For the first sad hours in sixty years you were out of my reach last night.

You've cut the flower. You're very kind! She rooted it last May:
It was only a slip; I pulled the rose and threw the stem away,
But she, sweet thrifty soul, bent down and planted it where she stood.

"Dear, maybe the flowers are living," she said, "asleep in this bit of wood."

I can't rest, deary—I cannot rest: let the old man have his will,
And wander from porch to garden-post. The house is so deathly still!
Wander and long for a sight of the gate she has left ajar for me:
We had got so used to each other, dear—so used to each other, you see.

Sixty years, and so wise and good! She made me a better man
From the moment I kissed her fair young face and our lover's life began;
And seven fine boys she has given me, and out of the seven not one
But the noblest father in all the land would be proud to call him son.

Oh, well, dear Lord, I'll be patient, but I feel sore broken up:
At eighty years it's an awesome thing to drain such a bitter cup.
I know there's Joseph and John and Hal, and four good men beside,
But a hundred sons couldn't be to me like the woman I made my bride.

My little Polly, so bright and fair, so winsome and good and sweet!
She had roses twined in her sunny hair, white shoes on her dainty feet,
And I held her hand: was it yesterday that we stood up to be wed?
And— No, I remember; I'm eighty to-day, and my dear wife Polly is dead.

A. ROYER.

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The Shepherd.

THE ANSWER TO "THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE."*

IF all the world and love were young
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs—
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE LANDLORD AND THE AGENT.

MY poor master was in great trouble after My Lady left us. The execution came down, and everything at Castle Rackrent was seized by the gripers, and my son Jason—to his shame be it spoken!—amongst them. I wondered for the life of me how he could harden himself to do it, but then he had been studying the law and had made himself Attorney Quirk; so he brought down at once a heap of accounts upon my master's head—to cash lent, and to ditto, and to ditto, and to ditto, and oats and bills paid at the milliner's and linen-draper's, and many dresses for the fancy balls in Dublin for My Lady, and all the bills to the workmen and tradesmen for the scenery of the theatre, and the chandler's and grocer's bills, and tailor's, besides butcher's and baker's and, worse than all, the old one of that base wine-merchant's that wanted to arrest my poor master for the amount on the election-day, for which amount Sir Condy afterward passed his note of hand bearing lawful interest from the date thereof; and the interest and compound interest was now mounted to a terrible deal on many other notes and bonds for money borrowed, and there was besides hush-money to the sub-sheriffs, and sheets upon sheets of old and new attorney's bills, with heavy balances, *as per former account furnished*, brought forward with interest thereon; then there was a powerful deal due to the Crown for sixteen years' arrear of quit-rent of the town-lands of Carrickshaughlin, with driver's fees, and a compliment to the receiver every year for letting the quit-rent run on to oblige Sir Condy, and Sir Kit afore him. Then there were bills of spirits and ribands at the election-time, and the gentlemen of the committee's accounts unsettled, and their subscription never gathered; and there were cows to be paid for, with the smith and farrier's bills to be set against the rent of the demesne, with calf

* See Vol. II., p. 296.

and hay money; then there was all the servants' wages since I don't know when coming due to them, and sums advanced for them by my son Jason for clothes and boots and whips, and odd moneys for sundries expended by them in journeys to town and elsewhere, and pocket-money for the master continually, and messengers and postage before his being a Parliament man. I can't myself tell you what besides, but this I know—that when the evening came on which Sir Condy had appointed to settle all with my son Jason, and when he comes into the parlor and sees the sight of bills and load of papers all gathered on the great dining-table for him, he puts his hands before both his eyes and cried out,

"Merciful heavens! what is it I see before me?"

Then I sets an arm-chair at the table for him, and with a deal of difficulty he sits him down, and my son Jason hands him over the pen and ink to sign to this man's bill and t'other man's bill, all which he did without making the least objections. Indeed, to give him his due, I never *seen* a man more fair and honest and easy in all his dealings, from first to last, as Sir Condy, or more willing to pay every man his own as far as he was able, which is as much as any one can do.

"Well," says he, joking like with Jason, "I wish we could settle it all with a stroke of my gray goosequill. What signifies making me wade through all this ocean of papers here? Can't you, now, who understand drawing out an account, debtor and creditor, just sit down here at the corner of the table and get it done out for me, that I may have a clear view of the balance, which is all I need be talking about, you know?"

"Very true, Sir Condy; nobody understands business better than yourself," says Jason.

"So I've a right to do, being born and bred to the bar," says Sir Condy.—"Thady, do step out and see are they bringing in the things for the punch, for we've just done all we have to do this evening."

I goes out, accordingly; and when I came back, Jason was pointing to the balance, which was a terrible sight for my poor master.

"Pooh! pooh! pooh!" says he; "here's so many noughts they dazzle my eyes, so they do, and put me in mind of all I suffered larning of my numeration table when I was a boy at the day-school along with you, Jason—units, tens, hundreds, tens of hundred.—Is the punch ready, Thady?" says he, seeing me.

"Immediately; the boy has the jug in his hand. It's coming up stairs, please Your Honor, as fast as possible," says I; for I saw His Honor was tired out of his life; but Jason, very short and cruel, cuts me off with—

"Don't be talking of punch yet a while; it's no time for punch yet a bit. Units, tens, hundreds," goes he on, counting over the master's shoulder—"units, tens, hundreds, thousands."

"A-a-ah! hold your hand," cries my master. "Where in this wild world am I to find hundreds, or units itself, let alone thousands?"

"The balance has been running on too long," says Jason, sticking to him as I could not have done at the time if you'd have given both the Indies and Cork to boot—"the balance has been running on too long,

and I'm distressed myself on your account, Sir Condy, for money, and the thing must be settled now on the spot and the balance cleared off," says Jason.

"I'll thank you if you'll only show me how," says Sir Condy.

"There's but one way," says Jason, "and that's ready enough: when there's no cash, what can a gentleman do but go to the land?"

"How can you go to the land and it under custodian to yourself already," says Sir Condy, "and another custodian hanging over it? And no one at all can touch it, you know, but the custodees."

"Sure, can't you sell, though at a loss? Sure, you can sell, and I've a purchaser ready for you," says Jason.

"Have ye so?" said Sir Condy; "that's a great point gained. But there's a thing now beyond all that perhaps you don't know yet, barring Thady has let you into the secret."

"Sarrah bit of a secret, or anything at all of the kind, has he learned from me these fifteen weeks come St. John's eve," says I; "for we have scarce been upon speaking terms of late. But what is it Your Honor means of a secret?"

"Why, the secret of the little keepsake I gave My Lady Rackrent the morning she left us, that she might not go back empty-handed to her friends."

"My Lady Rackrent, I'm sure, has baubles and keepsakes enough, as those bills on the table will show," says Jason. "But, whatever it is," says he, taking up his pen, "we must add it to the balance, for to be sure it can't be paid for."

"No, nor can't till after my decease," said Sir Condy; "that's one good thing."

Then, coloring up a good deal, he tells Jason of the memorandum of the five hundred a year jointure he had settled upon My Lady; at which Jason was indeed mad and said a great deal in very high words—that it was using a gentleman who had the management of his affairs, and was moreover his principal creditor, extremely ill to do such a thing without consulting him and against his knowledge and consent. To all which Sir Condy has nothing to reply but that upon his conscience it was in a hurry and without a moment's thought on his part, and he was very sorry for it, but if it was to do over again he would do the same; and he appealed to me, and I was ready to give my evidence, if that would do, to the truth of all he said.

So Jason with much ado was brought to agree to a compromise.

"The purchaser that I have ready," says he, "will be much displeased, to be sure, at the encumbrance on the land, but I must see and manage him. Here's a deed ready drawn up; we have nothing to do but to put in the consideration money and our names to it."

"And how much am I going to sell? 'The lands of O'Shaughlin's town, and the lands of Gruneaghoolaghan, and the lands of Crookagnawaturgh,'" says he, just reading to himself, "'and'—oh, murder, Jason! sure you won't put this in?—'the castle, stable and appurtenances of Castle Rackrent.'"

"Oh, murder!" says I, clapping my hands; "this is too bad, Jason."

"Why so," said Jason, "when it's all, and a great deal more at back of it, lawfully mine, was I to push for it?"

"Look at him," says I, pointing to Sir Condy, who was just leaning back in his arm-chair with his arms falling beside him like one stupefied. "Is it you, Jason, that can stand in his presence and recollect all he has been to us and all we have been to him, and yet use him so at the last?"

"Who will you find to use him better, I ask you?" said Jason. "If he can get a better purchaser, I am content; I only offer to purchase to make things easy and oblige him. Though I don't see what compliment I am under, if you come to that; I have never had, asked or charged more than sixpence in the pound receiver's fees, and where would he have got an agent for a penny less?"

"Oh, Jason, Jason, how will you stand to this in the face of the country and all who know you?" says I. "And what will people think and say when they see you living here in Castle Rackrent and the lawful owner turned out of the seat of his ancestors without a cabin to put his head into or so much as a potato to eat?"

Jason, whilst I was saying this, and a great deal more, made me signs and winks and frowns; but I took no heed, for I was grieved and sick at heart for my poor master, and couldn't but speak.

"Here's the punch," says Jason, for the door opened—"here's the punch."

Hearing that, my master starts up in his chair and recollects himself, and Jason uncorks the whiskey.

"Set down the jug here," says he, making room for it beside the papers opposite to Sir Condy, but still not stirring the deed that was to make over all.

Well, I was in great hopes he had some touch of mercy about him when I saw him making the punch and my master took a glass; but Jason put it back as he was going to fill again, saying,

"No, Sir Condy; it sha'n't be said of me I got your signature to this deed when you were half-seas over; you know your name and handwriting in that condition would not, if brought before the courts, benefit me a straw, wherefore let us settle all before we go deeper into the punch-bowl."

"Settle all as you will," said Sir Condy, clapping his hands to his ears, "but let me hear no more. I'm bothered to death this night."

"You've only to sign," said Jason, putting the pen to him.

"Take all and be content," said my master.

So he signed, and the man who brought in the punch witnessed it, for I was not able and crying like a child; and, besides, Jason said—which I was glad of—that I was no fit witness, being so old and doting. It was so bad with me I could not taste a drop of the punch itself, though my master himself—God bless him!—in the midst of his trouble poured out a glass for me and brought it up to my lips. "Not a drop. I thank Your Honor's Honor as much as if I took it, though," and I just set down the glass as it was and went out; and when I got to the street-door, the neighbor's childer, who were playing at marbles there, seeing me in great trouble, left their play and gathered about me to know what ailed me, and I told them all, for it was a great relief to me to speak to those poor childer, that seemed to have some natural feeling left in them; and when they were made sensible that Sir Condy was going

to leave Castle Rackrent for good and all, they set up a whillalu that could be heard to the furthest end of the street, and one fine boy he was, that my master had given an apple to that morning, cried the loudest, but they all were the same sorry, for Sir Condy was greatly beloved amongst the childer for letting them go a-nutting in the demesne without saying a word to them, though My Lady objected to them.

The people in the town, who were the most of them standing at their doors, hearing the childer cry, would know the reason of it; and when the report was made known, the people one and all gathered in great anger against my son Jason and terror at the notion of his coming to be landlord over them, and they cried, "No Jason! no Jason! Sir Condy! Sir Condy! Sir Condy Rackrent for ever!" and the mob grew so great and so loud I was frightened and made my way back to the house to warn my son to make his escape or hide himself for fear of the consequences.

Jason would not believe me till they came all round the house and to the windows with great shouts; then he grew quite pale and asked Sir Condy what had he best do.

"I'll tell you what you'd best do," said Sir Condy, who was laughing to see his fright: "finish your glass first; then let's go to the window and show ourselves, and I'll tell 'em—or you shall, if you please—that I'm going to the lodge for change of air for my health, and by my own desire, for the rest of my days."

"Do so," said Jason, who never meant it should have been so, but could not refuse him the lodge at this unseasonable time.

Accordingly, Sir Condy threw up the sash, and explained matters, and thanked all his friends, and bid 'em look in at the punch-bowl, and observed that Jason and he had been sitting over it very good friends; so the mob was content, and he sent 'em out some whiskey to drink his health, and that was the last time His Honor's health was ever drunk at Castle Rackrent.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

FAREWELL TO THE ARMY AT FONTAINEBLEAU, 1814.

SOLDIERS, receive my adieu. During twenty years that we have lived together I am satisfied with you. I have always found you in the paths of glory. All the powers of Europe have armed against me. Some of my generals have betrayed their trust and France. My country herself has wished another destiny; with you and the other brave men who have remained true to me, I could have maintained a civil war, but France would have been unhappy.

Be faithful to your new king. Be submissive to your new generals, and do not abandon our dear country. Mourn not my fortunes. I shall be happy while I am sure of your happiness. I might have died; but if I have consented to live, it is still to serve your glory: I shall record now the great deeds which we have done together.

Bring me the eagle standard; let me press it to my heart. Farewell, my children; my hearty wishes go with you. Preserve me in your memories.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE IRISH DRAGOON.

PART I.

I WAS ushered into the breakfast-room, where a party of above a dozen persons were most gayly enjoying all the good cheer for which the house had a well-deserved repute. After the usual shaking of hands and hearty greetings were over, I was introduced in all form to Sir George Dashwood, a tall and singularly handsome man about fifty with an undress military frock and ribbon. His reception of me was somewhat strange, for as they mentioned my relationship to Godfrey O'Malley he smiled slightly and whispered something to Mr. Blake, who replied, "Oh no, no! Not the least. A mere boy. And besides—" What he added I lost, for at that moment Nora Blake was presenting me to Miss Dashwood.

If the sweetest blue eyes that ever beamed beneath a forehead of snowy whiteness over which dark brown and waving hair fell, less in curls than in masses of locky richness, could only have known what wild work they were making of my poor heart, Miss Dashwood, I trust, would have looked at her tea-cup or her muffin rather than at me, as she actually did on that fatal morning. If I were to judge from her costume, she had only just arrived, and the morning air had left upon her cheek a bloom that contributed greatly to the effect of her lovely countenance. Although very young, her form had all the roundness of womanhood; while her gay and sprightly manner indicated all the *sans gene* which only very young girls possess, and which, when tempered with perfect good taste and accompanied by beauty and no small share of talent, form an irresistible power of attraction.

Beside her sat a tall handsome man of about five and thirty, or perhaps forty, years of age, with a most soldierly air, who as I was presented to him scarcely turned his head, and gave me a half nod of very unequivocal coldness. There are moments in life in which the heart is, as it were, laid bare to any chance or casual impression with a wondrous sensibility of pleasure or its opposite. This to me was one of those; and as I turned from the lovely girl who had received me with a marked courtesy to the cold air and repelling *hauteur* of the dark-browed captain, the blood rushed throbbing to my forehead, and as I walked to my place at the table I eagerly sought his eye, to return him a look of defiance and disdain proud and contemptuous as his own. Captain Hammersley, however, never took further notice of me, but continued to recount, for the amusement of those about, several excellent stories of his military career, which, I confess, were heard with every test of delight by all save me. One thing galled me particularly—and how easy is it, when you have begun by disliking a person, to supply food for your antipathy!—all his allusions to his military life were coupled with half-hinted and ill-concealed sneers at civilians of every kind, as though every man not a soldier were absolutely un-

fit for common intercourse with the world—still more, for any favorable reception in ladies' society.

The young ladies of the family were a well-chosen auditory, for their admiration of the army extended from the life-guards to the veteran battalion, the sappers and miners included; and, as Miss Dashwood was the daughter of a soldier, she of course coincided in many, if not all, his opinions. I turned toward my neighbor, a Clare gentleman, and tried to engage him in conversation, but he was breathlessly attending to the captain. On my left sat Matthew Blake, whose eyes were firmly riveted upon the same person, and heard his marvels with an interest scarcely inferior to that of his sisters. Annoyed and in ill-temper, I ate my breakfast in silence, and resolved that the first moment I could obtain a hearing from Mr. Blake I should open my negotiation and take my leave at once.

We all assembled in a large room called by courtesy "the library" when breakfast was over, and then it was that Mr. Blake, taking me aside, whispered,

"Charley, it's right that I should inform you that Sir George Dashwood there is the commander of the forces, and is come down here at this moment to—"

What for, or how it should concern me, I was not to learn; for at that critical instant my informant's attention was called off by Captain Hammersley asking if the hounds were to hunt that day.

"My friend Charley here is the best authority upon that matter," said Mr. Blake, turning toward me.

"They are to try the priest's meadows," said I, with an air of some importance; "but if your guests desire a day's sport, I'll send word over to Brackely to bring the dogs over here, and we are sure to find a fox in your cover."

"Oh, then, by all means," said the captain, turning toward Mr. Blake and addressing himself to him—"by all means; and Miss Dashwood, I'm sure, would like to see the hounds throw off."

Whatever chagrin the first part of his speech caused me, the latter set my heart a-throbbing; and I hastened from the room to despatch a messenger to the huntsman to come over to Gurt-na-Morra, and also another to O'Malley Castle to bring my best horse and my riding-equipments as quickly as possible.

"Matthew, who is this captain?" said I as young Blake met me in the hall.

"Oh, he is the aid-de-camp of General Dashwood. A nice fellow, isn't he?"

"I don't know what you may think," said I, "but I take him for the most impertinent, impudent, supercilious—"

The rest of my civil speech was cut short by the appearance of the very individual in question, who, with his hands in his pockets and a cigar in his mouth, sauntered forth down the steps, taking no more notice of Matthew Blake and myself than of the two fox-terriers that followed at his heels.

As the ladies had entered to dress for the hunt, and as I felt no desire to ally myself with the unsocial captain, I accompanied Matthew to the stable to look after the cattle and make preparations for the coming sport.

"There's Captain Hammersley's horse," said Matthew as he pointed out a highly-bred but powerful English hunter; "she

came last night, for, as he expected some sport, he sent his horse from Dublin on purpose. The other will be here to-day."

"What is his regiment?" said I, with an appearance of carelessness, but in reality feeling curious to know if the captain was a cavalry or infantry officer.

"The ——th Light Dragoons," said Matthew.

"You never saw him ride?" said I.

"Never, but his groom there says he leads the way in his own county."

"And where may that be?"

"In Leicestershire no less," said Matthew.

"Does he know Galway?"

"Never was in it before; it's only this minute he asked Mosey Daly if the ox-fences were high here."

"'Ox-fences'! Then he does not know what a wall is?"

"Devil a bit, but we'll teach him."

"That we will," said I, with as bitter a resolution to impart the instruction as ever schoolmaster did to whip Latin grammar into one of the great unbreeched.

"But I had better send the horses down to the mill," said Matthew; "we'll draw that cover first."

So saying, he turned toward the stable, while I sauntered along the road by which I expected the huntsman. I had not walked half a mile before I heard the yelping of the dogs, and a little farther on I saw old Brackely coming along at a brisk trot, cutting the hounds on each side and calling after the stragglers.

"Did you see my horse on the road, Brackely?" said I.

"I did, Misther Charles, and troth was sorry to see him; sure, yerself knows better than to take out the Badger, the best steeple-chaser in Ireland, in such a country as this—nothing but awkward stone fences and not a foot of sure ground in the whole of it."

"I know it well, Brackely, but I have my reasons for it."

"Well, maybe you have. What cover will Yer Honor try first?"

"They talk of the mill," said I, "but I'd rather try Morran-a-Gowl."

"'Morran-a-Gowl'! Do you want to break your neck entirely?"

"No, Brackely, not mine."

"Whose, then, alannah?"

"An English captain's, the devil fly away with him! He's come down here to-day, and from all I can see is a most impudent fellow. So, Brackely—"

"I understand. Well, leave it to me, and, though I don't like the ould deer-park wall on the hill, we'll try it this morning with the blessing. I'll take him down by Woodford over the Devil's Mouth—it's eighteen feet wide this minute with the late rains—into the four callows, then over the stone walls, down to Dangan, then take a short cast up the hill, blow him a bit and give him the park wall at the top. You must come in then fresh, and give him the whole run home over Sleibhmich. The Badger knows it all, and takes the road always in a fly—a mighty distressing thing for the horse that follows, more particularly if he does not understand a stone country. Well, if he lives through this, give him the sunk fence and the stone wall at Mr. Blake's clover-field, for the hounds will run into the fox about there; and, though we never ride that leap since Mr. Malone broke his neck at it, last Octo-

ber, yet upon an occasion like this, and for the honor of Galway—"

"To be sure, Brackely, and here's a guinea for you. And now trot on toward the house: they must not see us together, or they might suspect something. But, Brackely," said I, calling out after him, "if he rides at all fair, what's to be done?"

"Troth, then, myself doesn't know; there's nothing so bad west of Athlone. Have ye a great spite agin him?"

"I have," said I, fiercely.

"Could ye coax a fight out of him?"

"That's true," said I. "And now ride on as fast as you can."

Brackely's last words imparted a lightness to my heart and my step, and I strode along a very different man from what I had left the house half an hour previously.

THE HUNT.

Although we had not the advantages of a "southerly wind and clouded sky," the day, toward noon, became strongly overcast, and promised to afford us good scenting weather, and as we assembled at the meet mutual congratulations were exchanged upon the improved appearance of the day. Young Blake had provided Miss Dashwood with a quiet and well-trained horse, and his sisters were all mounted, as usual, upon their own animals, giving to our turnout quite a gay and lively aspect. I myself came to cover upon a hackney, having sent Badger with a groom, and longed ardently for the moment when, casting the skin of my greatcoat and overalls, I should appear before the world in my well-appointed cords and tops. Captain Hammersly had not as yet made his appearance,and many conjectures were afloat as to whether "he might have missed the road or changed his mind," or forgot all about it, as Miss Dashwood hinted.

"Who, pray, pitched upon this cover?" said Caroline Blake as she looked with a practised eye over the country on either side.

"There is no chance of a fox late in the day at the mills," said the huntsman, inventing a lie for the occasion.

"Then, of course, you never intend us to see much of the sport, for after you break cover you are entirely lost to us."

"I thought you always followed the hounds?" said Miss Dashwood, timidly.

"Oh, to be sure we do in any common country, but here it is out of the question—the fences are too large for any one—and, if I am not mistaken, these gentlemen will not ride far over this. There! look yonder, where the river is rushing down the hill; that stream, widening as it advances, crosses the cover nearly midway. Well, they must clear that. And then you may see these walls of large, loose stones, nearly five feet in height; that is the usual course the fox takes, unless he heads toward the hills and goes toward Dangan, and then there's an end of it, for the deer-park wall is usually a pull-up to every one—except, perhaps, to our friend Charley there, who has tried his fortune against drowning more than once there."

"Look! here he comes," said Matthew Blake, "and looking splendidly, too. A little too much in flesh, perhaps, if anything."

"Captain Hammersly?" said the four Miss Blakes, in a breath. "Where is he?"

"No, it's the Badger I'm speaking of," said Matthew, laughing and pointing with

his finger toward a corner of the field where my servant was leisurely throwing down a wall about two feet high to let him pass.

"Oh how handsome! What a charger for a dragoon!" said Miss Dashwood.

Any other mode of praising my steed would have been much more acceptable. The word "dragoon" was a thorn in my tenderest part that rankled and lacerated at every stir. In a moment I was in the saddle, and scarcely seated when at once all the *mauvaise honte* of boyhood left me and I felt every inch a man.

"No chance of the captain," said Matthew, who had returned from a reconnoissance upon the road; "and, after all, it is a pity, for the day is getting quite favorable."

"Here he is at last," said Helen Blake, waving her handkerchief as a signal to the captain, who was now seen approaching at a brisk trot.

As he came along a small fence intervened; he pressed his horse a little, and as he kissed hands to the fair Helen cleared it in a bound, and was in an instant in the midst of us.

"He sits his horse like a man, Misther Charles," said the old huntsman. "Troth, we must give him the worst of it."

Captain Hammersly was, despite all the critical acumen with which I canvassed him, the very *beau-ideal* of a gentleman rider; indeed, although a very heavy man, his powerful English thoroughbred, showing not less bone than blood, took away all semblance of overweight; his saddle well fitting and well placed, his large and broad-reined snaffle; his own costume of black coat, leathers and tops was in perfect keeping; and even to his heavy-handled hunting-whip I could find nothing to cavil at. As he rode up he paid his respects to the ladies in his usual free-and-easy manner, expressed some surprise, but no regret, at hearing that he was late, and, never deigning any notice of Matthew or myself, took his place beside Miss Dashwood, with whom he conversed in a low undertone.

"There they go," said Matthew as five or six dogs, with their heads up, ran yelping along a furrow, then stopped, howled again, and once more set off together.

In an instant all was commotion in the little valley below us. The huntsman, with his hands to his mouth, was calling off the stragglers and the whipper-in following up the leading dogs with the rest of the pack.

"They're found! they're away!" said Matthew; and as he spoke a great yell burst from the valley, and in an instant the whole pack were off at full speed.

Rather more intent that moment upon showing off my horsemanship than anything else, I dashed spurs into Badger's sides and turned him toward a rasping ditch before me; over we went, hurling down behind us a rotten bank of clay and small stones, showing how little safety there had been in topping instead of clearing it at a bound. Before I was well seated again the captain was beside me.

"Now for it, then," said I; and away we went.

What might be the nature of his feelings I cannot pretend to state, but my own were a strange *melange* of wild, boyish enthusiasm, revenge and recklessness. For my own neck I cared little—nothing; and as I led the way by half a length I muttered to myself, "Let him follow me fairly this day, and I ask no more."

The dogs had got somewhat the start of us, and, as they were in full cry and going fast, we were a little behind. A thought, therefore, struck me that, by appearing to take a short cut upon the hounds, I should come down upon the river where its breadth was greatest, and thus at one *coup* might try my friend's mettle and his horse's performance at the same time. On we went, our speed increasing till the roar of the river we were now approaching was plainly audible. I looked half round, and now perceived that the captain was standing in his stirrups, as if to obtain a view of what was before him; otherwise, his countenance was calm and unmoved, and not a muscle betrayed that he was not cantering on a parade. I fixed myself firmly in my seat, shook my horse a little together, and with a shout whose import every Galway hunter well knows rushed him at the river. I saw the water dashing among the large stones, I heard its splash, I felt a bound like the *ricochet* of a shot, and we were over, but so narrowly that the bank had yielded beneath his hind legs, and it needed a bold effort of the noble animal to regain his footing.

Scarcely was he once more firm when Hammersly flew by me, taking the lead, and sitting quietly in his saddle as if racing. I know of nothing in all my after-life like the agony of that moment, for, although I was far—very far—from wishing real ill to him, yet I would gladly have broken my leg or my arm if he could not have been able to follow me. And now there he was, actually a length and a half in advance; and, worse than all, Miss Dashwood must have witnessed the whole, and doubtless his leap over the river was better and bolder than mine. One consolation yet remained, and while I whispered it to myself I felt comforted again: "His is an English mare: they understand these leaps; but what can he make of a Galway wall?" The question was soon to be solved. Before us about three fields were the hounds in full cry; a large stone wall lay between, and to it we both directed our course together. "Ha!" thought I; "he is floored at last," as I perceived that the captain held his horse rather more in hand and suffered me to lead.

"Now, then, for it!"

So saying, I rode at the largest part I could find, well knowing that Badger's powers were here in their element. One spring, one plunge, and away we were galloping along at the other side. Not so the captain; his horse had refused the fence, and he was now taking a circuit of the field for another trial at it.

"Pounded, by Jove!" said I as I turned round in my saddle to observe him.

Once more she came at it, and once more balked, rearing up, at the same time, almost so as to fall backward.

My triumph was complete, and I again was about to follow the hounds, when, throwing a look back, I saw Hammersly clearing the wall in a most splendid manner and taking a stretch of at least thirteen feet beyond it. Once more he was on my flanks, and the contest renewed. Whatever might be the sentiments of the riders (mine I confess to), between the horses it now became a tremendous struggle. The English mare, though evidently superior in stride and strength, was still overweighted, and had not, besides, the catlike activity an Irish horse possesses; so that the advantages and disadvantages on

either side were about equalized. For about half an hour now the pace was awful. We rode side by side, taking our leaps exactly at the same instant and not four feet apart. The hounds were still considerably in advance, and were heading toward the Shannon, when suddenly the fox doubled, took the hillside and made for Dangan. "Now, then, comes the trial of strength," I said, half aloud, as I threw my eye up a steep and rugged mountain covered with wild furze and tall heath, around the crest of which ran, in a zig-zag direction, a broken and dilapidated wall, once the enclosure of a deer-park. This wall, which varied from four to six feet in height, was of solid masonry, and would, in the most favorable ground, have been a bold leap. Here, at the summit of a mountain, with not a yard of footing, it was absolutely desperation.

By the time that we reached the foot of the hill the fox, followed closely by the hounds, had passed through a breach in the wall, while Matthew Blake, with the huntsman and whipper-in, were riding along in search of a gap to lead the horses through. Before I put spurs to Badger to face the hill I turned one look toward Hammersly. There was a slight curl, half smile, half sneer, upon his lip, that actually maddened me, and had a precipice yawned beneath my feet I should have dashed at it after that. The ascent was so steep that I was obliged to take the hill in a slanting direction, and even thus the loose footing rendered it dangerous in the extreme. At length I reached the crest, where the wall, more than five feet in height, stood frowning above and seemed to defy me. I turned my horse full round, so that his very chest almost touched the stones, and with a bold cut of the whip and a loud halloo the gallant animal rose, as if rearing, pawed for an instant to regain his balance, and then, with a frightful struggle, fell backward and rolled from top to bottom of the hill, carrying me along with him, the last object that crossed my sight as I lay bruised and motionless being the captain as he took the wall in a flying leap and disappeared at the other side.

After a few scrambling efforts to rise, Badger regained his legs and stood beside me; but such was the shock and concussion of my fall that all the objects around me seemed wavering and floating before me, while showers of bright sparks fell in myriads before my eyes. I tried to rise, but fell back helpless. Cold perspiration broke over my forehead, and I fainted.

From that moment I can remember nothing, till I felt myself galloping along at full speed upon a level table-land, with the hounds about three fields in advance, Hammersly riding foremost and taking all his leaps coolly as ever. As I swayed to either side upon my saddle from weakness, I was lost to all thought or recollection save a flickering memory of some plan of vengeance which still urged me forward. The chase had now lasted above an hour, and both hounds and horses began to feel the pace they were going. As for me, I rode mechanically; I neither knew nor cared for the dangers before me. My eye rested on but one object; my whole being was concentrated upon one vague and undetermined sense of revenge.

At this instant the huntsman came alongside of me:

"Are you hurted, Misther Charles? Did you fall? Your cheek is all blood, and your coat is torn in two; and, Mother o' God! his

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ASTOR LENOX

"The Last Leap."

boot is ground to powder. He does not hear me. Oh, pull up! Pull, for the love of the Virgin! There's the clover-field and the sunk fence before you, and you'll be killed on the spot."

"Where?" cried I, with the cry of a madman. "Where's the clover-field? Where's the sunk fence? Ha! I see it! I see it now."

So saying, I dashed the rowels into my horse's flanks, and in an instant was beyond the reach of the poor fellow's remonstrances. Another moment I was beside the captain. He turned round as I came up, the same smile upon his mouth; I could have struck him. About three hundred yards before us lay the sunk fence; its breadth was about twenty feet, and a wall of close brick-work formed its face. Over this the hounds were now clambering; some succeeded in crossing, but by far the greater number fell back howling into the ditch.

I turned toward Hammersly. He was standing high in his stirrups, and as he looked toward the yawning fence, down which the dogs were tumbling in masses, I thought (perhaps it was but a thought) that his cheek was paler. I looked again; he was pulling at his horse. Ha! it was true, then: he would not face it. I turned round in my saddle, looked him full in the face, and as I pointed with my whip to the leap called out with a voice hoarse with passion, "Come on!"

I saw no more. All objects were lost to me from that moment.

When next my senses cleared, I was standing amid the dogs, where they had just killed. Badger stood blown and trembling beside me, his head drooping and his flanks gored with spur-marks. I looked about, but all consciousness of the past had fled; the concussion of my fall had shaken my intellect, and I was like one but half awake. One glimpse, short and fleeting, of what was taking place shot through my brain as old Brackely whispered to me,

"By my soul, ye did for the captain there."

I turned a vague look upon him, and my eyes fell upon the figure of a man that lay stretched and bleeding upon a door before me. His pale face was crossed with a purple stream of blood that trickled from a wound beside his eyebrow; his arms lay motionless and heavy at either side. I knew him not. A loud report of a pistol aroused me from my stupor. I looked back; I saw a crowd that broke suddenly asunder and fled right and left. I heard a heavy crash upon the ground; I pointed with my finger, for I could not utter a word.

"It is the English mare, Yer Honor; she was a beauty this morning, but she's broke her collar-bone and both her legs, and it was best to put her out of pain."

MISS DASHWOOD.

On the fourth day following the adventure I made my appearance in the drawing-room, my cheek well blanched by copious bleeding and my steps tottering and uncertain. On entering the room I looked about in vain for some one who might give me an insight into the occurrences of the four preceding days, but no one was to be met with. The ladies, I learned, were out riding; Matthew was buying a new setter, and Captain Hammersly was in bed. Where was Miss Dashwood? In her room.

I sat down in the easiest chair I could find, and, unfolding the county paper, resolved upon learning how matters were going on in the political world. But somehow, whether the editor was not brilliant, or the fire was hot, or that my own dreams were pleasanter to indulge in than his fancies, I fell sound asleep.

How different is the mind attuned to the active, busy world of thought and action when awakened from sleep by any sudden and rude summons to arise and be stirring, and when called into existence by the sweet and silvery notes of softest music stealing over the senses, and while they impart awakening thoughts of bliss and beauty scarcely dissipating the dreary influence of slumber! Such was my first thought as, with closed lids, the thrilling chords of a harp broke upon my sleep and aroused me to a feeling of unutterable pleasure. I turned gently round in my chair, and beheld Miss Dashwood. She was seated in a recess of an old-fashioned window. The pale yellow glow of a wintry sun at evening fell upon her beautiful hair and tinged it with such a light as I have often since then seen in Rembrandt's pictures; her head leaned upon the harp, and as she struck its cords at random I saw that her mind was far away from all around her. As I looked she suddenly started from her leaning attitude, and, parting back her curls from her brow, she preluded a few chords, and then sighed forth rather than sang that most beautiful of Moore's melodies:

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

Never before had such pathos, such deep utterance of feeling, met my astonished sense. I listened breathlessly; as the tears fell one by one down my cheek my bosom heaved and fell; and when she ceased, I hid my head between my hands and sobbed aloud. In an instant she was beside me, and, placing her hand upon my shoulder, said,

"Poor dear boy! I never suspected you of being there, or I should not have sung that mournful air."

I started and looked up, and—from what, I know not—she suddenly crimsoned to her very forehead, while she added in a less assured tone,

"I hope, Mr. O'Malley, that you are much better, and I trust there is no imprudence in your being here?"

"For the latter I shall not answer," said I, with a sickly smile, "but already I feel your music has done me service."

"Then, pray, let me sing more for you."

"If I am to have a choice, I should say sit down and let me hear you talk to me. My illness and the doctor together have made wild work of my poor brain; but, if you will, talk to me."

"Well, then, what shall it be about? Shall I tell you a fairy-tale?"

"I need it not; I feel I am in one this instant."

"Well, then, what say you to a legend? for I am rich in my stories of them."

"The O'Malleys have their chronicles wild and barbarous enough without the aid of Thor and Woden."

"Then shall we chat of every-day matters?"

"Oh, do tell me: how is Captain Hammersly?"

"Very much bruised, very much disfigured, they say," said she, half smiling, "but not so much hurt in body as in mind."

"As how, may I ask?" said I, with an appearance of innocence.

"I don't exactly understand it, but it would appear that there was something like rivalry among you gentlemen-chasseurs on that luckless morning, and that, while you paid the penalty of a broken head, he was only destined to lose his horse and break his arm."

"I certainly am sorry—most sincerely sorry—for any share I might have had in the catastrophe; and my greatest regret, I confess, arises from the fact that I should cause you unhappiness."

"Me? Pray explain."

"Why, as Captain Hammersly—"

"Mr. O'Malley, you are too young now to make me suspect you have an intention to offend; but I caution you, never repeat this."

I saw that I had transgressed, but how I most honestly confess I could not guess; for, though I certainly was the senior of my fair companion in years, I was most lamentably her junior in tact and discretion.

The gray dusk of evening had long fallen as we continued to chat together beside the blazing wood-embers, she evidently amusing herself with the original notions of an untutored, unlettered boy, and I drinking deep those draughts of love that nerved my heart through many a breach and battlefield.

Our colloquy was at length interrupted by the entrance of Sir George, who shook me most cordially by the hand and made the kindest inquiries about my health.

"They tell me you are to be a lawyer, Mr. O'Malley," said he; "and if so, I must advise you taking better care of your head-piece."

"A lawyer, papa! Oh dear me! I should never have thought of his being anything so stupid."

"Why, silly girl, what would you have a man be?"

"A dragoon, to be sure, papa," said the fond girl as she pressed her arm around his manly figure and looked up in his face with an expression of mingled pride and affection.

That word sealed my destiny.

CAPTAIN HAMMERSLY.

I fell to musing over the changes a few hours had wrought in me. From a mere boy, whose most serious employment was stocking the house with game or inspecting the kennel, I had sprung at once into man's estate, was complimented for my coolness and praised for my prowess. But so it is: the eras in life are separated by a narrow boundary; some trifling accident, some casual rencontre, impels us across the Rubicon, and we pass from infancy to youth, from youth to manhood, from manhood to age, less by the slow and imperceptible step of time than by some one decisive act or passion, which, occurring at a critical moment, elicits a long-latent feeling and impresses our existence with a color that tinges it for many a long year. As for me, I had cut the tie which bound me to the careless gayety of boyhood with a rude gash. In three short days I had fallen deeply, desperately in love.

As I meditated I was aroused by the noise of horses' feet in the yard beneath. I opened the window, and beheld no less a person than Captain Hammersly. He was handing a card to a servant, which he was accompanying by a verbal message. The impression of

something like hostility on the part of the captain had never left my mind, and I hastened down stairs just in time to catch him as he turned from the door.

"Ah, Mr. O'Malley!" said he, in a most courteous tone; "they told me you were not at home."

I apologized for the blunder, and begged of him to alight and come in.

"I thank you very much; but, in fact, my hours are now numbered here: I have just received an order to join my regiment. We have been ordered for service, and Sir George has most kindly permitted my giving up my staff appointment. I could not, however, leave the country without shaking hands with you. I owe you a lesson in horsemanship, and I'm only sorry that we are not to have another day together."

"Then you are going out to the Peninsula?" said I.

"Why, we hope so; the commander-in-chief, they say, is in great want of cavalry, and we scarcely less in want of something to do. I'm sorry you are not coming with us."

"Would to Heaven I were!" said I, with an earnestness that almost made my brain start.

"Then why not?"

"Unfortunately, I am peculiarly situated. My worthy uncle, who is all to me in this world, would be quite alone if I were to leave him, and, although he has never said so, I know he dreads the possibility of my suggesting such a thing to him; so that, between his fears and mine, the matter is never broached by either party, nor do I think ever can be."

"Devilish hard! But I believe you are right. Something, however, may turn up yet to alter his mind; and if you do take to the dragooning, don't forget George Hammersly will be always most delighted to meet you. And so good-bye, O'Malley, good-bye."

GAZETTED TO THE FOURTEENTH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

What a glorious thing it is when our first waking thoughts not only dispel some dark, depressing dream, but arouse us to the consciousness of a new and bright career suddenly opening before us, buoyant in hope, rich in promise for the future. Life has nothing better than this. The bold spring by which the mind clears the depth that separates misery from happiness is ecstacy itself, and then what a world of bright visions come teeming before us! what plans we form! what promises we make to ourselves in our own hearts! how prolific is the dullest imagination, how excursive the tamest fancy, at such a moment! In a few short and fleeting seconds the events of a whole life are planned and pictured before us.

To such a world of bright anticipation did I awake on the morning after the events I have detailed. The first thing my eyes fell upon was an official letter from the Horse-Guards:

"The commander of the forces desires that Mr. O'Malley will repair, immediately on the receipt of this letter, to the headquarters of the regiment to which he is gazetted."

Few and simple as the lines were, how brimful of pleasure they sounded to my ears! The regiment to which I was gazetted! And so I was a soldier at last—the first wish of

my boyhood was then really accomplished. And my uncle: what will he say? what will he think?

"A letter, sir, by the post," said Mike, at that moment.

I seized it eagerly; it came from home, but was in Considine's handwriting. How my heart failed me as I turned to look at the seal! "Thank God!" I said aloud, on perceiving that it was a red one. I now tore it open and read:

"My Dear Charley: Your uncle, being laid up with the gout, has desired me to write to you by this day's post. Your appointment to the Fourteenth, notwithstanding all his prejudices about the army, has given him sincere pleasure. Your new prospects are all that your best friends could wish for you: you begin early; your corps is a crack one; you are ordered for service. What could you have more?

"Your uncle hopes, if you can get a few days' leave, that you will come down here before you join, and I hope so too; for he is unusually low-spirited, and talks about his never seeing you again, and all that sort of thing.

"I have written to Merivale, your colonel, on this subject, as well as generally on your behalf. We were cornets together forty years ago; a strict fellow you'll find him, but a trump on service. If you can't manage the leave, write a long letter home, at all events; and so God bless you, and all success.

"Yours sincerely,

"W. Considine."

I had scarcely come to the end of this epistle, when two more letters were placed upon my table. One was from Sir George Dashwood, inviting me to dinner to meet some of my "brother-officers." How my heart beat at the expression!

As the dinner-hour drew near, my thoughts became again fixed upon Miss Dashwood, and a thousand misgivings crossed my mind as to whether I should have nerve enough to meet her without disclosing in my manner the altered state of my feelings—a possibility which I now dreaded fully as much as I had longed some days before to avow my affection for her, however slight its prospects of return. All my valiant resolves and well-contrived plans for appearing unmoved and indifferent in her presence, with which I stored my mind while dressing and when on my way to dinner, were, however, needless, for it was a party exclusively of men; and, as the coffee was served in the dining-room, no move was made to the drawing-room by any of the company. "Quite as well as it is," was my muttered opinion as I got into my cab at the door. "All is at an end as regards me in her esteem, and I must not spend my days sighing for a young lady that cares for another." Very reasonable, very proper resolutions, these; but, alas! I went home to bed only to think half the night long of the fair Lucy, and dream of her the remainder of it.

DECLARATION OF LOVE.

When morning dawned, my first thought was, Shall I see her once more? shall I leave her for ever thus abruptly? or, rather, shall I not unburden my bosom of its secret, confess my love and say farewell? I felt such a course much more in unison with my wishes

than the day before, and, as before a week we should present ourselves at Fermoy, I knew that no time was to be lost.

My determination was taken. I ordered my horse, and early as it was rode out to the royal hospital. My heart beat so strongly as I rode up to the door that I half resolved to return. I rang the bell. Sir George was in town.

"Now, then, or never," said I as I pushed boldly forward, and soon was alongside of Miss Dashwood.

Her astonishment at seeing me so suddenly increased the confusion from which I found myself suffering, and for some minutes I could scarcely speak. At last I plucked up courage a little, and said,

"Miss Dashwood, I have looked most anxiously for the last four days for the moment which chance has now given me. I wished, before I parted for ever from those to whom I owe already so much, that I should at least speak my gratitude ere I said 'Good-bye.'"

"But when do you think of going?"

"To-morrow; Captain Power, under whose command I am, has received orders to embark immediately for Portugal."

I thought—perhaps it was but a thought—that her cheek grew somewhat paler as I spoke, but she remained silent; and I, scarcely knowing what I had said or whether I had finished, spoke not, either.

"Papa, I'm sure, is not aware," said she, after a long pause, "of your intention of leaving so soon, for only last night he spoke of some letters he meant to give to you to some friends in the Peninsula. Besides, I know"—here she smiled faintly—"that he destined some excellent advice for your ears as to your new path in life, for he has an immense opinion of the value of such to a young officer."

"I am indeed most grateful to Sir George, and truly never did any one stand more in need of counsel than I do." This was said half musingly, and not intended to be heard.

"Then, pray, consult papa," said she, eagerly; "he is much attached to you, and will, I'm certain, do all in his power—"

"Alas! I fear not, Miss Dashwood."

"Why, what can you mean? Has anything so serious occurred?"

"No, no; I'm but misleading you and exciting your sympathy with false pretences. Should I tell you all the truth, you would not pardon—perhaps not hear—me."

"You have indeed puzzled me; but if there is anything in which my father—"

"Less him than his daughter," said I, fixing my eyes full upon her as I spoke. "Yes, Lucy, I feel I must confess it, cost what it may: I love you. Stay! hear me out. I know the fruitlessness, the utter despair, that awaits such a sentiment. My own heart tells me that I am not, cannot be, loved in return; yet would I rather cherish in its core my affection slighted and unblessed, such as it is, than own another heart. I ask for nothing; I hope for nothing: I merely entreat that for my truth I may meet belief, and for my heart's worship of her whom alone I can love compassion. I see that you at least pity me. Nay, one word more; I have one favor more to ask: it is my last, my only one. Do not, when time and distance may have separated us—perhaps for ever—think that the expressions I now use are prompted by a mere sudden ebullition of boyish feeling; do not attribute to the circumstance of

my youth alone the warmth of the attachment I profess; for I swear to you by every hope I have that in my heart of hearts my love to you is the source and spring of every action in my life, of every aspiration in my heart; and when I cease to love you, I shall cease to feel. And now farewell—farewell for ever."

I pressed her hand to my lips, gave one long last look, turned my horse rapidly away, and ere a minute was far out of sight of where I left her.

PART II.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

IT was seven o'clock, when a dark mass was seen to form upon the heights above the French centre and divide into three gigantic columns, of which the right occupied the Brussels road. These were the reserves, consisting of the old and young guards and amounting to twelve thousand—the *élite* of the French army—reserved by the emperor for a great *coup-de-main*. These veterans of a hundred battles had been stationed, from the beginning of the day, inactive spectators of the fight; their hour was now come, and with a shout of "Vive l'empereur!" which rose triumphantly over the din and crash of battle, they began their march. Meanwhile, aides-de-camp galloped along the lines, announcing the arrival of Grouchy, to reanimate the drooping spirits of the men; for at last a doubt of victory was breaking upon the minds of those who never before, in the most adverse hour of fortune, deemed his star could set that led them on to glory.

"They are coming. The attack will be made on the centre, My Lord," said Lord Fitzroy Somerset as he directed his glass upon the column. Scarcely had he spoken when the telescope fell from his hand as his arm, shattered by a French bullet, fell motionless to his side.

"I see it," was the cool reply of the duke as he ordered the guards to deploy into line and lie down behind the ridge, which now the French artillery had found the range of and were laboring at their guns. In front of them the Fifty-second, Seventy-first and Ninety-fifth were formed; the artillery, stationed above and partly upon the road, loaded with grape and waited but the word to open.

It was an awful, a dreadful moment. The Prussian cannon thundered on our left, but so desperate was the French resistance they made but little progress. The dark columns of the guard had now commenced the ascent, and the artillery ceased their fire as the bayonets of the grenadiers showed themselves upon the slope. Then began that tremendous cheer from right to left of our line which those who heard never can forget. It was the impatient, long-restrained burst of unshaken vengeance. With the instinct which valor teaches they knew the hour of trial was come, and that wild cry flew from rank to rank, echoing from the blood-stained walls of Hougoumont to the far-off valley of La Papelotte. "They come! they come!" was the cry, and the shout of "Vive l'empereur!" mingled with the outburst of the British line.

Under an overwhelming shower of grape, to which succeeded a charge of cavalry of the imperial guard, the head of Ney's column fired its volley and advanced with the bay-

onet. The British artillery now opened at half range, and, although the plunging fire scathed and devastated the dark ranks of the guards, on they came, Ney himself, on foot, at their head. Twice the leading division of that gallant column turned completely round as the withering fire wasted and consumed them, but they were resolved to win.

Already they gained the crest of the hill, and the first line of the British were falling back before them. The artillery closes up; the flanking fire from the guns upon the road opens upon them; the head of the column breaks like a shell; the duke seizes the moment and advances on foot toward the ridge.

"Up, guards, and at them!" he cried.

In a moment the guards were upon their feet. One volley was poured in; the bayonets were brought to the charge; they closed upon the enemy; then was seen the most dreadful struggle that the history of war can present. Furious with long-restrained passion, the guards rushed upon the leading divisions; the Seventy-first and Ninety-fifth and Twenty-sixth overlapped them on the flanks. Their generals fell quickly on every side. Michael, Jamier and Mallet are killed; Friant lies wounded upon the ground; Ney, his dress pierced and ragged with balls, shouts still to advance; but the leading files waver; they fall back; the supporting division thickens; confusion, panic succeeds; the British press down; the cavalry come galloping up to their assistance; and at last, pell-mell, overwhelmed and beaten, the French fall back upon the old guard. This was the decisive moment of the day; the duke closed his glass as he said,

"The field is won. Order the whole line to advance."

On they came, four deep, and poured like a torrent from the height.

"Let the life-guards charge them," said the duke; but every aid-de-camp on his staff was wounded, and I myself brought the order to Lord Uxbridge.

Lord Uxbridge had already anticipated his orders, and bore down with four regiments of heavy cavalry upon the French centre. The Prussian artillery thundered upon their flank and at their rear. The British bayonet was at their front, while a panic-fear spread through their ranks and the cry of "Sauve qui peut!" resounded on all sides. In vain Ney, the bravest of the brave, in vain Soult, Bertrand, Gourgaud and Labedoyere, burst from the broken, disorganized mass and called on them to stand fast. A battalion of the old guard, with Cambronne at their head, alone obeyed the summons; forming into a square, they stood between the pursuers and their prey, offering themselves a sacrifice to the honor of their arms. To the order to surrender they answered with a cry of defiance, and as our cavalry, flushed and elated with victory, rode round their bristling ranks, no quailing look, no craven spirit, was there. The emperor himself endeavored to repair the disaster: he rode with lightning speed hither and thither, commanding, ordering—nay, imploring too; but already the night was falling, the confusion became each moment more inextricable, and the effort was a fruitless one. A regiment of the guards and two batteries were in reserve behind Planchenoit; he threw them rapidly into position, but the overwhelming impulse of flight drove the mass upon them, and they

were carried away upon the torrent of the beaten army. No sooner did the emperor see this his last hope desert him than he dismounted from his horse, and, drawing his sword, threw himself into a square, which the first regiment of chasseurs of the old guard had formed with a remnant of the battalion. Jerome followed him as he called out,

"You are right, brother; here should perish all who bear the name of Bonaparte."

The same moment the Prussian light artillery rend the ranks asunder, and the cavalry charge down upon the scattered fragments. A few of his staff who never left him place the emperor upon a horse and fly through the death-dealing artillery and musketry. A squadron of the life-guards, to which I had attached myself, came up at the moment, and as Blucher's hussars rode madly here and there, where so lately the crowd of staff-officers had denoted the presence of Napoleon, expressed their rage and disappointment in curses and cries of vengeance.

Cambronne's battalion stood yet unbroken, and seemed to defy every attack that was brought against them. To the second summons of surrender they replied as indignantly as at first, and Vivian's brigade was ordered to charge them. A cloud of British horse bore down on every face of the devoted square, but, firm as in their hour of victory, the heroes of Marengo never quailed, and twice the bravest blood of Britain recoiled, baffled and dismayed. There was a pause for some minutes, and even then, as we surveyed our broken and bloodstained squadrons, a cry of admiration burst from our ranks at the gallant bearing of that glorious infantry. Suddenly the tramp of approaching cavalry was heard; I turned my head, and saw squadrons of the Second Life-Guards. The officer who led them on was bareheaded, his long dark hair streaming wildly behind him and upon his pale features, to which not even the headlong enthusiasm of battle had lent one touch of color. He rode straight to where I was standing, his dark eyes fixed upon me with a look so fierce, so penetrating, that I could not look away; the features, save in this respect, had almost a look of idiocy. It was Hammersly.

"Ha!" he cried at last; "I have sought you out the entire day, but in vain. It is not yet too late. Give me your hand, boy. You once called on me to follow *you*, and I did not refuse; I trust you'll do the same by *me*. Is it not so?"

A terrible perception of his meaning shot through my mind as I clasped his clay-cold hand in mine, and for a moment I did not speak.

"I hoped for better than this," said he, bitterly, and as a glance of withering scorn flashed from his eye. "I did trust that he who was preferred before me was at least not a coward."

As the words fell from his lips I nearly leaped from my saddle, and mechanically raised my sabre to cleave him on the spot.

"Then follow me," shouted he, pointing with his sword to the glistening ranks before us.

"Come on!" said I, with a voice hoarse with passion, while, burying my spurs in my horse's flanks, I sprang a full length before him and bore down upon the enemy.

A loud shout, a deafening volley, the agonizing cry of the wounded and the dying, were all I heard as my horse, rear-

ing madly upward, plunged twice into the air, and then fell dead upon the earth, crushing me beneath his cumbrous weight, lifeless and insensible.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The day was breaking; the cold, gray light of morning was struggling through the misty darkness when I once more recovered my consciousness. There are moments in life when memory can so suddenly conjure up the whole past before us that there is scarcely time for a doubt ere the disputed reality is palpable to our senses. Such was this to me. One hurried glance upon the wide, bleak plain before me, and every circumstance of the battlefield was present to my recollection. The dismounted guns, the broken wagons, the heaps of dead or dying, the straggling parties who on foot or horseback traversed the field, and the dark litters which carried the wounded,—all betokened the sad evidences of the preceding day's battle. Close around me where I lay the ground was marked with the bodies of our cavalry intermixed with the soldiers of the old guard; the broad brow and stalwart chest of the Saxon lay bleaching beside the bronzed and bearded warrior of Gaul, while the torn-up ground attested the desperation of that struggle which closed the day.

As my eye ranged over this harrowing spectacle, a dreadful anxiety shot through me as I asked myself whose had been the victory. A certain confused impression of flight and of pursuit remained in my mind, but at the moment the circumstances of my own position in the early part of the day increased the difficulty of reflection, and left me in a state of intense and agonizing uncertainty. Although not wounded, I had been so crushed by my fall that it was not without pain I got upon my legs. I soon perceived that the spot around me had not yet been visited by the vultures of the battlefield who strip alike the dead and dying; the distance of the place from where the great conflict of the battle had occurred was probably the reason. And now, as the straggling sunbeams fell upon the earth, I could trace the helmet of the Enniskilleners or the tall bearskin of the Scotch Grays lying in thick confusion where the steel cuirass and long sword of the French dragoons showed the fight had been hottest. As I turned my eyes hither and thither I could see no living thing near me. In every attitude of struggling agony they lay around, some buried beneath their horses, some bathed in blood; some, with clinched hand and darting eyeballs, seemed struggling even in death; but all was still: not a word, not a sigh, not a groan, was there.

I was turning to leave the spot, and, uncertain which way to direct my steps, looked once more around, when my glance rested upon the pale and marble features of one whom even in that moment of doubt and difficulty there was no mistaking. His coat, torn widely open, was grasped in either hand, while his breast was shattered with balls and bathed in gore. Gashed and mutilated as he lay, still the features wore no trace of suffering; cold, pale, motionless, but with the tranquil look of sleep, his eyelids were closed, and his half-parted lips seemed still to quiver in life. I knelt down beside him; I took his hand in mine; I bent over and whispered his name; I placed my hand upon his heart, where even still the life-blood was

warm; but he was dead. Poor Hammersly! His was a gallant soul, and as I looked upon his bloodstained corpse my tears fell fast upon his brow to think how far I had myself been the cause of a life blighted in its hope, and a death like his.

PART III.

BRUSSELS.—MEETING WITH LUCY DASHWOOD.

Desirous of escaping from all that knew me, anxious to bury my agitated and distracted thoughts in solitude and quiet, I opened the first door before me, and, seeing it an empty and unoccupied room, threw myself upon a sofa and buried my head within my hands. Oh how often had the phantom of happiness passed within my reach, but still glided from my grasp! How often had I beheld the goal I aimed at, as it were, before me, and the next moment all the bleak reality of my evil fortune was lowering around me!

"Oh, Lucy, Lucy!" I exclaimed aloud; "but for you, and a few words carelessly spoken, I had never trod that path of ambition whose end has been the wreck of all my happiness. But for you I had never loved so fondly—had never filled my mind with one image which, excluding every other thought, leaves no pleasure but in it alone. Yes, Lucy, but for you I should have gone tranquilly down the stream of life with naught of grief or care save such as are inseparable from the passing chances of mortality—loved, perhaps, and cared for by some one who would have deemed it no disgrace to have linked her fortune with my own. But for you I had never been—"

"'A soldier,' you would say," whispered a soft voice as a light hand gently touched my shoulder. "I had come," continued she, "to thank you for a gift no gratitude can repay—my father's life; but truly I did not think to hear the words you have spoken, nor, having heard them, can I feel their justice. No, Mr. O'Malley; deeply grateful as I am to you for the service you once rendered myself, bound as I am by every tie of thankfulness, by the greater one to my father, yet do I feel that in the impulse I have given to your life, if so be that to me you owe it, I have done more to repay my debt to you than by all the friendship, all the esteem, I owe you. If, indeed, by my means you became a soldier, if my few and random words raised within your breast that fire of ambition which has been your beacon-light to honor and to glory, then I am indeed proud."

"Alas, alas! Lucy—Miss Dashwood, I would say—forgive me if I know not the very words I utter. How has my career fulfilled the promise that gave it birth? For you, and you only, to gain your affection, to win your heart, I became a soldier; hardship, danger, even death itself, were courted by me, supported by the one thought that you had cared for or had pitied me; and now, now—"

"And now," said she, while her eyes beamed upon me with a very flood of tenderness, "is it nothing that in my woman's heart I have glowed with pride at triumphs I could read of, but dared not share in? Is it nothing that you have lent to my hours of solitude and of musing the fervor of that career, the maddening enthusiasm of that glorious path, my sex denied me? I have followed you in my thoughts across the burning plains of the Peninsula, through the long hours of the march in the dreary

nights, even to the battlefield. I have thought of you, I have dreamed of you, I have prayed for you."

"Alas, Lucy, but not loved me!"

The very words, as I spoke them, sank with a despairing cadence upon my heart. Her hand, which had fallen upon mine, trembled violently; I pressed my lips upon it, but she moved it not. I dared to look up; her head was turned away, but her heaving bosom betrayed her emotion.

"No, no, Lucy!" cried I, passionately; "I will not deceive myself. I ask for more than you can give me. Farewell!"

Now, and for the last time, I pressed her hand once more to my lips; my hot tears fell fast upon it. I turned to go, and threw one last look upon her. Our eyes met. I cannot say what it was, but in a moment the whole current of my thought was changed; her look was bent upon me, beaming with softness and affection, her hand gently pressed my own and her lips murmured my name.

The door burst open at this moment, and Sir George Dashwood appeared; Lucy turned one fleeting look upon her father, and fell fainting into my arms.

"God bless you, my boy!" said the old general as he hurriedly wiped a tear from his eye; "I am now indeed a happy father."

CHARLES LEVER.

ENERGY.

ENERGY is the capacity for labor. It is consistent with all the robust virtues, and makes a large practice of them possible. It is the measure of fulness of life: the more energy, the more abundance of it; no energy at all is death; idiots are feeble and listless. In the inquiries I made on the antecedents of men of science no points came out more strongly than that the leaders of scientific thought were generally gifted with remarkable energy, and that they had inherited the gift of it from their parents and grandparents. I have since found the same to be the case in other careers.

Energy is an attribute of the higher races, being favored beyond all other qualities by natural selection. We are goaded into activity by the conditions and struggles of life. They afford stimuli that oppress and worry the weakly, who complain and bewail, and it may be succumb to them, but which the energetic man welcomes with a good-humored shrug and is the better for in the end. The stimuli may be of any description; the only important matter is that all the faculties should be kept working to prevent their perishing by disuse. If the faculties are few, very simple stimuli will suffice.

It does not seem to follow that because men are capable of doing hard work they like it. Some, indeed, fidget and fret if they cannot otherwise work off their superfluous steam; but, on the other hand, there are many big lazy fellows who will not get up their steam to full pressure except under compulsion. Again, the character of the stimulus that induces hard work differs greatly in different persons; it may be wealth, ambition or other object of passion. The solitary hard workers under no encouragement or compulsion except their sense of duty to their generation are, unfortunately, still rare among us.

It may be objected that if the race were too healthy and energetic there would be

insufficient call for the exercise of the pitying and self-denying virtues, and the character of men would grow harder in consequence. But it does not seem reasonable to preserve sickly breeds for the sole purpose of tending them, as the breed of foxes is preserved solely for sport and its attendant advantages. There is little fear that misery will ever cease from the land or that the compassionate will fail to find objects for their compassion, but at present the supply vastly exceeds the demand; the land is overstocked and overburdened with the listless and the incapable.

In any scheme of eugenics, energy is the most important quality to favor; it is, as we have seen, the basis of living action, and it is eminently transmissible by descent.

FRANCIS GALTON.

THE TALKATIVE MISS BATES.

MISS BATES and Miss Fairfax, escorted by two gentlemen, walked into the room. Everybody's words were soon lost under the incessant flow of Miss Bates, who came in talking and had not finished her speech under many minutes after her being admitted into the circle at the fire. As the door opened she was heard:

"So very obliging of you! No rain at all. Nothing to signify. I do not care for myself. Quite thick shoes. And Jane declares— Well," as soon as she was within the door, "well! This is brilliant indeed! This is admirable. Excellently contrived, upon my word. Nothing wanting. Could not have imagined it. So well lighted up!—Jane, Jane, look! did you ever see anything?—Oh, Mr. Weston, you must really have had Aladdin's lamp. Good Mrs. Stokes would not know her own room again. I saw her as I came in; she was standing in the entrance. 'Oh, Mrs. Stokes,' said I; but I had not time for more."

She was now met by Mrs. Weston.

"Very well, I thank you, ma'am. I hope you are quite well? Very happy to hear it. So afraid you might have a headache, seeing you pass by so often and knowing how much trouble you must have. Delighted to hear it indeed.—Ah, dear Mrs. Elton! So obliged to you for the carriage. Excellent time. Jane and I quite ready; did not keep the horses a moment. Most comfortable carriage.—Oh, and I am sure our thanks are due to you, Mrs. Weston, on that score. Mrs. Elton had most kindly sent Jane a note, or we should have been— But two such offers in one day! Never were such neighbors. I said to my mother, 'Upon my word, ma'am.' Thank you; my mother is remarkably well. Gone to Mr. Woodhouse's. I made her take her shawl, for the evenings are not warm—her large new shawl. Mrs. Dixon's wedding-present. So kind of her to think of my mother! Bought at Weymouth, you know; Mr. Dixon's choice. There were three others, Jane says, which they hesitated about some time. Colonel Campbell rather preferred an olive.—My dear Jane, are you sure you did not wet your feet? It was but a drop or two, but I am so afraid; but Mr. Frank Churchill was so extremely, and there was a mat to step upon. I shall never forget his extreme politeness. Oh, Mr. Frank Churchill, I must tell you my mother's spectacles have never been in fault since; the rivet never came out again. My mother often talks of your good-nature.—Does not

she, Jane? Do not we often talk of Mr. Frank Churchill?—Ah! here's Miss Woodhouse. Dear Miss Woodhouse, how do you do? Very well, I thank you; quite well. This is meeting quite in Fairyland. Such a transformation! Must not compliment, I know," eying Emma most complacently—"that would be rude; but upon my word, Miss Woodhouse, you do look— How do you like Jane's hair? You are a judge. She did it all herself. Quite wonderful how she does her hair. No hairdresser from London, I think, could— Ah, Dr. Hughes, I declare, and Mrs. Hughes. Must go and speak to Dr. and Mrs. Hughes for a moment. —How do you do? How do you do? Very well, I thank you. This is delightful, is it not? Where's dear Mr. Richard? Oh, there he is. Don't disturb him. Much better employed talking to the young ladies.—How do you do, Mr. Richard? I saw you the other day as you rode through the town.—Mrs. Otway, I protest! and good Mr. Otway and Miss Otway and Miss Caroline. Such a host of friends! And Mr. George and Mr. Arthur!—How do you do? How do you all do? Quite well, I am much obliged to you. Never better.—Don't I hear another carriage? Who can this be? Very likely the worthy Coles. Upon my word, this is charming to be standing among such friends? And such a noble fire! I am quite roasted. —No coffee, I thank you, for me; never take coffee. A little tea if you please, sir, by and by; no hurry. Oh! here it comes. Everything so good!" JANE AUSTEN.

INSTEAD of complaining of the thorns among the roses, we should be thankful there are roses among the thorns. ANON.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky
Looked pure as the Spirit that made it;
The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
In the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim distant hill, till the lighthouse fire blazed
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.
No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.
One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope—
All hushed was the billows' commotion—
And thought that the lighthouse looked lovely as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.
The time is long past and the scene is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow:
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
Oh, then may the seraph of Mercy arise
Like a star on Eternity's ocean.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE FISHERMEN.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west—
Out into the west as the sun went down;

Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town.
For men must work, and women must weep;
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse-tower
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep;
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star with less'ning ray
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
Oh, Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hearst thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace:
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last.

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wildwoods, thick'ning, green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hearst thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

THE RESIGNATION.

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the powers of human skill,
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

Oh, teach me in the trying hour
When anguish swells the dewy tear
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee,
Encroaching, sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see
And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But, ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank th' infliction of the blow,
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night
Which on my sinking spirit steals
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDERED by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree
And watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not;
The night came on alone;
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder:
I knew its touch was kind.
It drew me nearer—nearer;
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES
(Lord Houghton).

THE YEARS HAVE LININGS.

THE years have linings, just as goblets do;
The old year is the lining of the new:
Filled with the wine of precious memories,
The golden *was* doth line the silver *is*.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

A GOLDEN COIN.

BEN ADAM had a golden coin one day,
Which he put out at interest with a Jew;
Year after year awaiting him it lay,
Until the doubled coin two pieces grew,
And these two, four; so on till people said,
"How rich Ben Adam is!" and bowed the servile head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin that day,
Which to a stranger asking alms he gave,
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way.
Ben Selim died too poor to own a grave;
But when his soul reached heaven, angels with pride
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied.

MISS METTA V. FULLER
(Mrs. M. V. Victor).

THEY COME, THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come, the merry summer months of beauty, song and flowers;
They come, the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart, and walk abroad; fling cark and care aside;
Seek silent hills or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide,
Or underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft: its velvet touch is grateful to the hand;
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously;
It stirs their blood with kindest love to bless and welcome thee;
And mark how with thine own thin locks—they now are silvery gray—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon sky
But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody;
Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like red gold,
And, hark! with shrill pipe musical their merry course they hold.
God bless them all, those little ones who far above this earth
Can make a scoff of its mean joys and vent a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound: from yonder wood it came;
The spirit of the dim green blade did breathe his own glad name.

Yes, it is he, the hermit-bird, that apart from all his kind
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind.
"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" he sings again. His note are void of art,
But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord, it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight like me
To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree,
To suck once more in every breath their little souls away
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day,
When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless, truant boy
Wandered through green woods all day long, a mighty heart of joy.

I'm sadder now: I have had cause; but oh, I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount loved of yore I yet delight to drink;
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm, unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams as in the days gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart that hath waxed old.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

THE WIDOW'S WOOER.

HE woos me with those honeyed words
That women love to hear—
Those gentle flatteries that fall
So sweet on every ear;
He tells me that my face is fair—
Too fair for grief to shade;
My cheek, he says, was never meant
In sorrow's gloom to fade.

He stands beside me when I sing
The songs of other days,
And whispers in love's thrilling tones
The words of heartfelt praise;
And often in my eyes he looks
Some answering love to see:
In vain! he there can only read
The faith of memory.

He little knows what thoughts awake
With every gentle word—
How by his looks and tones the founts
Of tenderness are stirred.
The visions of my youth return—
Joys far too bright to last;
And while he speaks of future bliss
I think but of the past.

Like lamps in Eastern sepulchres,
Amid my heart's deep gloom,
Affection sheds its holiest light
Upon my husband's tomb;
And as those lamps if brought once more
To upper air grow dim,
So my soul's love is cold and dead
Unless it glow for him.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

DEEPER THAN THOUGHT.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

A Fable.

MY hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears;
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death.
We were seven who now are one—
Six in youth, and one in age—
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;
There are seven columns massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor-lamp;
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain.
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain
With marks that will not wear away
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun to rise
For years; I cannot count them o'er:
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother drooped and died
And I lay living by his side.

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three, yet each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together, yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but pinned in heart,
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope or legend old,
Or song heroically bold.
But even these at length grew cold;
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound—not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be.
It might be fancy, but to me
They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did—my best,
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved
Because our mother's brow was given
To him, with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distressed
To see such bird in such a nest,
For he was beautiful as day
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun;
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for naught but others' ills,
And then they flowed like mountain-rills
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind,
Strong in his frame and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood
And perished in the foremost rank
With joy; but not in chains to pine:
His spirit withered with their clank.
I saw it silently decline,
And so perchance, in sooth, did mine,
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had followed there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow:
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave inthrals.
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made, and like a living grave
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay;
We heard it ripple night and day:
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky,
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain-goat
Was changed for water from the moat;
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den.
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side.
But why delay the truth? He died.

I saw and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand, nor dead,
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died, and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine. It was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer:
They coldly laughed and laid him there,
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant:
Such Murder's fitting monument.

But he the favorite and the flower
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free—
He too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired,
He too was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:
I've seen it rushing forth in blood;
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion;
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread;
But these were horrors: this was woe
Unmixed with such, but sure and slow.
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
And grieved for those he left behind,
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright;
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot.
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence, lost
In this last loss, of all the most,
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.
I listened, but I could not hear;
I called, for I was wild with fear:
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished.

I called, and thought I heard a sound;
I burst my chain with one strong bound
And rushed to him: I found him not;
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived, *I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place:
One on the earth and one beneath,
My brothers both had ceased to breathe.
I took that hand which lay so still;
Alas! my own was full as chill;

I had not strength to stir or thrive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die;
I had no earthly hope but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well: I never knew.
First came the loss of light and air,
And then of darkness too;
I had no thought, no feeling—none;
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was scarce conscious what I wist
As shrubless crags within the mist,
For all was blank and bleak and gray.
It was not night, it was not day,
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness without a place;
There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime,
But silence and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute and motionless.

A light broke in upon my brain:
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again—
The sweetest song ear ever heard;
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery.
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track:
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before;
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree—
A lovely bird with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me.
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seemed like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But, knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird, I could not wish for thine;
Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile—
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me.
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown
And left me twice so doubly lone—
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud, on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear;
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue and earth is gay

A kind of change came on my fate:
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know not what had made them so—
They were inured to sights of woe—
But so it was. My broken chain
With links unfastened did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down and then athwart,
And tread it over every part,
And round the pillars, one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick
And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall:
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape,
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me;
No child, no sire, no kin, had I,
No partner in my misery.
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more upon the mountains high
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them, and they were the same:
They were not changed, like me, in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high, their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channelled rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-walled distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle
Which in my very face did smile—
The only one in view;
A small green isle—it seemed no more—
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain-breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous, each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast:
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly;
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled, and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load:
It was as is a new-dug grave
Closing o'er one we sought to save;
And yet my glance, too much oppressed,
Had almost need of such a rest.

It might be months or years or days:
I kept no count—I took no note;
I had no hope my eyes to raise
And clear them of their dreary mote.
At last men came to set me free;
I asked not why and recked not where;
It was at length the same to me
Fettered or fetterless to be:
I learned to love despair.

And thus, when they appeared at last
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage, and all my own;
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home.
With spiders I had friendship made
And watched them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill; yet, strange to tell,
In quiet we had learned to dwell;
My very chains and I grew friends;
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are, even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

GEORGE GORDON NOEL
(Lord Byron).

THE PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years,
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek.
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road;
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here, as I craved a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial drove me from the door
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh, take me to your hospitable dome;
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold.
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes; why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot:
Then like the lark I sprightly hailed the morn;
But, ah! oppression forced me from my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandoned on the world's wide stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care,
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,

Fell, lingeringly fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

THOMAS MOSS.

TOUCH US GENTLY, TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently, as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife and children three.
(One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overheard.)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we
O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime.
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

CULTURE.

WEEDS grow unasked, and even some sweet flowers
Spontaneous give their fragrance to the air,
And bloom on hills, in vales and everywhere—
As shines the sun or fall the summer showers—
But wither while our lips pronounce them fair.
Flowers of more worth repay alone the care,
The nurture and the hopes of watchful hours,
While plants most cultured have most lasting powers;
So flowers of Genius that will longest live
Spring not in Mind's uncultivated soil,
But are the birth of time and mental toil,
And all the culture Learning's hand can give:
Fancies, like wild flowers, in a night may grow,
But thoughts are plants whose stately growth is slow.

ELIZABETH C. DODGE (Mrs. E. C. Kinney).

LOVE.

THEY sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly, these passions are of earth:
They perish where they have their birth.
But love is indestructible:
Its holy flame for ever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

DANÄE.

From the Greek of Simonides.

WHILST, around her lone ark sweeping,
Wailed the winds and waters wild,
Her young cheeks all wan with weeping,
Danäe clasped her sleeping child;
And "Alas!" cried she, "my dearest,
What deep wrongs, what woes, are mine!
But no wrongs nor woes thou fearest
In that sinless rest of thine.
Faint the moonbeams break above thee
And within here all is gloom,
But, fast wrapped in arms that love thee,
Little reck'st thou of our doom.
Not the rude spray round thee flying
Has e'en damped thy clustering hair,
On thy purple mantlet lying,
O mine innocent, my fair!
Yet, to thee were sorrow sorrow,
Thou wouldst lend thy little ear,
And this heart of thine might borrow
Haply yet a moment's cheer.
But no; slumber on, Babe, slumber;
Slumber, Ocean-waves; and you,
My dark troubles, without number,
Oh that ye would slumber too!
Though with wrongs they've brimmed my chalice,
Grant, Jove, that in future years
This boy may defeat their malice
And avenge his mother's tears."

Translation of William Peters.

SONG OF MARGARET.

AY, I saw her: we have met;
Married eyes, how sweet they be!
Are you happier, Margaret,
Than you might have been with me?
Silence! make no more ado!
Did she think I should forget?
Matters nothing, though I knew,
Margaret, Margaret!

Once those eyes, full sweet, full shy,
Told a certain thing to mine;
What they told me I put by,
Oh, so careless of the sign.
Such an easy thing to take,
And I did not want it then;
Fool! I wish my heart would break:
Scorn is hard on hearts of men.

Scorn of self is bitter work:
Each of us has felt it now;
Bluest skies she counted mirk,
Self-betrayed of eyes and brow.
As for me, I went my way,
And a better man drew nigh,
Fain to earn with long essay
What the winner's hand threw by.

Matters not in deserts old,
What was born and waxed and yearned,
Year to year its meaning told,
I am come: its deeps are learned—
Come, but there is naught to say:
Married eyes with mine have met.
Silence! Oh, I had my day,
Margaret, Margaret!

Jean Ingelow.

LIFE.

A SACRED burden is this life ye bear;
Look on it, lift it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

Frances Anne Kemble.

PATRICK HENRY'S FIRST SPEECH.

ABOUT the time of Mr. Henry's coming to the bar a controversy arose in Virginia which gradually produced a very strong excitement and called to it at length the attention of the whole State. This was the famous controversy between the clergy on the one hand, and the legislature of the people of the colony on the other, touching the stipend claimed by the former; and, as this was the occasion on which Mr. Henry's genius first broke forth, those who take an interest in his life will not be displeased by a particular account of the nature and grounds of the dispute.

It will be borne in mind that the Church of England was at this period the established Church of Virginia, and by an act of Assembly passed so far back as the year 1696 each minister of a parish had been provided with an annual stipend of sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco. This act was re-enacted, with amendments, in 1748, and in this form had received the royal assent. The price of tobacco had long remained stationary at two pence in the pound, or sixteen shillings and eight pence per hundred. According to the provisions of the law, the clergy had the right to demand, and were in the practice of receiving, payment to their stipend in the specific tobacco, unless they chose, for convenience, to commute it for money at the market price. In the year 1755, however, the crop of tobacco having fallen short, the legislature passed "an act to enable the inhabitants of this colony to discharge their tobacco debts in money for the present year," by the provisions of which "all persons from whom any tobacco was due were authorized to pay the same either in tobacco or in money, after the rate of sixteen shillings and eight pence per hundred, at the option of the debtor." This act was to continue in force for ten months, and no longer, and did not contain the usual clause of suspension until it should receive the royal assent. Whether the scarcity of tobacco was so general and so notorious as to render this act a measure of obvious humanity and necessity, or whether the clergy were satisfied by its generality, since it embraced sheriffs, clerks, attorneys, and all other tobacco creditors, as well as themselves, or whether they acquiesced in it as a temporary expedient which they supposed not likely to be repeated, it is certain that no objection was made to the law at that time. They could not, indeed, have helped observing the benefits which the rich planters derived from the act, for they were receiving from fifty to sixty shillings per hundred for their tobacco, while they paid off their debts due in that article at the old price of sixteen shillings and eight pence. Nothing, however, was then said in defence either of the royal prerogative or of the rights of the clergy, but the law was permitted to go peaceably through its ten months' opera-

tion. The great tobacco-planters had not forgotten the fruits of this act when, in the year 1758, upon a surmise that another short crop was likely to occur, the provisions of the act of 1755 were re-enacted, and the new law, like the former, contained no suspending clause. The crop, as had been anticipated, did fall short, and the price of tobacco rose immediately from sixteen and eight pence to fifty shillings per hundred. The clergy now took the alarm, and the act was assailed by an indignant, sarcastic and vigorous pamphlet entitled *The Two-Penny Act*, from the pen of the Rev. John Camn, the rector of York Hampton parish, and the Episcopalian commissary for the colony. He was answered by two pamphlets, written, the one by Colonel Richard Bland, and the other by Colonel Landon Carter, in both which the commissary was very roughly handled.* He replied in a still severer pamphlet under the ludicrous title of *The Colonels Dismounted.* The colonels rejoined, and this war of pamphlets, in which, with some sound argument, there was a great deal of what Dryden has called "the horse-play of raillery," was kept up, until the whole colony, which had at first looked on for amusement, kindled seriously in the contest from motives of interest. Such was the excitement produced by the discussion, and at length so strong the current against the clergy, that the printers found it expedient to shut their presses against them in the colony, and Mr. Camn had at last to resort to Maryland for publication. These pamphlets are still extant, and it seems impossible to deny at this day that the clergy had much the best of the argument. The king in his council took up the subject, denounced the act of 1758 as a usurpation and declared it utterly null and void. Thus supported, the clergy resolved to bring the question to a judicial test, and suits were accordingly brought by them in the various county courts of the colony to recover their stipends in the specific tobacco. They selected the county of Hanover as the place of the first experiment, and this was made in a suit instituted by the Rev. James Maury against the collector of that county and his sureties. The record of this suit is now before me. The declaration is found on the act of 1748, which gives the tobacco; the defendants pleaded specially the act of 1758, which authorizes the commutation into money, at sixteen and eight pence. To this plea the plaintiff demurred, assigning for causes of demurrer, first, that the act of 1758, not having received the royal assent, had not the force of a law; and secondly, that the king in council had declared the act null and void. The case stood for argument on the demurrer to the November term, 1763, and was argued by Mr. Lyons for the plaintiff and Mr. John Lewis for the defendants, when the court, very much to the credit of their candor and firmness, breasted the popular current by sustaining the demurrer. Thus far the clergy sailed before the wind, and concluded, with good reason, that their triumph was complete; for, the act of 1758 having been declared void by the judgment on the demurrer, that of 1748 was left in full force, and became in law the only standard for the finding of the jury. Mr. Lewis was so thoroughly convinced of this that he retired from the cause, informing his clients that it had been, in effect, decided against them, and that there remained nothing more for him to do. In this desperate situation

they applied to Patrick Henry, and he undertook to argue it for them before a jury at the ensuing term. Accordingly, on the first day of the following December, he attended the court, and on his arrival found in the court-yard such a concourse as would have appalled any other man in his situation. They were not the people of the county merely who were there, but visitors from all the counties to a considerable distance around. The decision upon the demurrer had produced a violent ferment among the people and equal exultation on the part of the clergy, who attended the court in a large body, either to look down opposition or to enjoy the final triumph of this hard-fought contest, which they now considered as perfectly secure.

Among many other clergymen who attended on this occasion came the Reverend Patrick Henry, who was the plaintiff in another cause of the same nature, then depending in court. When Mr. Henry saw his uncle approach, he walked up to his carriage, accompanied by Colonel Meredith, and expressed his regret at seeing him there.

"Why so?" inquired the uncle.

"Because, sir," said Mr. Henry, "you know that I have never yet spoken in public, and I fear that I shall be too much overawed by your presence to be able to do my duty to my clients. Besides, sir, I shall be obliged to say some hard things of the clergy, and I am very unwilling to give pain to your feelings."

His uncle reproved him for having engaged in the cause, which Mr. Henry excused by saying that the clergy had not thought him worthy of being retained on their side, and he knew of no moral principle by which he was bound to refuse a fee from their adversaries; besides, he confessed that in this controversy both his heart and judgment, as well as his professional duty, were on the side of the people. He then requested that his uncle would do him the favor to leave the ground.

"Why, Patrick," said the old gentleman, with a good-natured smile, "as to your saying hard things of the clergy, I advise you to let that alone: take my word for it, you will do yourself more harm than you will them; and as to my leaving the ground, I fear, my boy, that my presence could neither do you harm nor good in such a cause. However, since you seem to think otherwise and desire it of me so earnestly, you shall be gratified;" whereupon he entered his carriage again and returned home.

Soon after the opening of the court the cause was called. It stood on a writ of inquiry of damages, no plea having been entered by the defendants since the judgment on the demurrer. The array before Mr. Henry's eyes was now most fearful. On the bench sat more than twenty clergymen, the most learned men in the colony, and the most capable, as well as the severest, critics before whom it was possible for him to have made his *dêbut.* The court-house was crowded with an overwhelming multitude and surrounded with an immense and anxious throng, who, not finding room to enter, were endeavoring to listen without, in the deepest attention. But there was something still more awfully disconcerting than all this, for in the chair of the presiding magistrate sat no other person than his own father. Mr. Lyons opened the cause very briefly; in the way of argu-

ment he did nothing more than explain to the jury that the decision upon the demurrer had put the act of 1758 entirely out of the way and left the law of 1748 as the only standard of their damages; he then concluded with a highly-wrought eulogium on the benevolence of the clergy.

And now came the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose very awkwardly and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks with each other, and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat. But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others of a very different character. For now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed for the first time developed, and now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For as his mind rolled along and began to glow from its own action all the *exuviæ* of the clown seemed to shed themselves spontaneously. His attitude by degrees became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. His countenance shone with a nobleness and grandeur which it had never before exhibited. There was a lightning in his eyes which seemed to rive the spectator. His action became graceful, bold and commanding, and in the tones of his voice, but more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm, a magic, of which any one who ever heard him will speak as soon as he is named, but of which no one can give any adequate description. They can only say that it struck upon the ear and upon the heart in a manner which language cannot tell. Add to all these his wonder-working fancy and the peculiar phraseology in which he clothed its images, for he painted to the heart with a force that almost petrified it. In the language of those who heard him on this occasion, "he made their blood run cold, and their hair to rise on end."

It will not be difficult for any one who ever heard this most extraordinary man to believe the whole account of this transaction, which is given by his surviving hearers, and, from their account, the court-house of Hanover County must have exhibited on this occasion a scene as picturesque as has been ever witnessed in real life. They say that the people whose countenance had fallen as he arose had heard but a very few sentences before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses; then, attracted by some strong gesture, struck by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charm of his emphasis and the varied and commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more. In less than twenty minutes they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands in deathlike silence, their features fixed in amazement and awe, all their senses listening and riveted upon the speaker as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant. The mockery of the clergy was soon turned into alarm, their triumph into confusion and despair; and at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective they fled from the bench in precipita-

tion and terror. As for the father, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that, forgetting where he was and the character which he was filling, tears of ecstasy streamed down his cheeks without the power or inclination to repress them.

The jury seem to have been so completely bewildered that they lost sight not only of the act of 1748, but that of 1758 also; for, thoughtless even of the admitted right of the plaintiff, they had scarcely left the bar when they returned with a verdict of one penny damages. A motion was made for a new trial, but the court too had now lost the equipoise of their judgment, and overruled the motion by a unanimous vote. The verdict and judgment overruling the motion were followed by redoubled acclamations from within and from without the house. The people, who had with difficulty kept their hands off their champion from the moment of closing his harangue, no sooner saw the fate of the cause finally sealed than they seized him at the bar, and in spite of his own exertions and the continued cry of "Order!" from the sheriffs and the court they bore him out of the court-house, and, raising him on their shoulders, carried him about the yard in a kind of electioneering triumph.

Oh what a scene was this for a father's heart! so sudden, so unlooked for, so delightfully overwhelming! At the time he was not able to give utterance to any sentiment, but a few days after, when speaking of it to Mr. Winston, he said, with the most engaging modesty and with a tremor of voice which showed how much more he felt than he expressed,

"Patrick spoke in this cause near an hour, and in a manner that surprised me, and showed himself well informed on a subject of which I did not think he had any knowledge."

I have tried much to procure a sketch of this celebrated speech. But those of Mr. Henry's hearers who survive seem to have been bereft of their senses. They can only tell you, in general, that they were taken captive, and so delighted with their captivity that they followed implicitly whithersoever he led them; that at his bidding their tears flowed from pity and their cheeks flushed with indignation; that when it was over they felt as if they had just awaked from some ecstatic dream, of which they were unable to recall or connect the particulars. It was such a speech as they believe had never before fallen from the lips of man, and to this day the old people of that county cannot conceive that a higher compliment can be paid to a speaker, than to say of him, in their own homely phrase, "He is almost equal to Patrick when he pleaded against the parsons." WILLIAM WIRT.

AMBITION.

I LOVED to hear the war-horn cry,
And panted at the drum's deep roll,
And held my breath when, floating high,
I saw our starry banners fly,
As, challenging the haughty sky,
They went like battle o'er my soul.
For I was so ambitious then
I longed to be the slave of men.

I stood and saw the morning light,
A standard swaying far and free,
And loved it like the conquering flight
Of angels floating wide and bright

Above the storm, above the fight
Where nations strove for liberty,
And heard afar the signal-cry
Of trumpets in the hollow sky.

I sailed with storm upon the deep,
I shouted to the eagle soaring;
I hung me from the rocky steep,
When all but spirits were asleep,
To feel the winds about me sweep
And hear the gallant waters roaring,
For every sound and shape of strife
To me was as the breath of life.

But I am strangely altered now:
I love no more the bugle's voice,
The rushing wave the plunging prow,
The mountain with its clouded brow,
The thunder when the blue skies bow
And all the sons of God rejoice.
I love to dream of tears and sighs,
And shadowy hair and half-shut eyes.

JOHN NEAL.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow,
Where wilds immeasurably spread
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here, to the houseless child of want,
My door is open still;
And, though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows—
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring—
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn; thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighboring poor
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care:
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest,

And spread his vegetable store
And gayly pressed and smiled,
And, skilled in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe,
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care opprest;
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurned,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that Fortune brings
Are trifling and decay,
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame
And leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest,
On earth unseen or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth! Thy sorrow hush
And spurn the sex," he said;
But while he spoke a rising blush
His lovelorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colors o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confessed
A maid in all her charms.

"And ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried,
"Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share
Whom Love has taught to stray—
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne;
A wealthy lord was he,
And all his wealth was marked as mine·
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms
Unnumbered suitors came,
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt or feigned a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Amongst the rest young Edwin bowed,
But never talked of love.

"In humblest, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he:
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could naught of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine:
Their charms were his; but, woe to me!
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And, while his passion touched my heart,
I triumphed in his pain,

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride,
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay:
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die.
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast.
The wondering fair one turned to chide:
'Twas Edwin's self that prest!

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life, my all that's mine.

"No! Never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true:
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

IT WAS NOTHING BUT A ROSE.

IT was nothing but a rose I gave her—
Nothing but a rose
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers,
With a hand as chill—
Ah! the flying touch upon them lingers,
Stays, and thrills them still.

Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,
Crumpled fold on fold,
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
Cannot make it old.

ANONYMOUS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

JAMES HOGG.

GENIUS is irrepressible, and it "peereth in the meanest habit." Obscurity and poverty could not crush Crabbe, nor could a cabin-boy's hardships nor a shoemaking apprenticeship conceal the merit of Gifford or prevent him from reaching a high rank as a satirist and a critic.

James Hogg was born in a sphere perhaps still more remote than that of Burns from the possibility of attaining the dignity of a popular and national poet. Born, the descendant of an ancestry of shepherds, in the wilds of Ettrick, his seventh year opened amidst the ruins of his father's small and painfully-acquired means. A rude shieling was the dwelling of his childhood; some six months "buckled in the sum" of his school education; till nearly his manhood the Bible was his only reading; but the sunshine of the poetical faculty seems early to have flitted about his mind. To his mother, like many great men, he owed the nursing of the talent which God had given. Literature slowly shed her showers on his intellect, and after a youth passed in sequestered regions in the care of a few sheep he appeared before his countrymen as a claimant of the successorship to the throne of Burns. The first wealth his pen yielded was expended on an unlucky farming speculation. Driven to Edinburgh and to literature as a means of subsistence, the publication of the "Queen's Wake" in 1813 at length vindicated his position as a poet. In that year a grant of the farm of Altrive, in Ettrick, from his patron, the duke of Buccleuch, restored him to his original occupation. He married and leased the larger adjoining farm of Mount Benger, the failure of which again reduced him in a few years to poverty. During these years he continued to write voluminously; he was intimately connected for a considerable time with *Blackwood's Magazine:* he claims, indeed, the merit of founding that periodical. All his misfortunes he bore not only with equanimity, but with a cheerfulness which could never be broken.

Somewhat of the touchiness of the irritable race, combined with a simplicity and artlessness of character that wore "its heart upon its sleeve," and the want of that knowledge of the world and regularity of business habits which nature seems to have denied to poets, involved Mr. Hogg sometimes in unpleasant collisions with his friends and proved the source of not a few of his misfortunes. Like most educated men, he was—and had a right to be so—vain of his position and achievements; but in Mr. Hogg's vanity there is a *bonhommie* and simplicity utterly different from the insolence of pride. He was hospitable, liberal and generous in disposition, upright and straightforward in principle. His works—prose compositions, chiefly tales, "rough and racy," as Byron termed them, and his poetry—amount to about thirty volumes, besides a vast number of contributions to periodicals and an-

nuals. His poetry consists chiefly of songs, ballads and elfin legends; he was at home in the fairy world, and it is in these gorgeous and airy regions in which his genius is chiefly conspicuous. The "Queen's Wake," his finest poem, is beautifully conceived. It is composed of a series of lyric legends supposed to be sung before Mary queen of Scots at a wake (or nightly meeting) of Northern minstrels. The legends are united by a thread of narrative poetry. [Born 1773; died 1835.] DANIEL SCRYMGEOUR.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

IN the latter half of the eighteenth century there were practised on the English public two singular literary forgeries, the one in Macpherson's "Ossian," the other in Chatterton's alleged poems of the fifteenth century, which, though the productions of a boy between fifteen and seventeen, employed in lengthened debate the most eminent learning in England. Of all instances of precocity of mind, that of Chatterton is one of the most wonderful. Born in humble life in Bristol, receiving only a few years' education at a charity school and apprenticed to an attorney in his fifteenth year, the wealth of his genius found in itself resources, and his indomitable perseverance and energy found time, to rear an amount of intellectual fruit that might furnish forth the labor of many a literary lifetime. At eleven years of age he wrote poetry superior in vigor and animation to that of Cowley and Pope a year or two older. His mind had received a bias to the study of the old literature and to English antiquities, which he prosecuted under the most disadvantageous circumstances till he so wreathed his genius into the spirit of a past age, with all its circumstance of rusty vellum and antique orthography, that the poems of his fictitious monk, "Rowley"—found, as he alleged, in an old chest in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol—startled the antiquarian skill of an enlightened empire. Without referring to his other impositions beyond the sphere of poetry, we may remark that the pieces he produced display the finest genius and a remarkable adaptation in external dress to their alleged age, and it was only the excess of their talent above that of their assigned century, a somewhat over-carefulness in disguise, a too liberal occurrence of coincidences with succeeding poets and the utter silence of all history respecting the name of "Rowley" that demonstrated their fabrication by Chatterton's own brain and industry. It was a singular homage to his genius that one argument for their genuine antiquity was the impossibility that Chatterton's age and opportunities should elaborate an amount of literature so exquisite and so vraisemblant.

In his eighteenth year Chatterton came to London with proud expectations of wealth and distinction, which were not fulfilled. His acquaintance with Wilkes and Beckford—for he had adopted the obnoxious side of the existing politics, or rather he seems to have had political dishonesty enough to be willing to support any party that could be useful to him—failed to advance his interest. Infidelity, into which his arrogant judgment had seduced him, disappointment and intemperance urged him into suicide by arsenic ere he had completed his eighteenth year.

Chatterton adds another to the victims

whom history mourns as perishing in the folly or in the pride of genius. That noblest gift of Heaven is often conferred coupled with qualities and tendencies of mind that risk the most tremendous responsibilities, and most blessed and fortunate are they who, baptized, with Milton, into its holiest sanctities, exercise it as "ever in their great Taskmaster's eye."

The antique poems of Chatterton refer chiefly to early English history; those in modern verse, partly from the nature of the subjects, seldom do justice to his powers. [Born 1752; died 1770.]

We subjoin the following stanza from the eclogue "Elinour and Luga" as a specimen of Chatterton's antique language:

Systers in sorrowe, on thys daise-eyed banke,
Where melancholych broods, we wylle lament,
Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke;
Lyche levynde okes in eche the odher bent,
Or lyche forlettenn halles of merrimente,
Whose gastlie mitches holde the train of fryghte,
Where lethale ravens bark, and owlets wake the nyghte.

DANIEL SCRYMGEOUR.

JOHN GAY.

GAY was born in 1688, at Barnstaple, in Devonshire, of an ancient but reduced family. The narrowness of his family circumstances doomed the poet to the counter of a silk-mercer in London. Happily in a few years emancipated from so uncongenial a sphere, he attracted the notice and friendship of Pope and the other leading literary men of the time. "Gay was the general favorite of the whole association of wits, but they regarded him as a playfellow rather than as a partner." His connection with the Tory party excluded him from the patronage of the house of Brunswick; but after the loss of an illusory wealth in the wreck of the South Sea scheme in 1720, the compelled industry of the luxurious and indolent poet realized for him a tolerable competency. Sheltered in the last years of his life under the hospitable roof of his noble patrons, the duke and duchess of Queensberry, and in the enjoyment of an affectionate correspondence with his friends Pope and Swift, he suddenly died of fever in 1732.

Gay is best known by his fables and his *Beggars' Opera.* The former bear the first rank in the language in their class of writing; the latter, though the applications of its political satire are obsolete and its morality not especially commendable, still, by the vigor and liveliness of its portraitures, retains its place on the stage. It banished the affectations of the Italian opera, as his "Pastorals," written in ridicule of those of Ambrose Philips, effectually suppressed the false taste in that species of composition.

The style of Gay is fluent, lively and natural. His genius is not of a high order, but is eminently adapted to the subjects it has selected. He may be termed the inventor of the English ballad opera. The most popular of his ballads is "Black-Eyed Susan."

DANIEL SCRYMGEOUR.

DOMESTIC JARS.

JARS concealed are half reconciled, while 'tis a double task to stop the breach at home and men's mouths abroad. To this end a good husband never publicly reproves his wife. An open reproof puts her to do penance before all that are present; after which, many study rather revenge than reformation.

RICHARD FULLER.

BUYING BOOKS.

OW easily one may distinguish a genuine lover of books from the worldly man! With what subdued and yet glowing enthusiasm does he gaze upon the costly front of a thousand embattled volumes! How gently he draws them down, as if they were little children! how tenderly he handles them! He peers at the title-page, at the text or the notes with the nicety of a bird examining a flower. He studies the binding; the leather—Russia, English calf, morocco; the lettering, the gilding, the edging, the hinge of the cover. He opens it and shuts it, he holds it off and brings it nigh. It suffuses his whole body with book-magnetism. He walks up and down in amaze at the mysterious allotments of Providence, that gives so much money to men who spend it upon their appetites, and so little to men who would spend it in benevolence or upon their refined tastes. It is astonishing, too, how one's necessities multiply in the presence of the supply. One never knows how many things it is impossible to do without till he goes to the house-furnishing stores. One is surprised to perceive at some bazaar or fancy and variety store how many conveniences he needs. He is satisfied that his life must have been utterly inconvenient aforetime. And thus, too, one is inwardly convicted at a bookstore of having lived for years without books which he is now satisfied that one cannot live without.

Then, too, the subtle process by which the man convinces himself that he can afford to buy. No subtle manager or broker ever saw through a maze of financial embarrassments half so quick as a poor book-buyer sees his way clear to pay for what he must have. He promises with himself marvels of retrenchment; he will eat less, or less costly viands, that he may buy more food for the mind. He will take an extra patch and go on with his raiment another year, and buy books instead of coats. Yea, he will write books that he may buy books. He will lecture, teach, trade; he will do any honest thing for money to buy books!

The appetite is insatiable. Feeding does not satisfy it. It rages by the fuel which is put upon it. As a hungry man eats first and pays afterward, so the book-buyer purchases and then works at the debt afterward. This paying is rather medicinal. It cures for a time. But a relapse takes place. The same longing, the same promises of self-denial. He promises himself to put spurs on both heels of his industry; and then, besides all this, he will somehow get along when the time for payment comes. Ah! this *somehow!* That word is as big as a whole world, and is stuffed with all the vagaries and fantasies that Fancy ever bred upon Hope.

And yet is there not some comfort in buying books to be paid for? We have heard of a sot who wished his neck as long

as the worm of a still that he might so much the longer enjoy the flavor of the draught. Thus it is a prolonged excitement of purchase if you feel for six months in a slight doubt whether the book is honestly your own or not. Had you paid down, that would have been the end of it. There would have been no affectionate and beseeching look of your books at you every time you saw them, saying, as plain as a book's eye can say, "Do not let me be taken from you."

Moreover, buying books before you can pay for them promotes caution. You do not feel quite at liberty to take them home. You are married. Your wife keeps an account-book. She knows to a penny what you can and what you cannot afford. She has no "speculation" in her eyes. Plain figures make desperate work with airy "somehows." It is a matter of no small skill and experience to get your books home and into their proper places undiscovered. Perhaps the blundering express brings them to the door just at evening.

"What is it, my dear?" she says to you.

"Oh, nothing—a few books that I cannot do without."

That smile! A true housewife that loves her husband can smile a whole arithmetic at him in one look. Of course she insists in the kindest way in sympathizing with you in your literary acquisition. She cuts the strings of the bundle—and of your heart—and out comes the whole story. You have bought a complete set of costly English books full bound in calf, extra gilt. You are caught, and feel very much as if bound in calf yourself and admirably lettered.

Now, this must not happen frequently. The books must be smuggled home. Let them be sent to some near place. Then, when your wife has a headache or is out making a call or has lain down, run the books across the frontier and threshold, hastily undo them, stop only for one loving glance as you put them away in the closet or behind other books on the shelf or on the topmost shelf. Clear away the twine and wrapping-paper and every suspicious circumstance. Be very careful not to be too kind. That often brings on detection. Only the other day we heard it said, somewhere, "Why, how good you have been lately! I am really afraid you have been carrying on mischief secretly." Our heart smote us. It was a fact. That very day we had bought a few books which "we could not do without."

After a while you can bring out one volume accidentally and leave it on the table.

"Why, my dear, what a beautiful book! Where did you borrow it?"

You glance over the newspaper, with the quietest tone you can command:

"That? Oh, that is mine. Have you not seen it before? It has been in the house these two months;" and you rush on with anecdote and incident, and point out the binding and that peculiar trick of gilding, and everything else you can think of. But it all will not do; you cannot rub out that roguish arithmetical smile. People may talk about the equality of the sexes. They are not equal. The silent smile of a sensible, loving woman will vanquish ten men. Of course you repent, and in time form a habit of repenting.

Another method which will be found pecu-

liarly effective is to make a present of some fine work to your wife. Of course, whether she or you have the name of buying it, it will go into your collection and be yours to all intents and purposes. But it stops remark in the presentation. A wife could not reprove you for so kindly thinking of her. No matter what she suspects, she will say nothing. And then, if there are three or four more works which have come home with the gift-book, they will pass, through the favor of the other.

These are pleasures denied to wealth and old bachelors. Indeed, one cannot imagine the peculiar pleasure of buying books if one is rich and stupid. There must be some pleasure, or so many would not do it. But the full flavor, the whole relish, of delight only comes to those who are so poor that they must engineer for every book. They sit down before them and besiege them. They are captured. Each book has a secret history of ways and means. It reminds you of subtle devices by which you ensured and made it yours, in spite of poverty.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

FILIAL REVERENCE.

THE present state of manners, though not the best possible, has one advantage over that which preceded it: it is more favorable to a confidential intercourse between children and parents than was the starched demeanor of our forefathers; but there might be a much greater infusion of respect without any diminution of confidence. Filial love, indeed, can never exist in perfection unless it be founded on a deep sentiment of reverence, and, where that has not been well cultivated in childhood, it is soon frittered entirely away by habitual indulgence in disrespect, flippancy or rude familiarity.

The sentiment of reverence is one of the noblest attributes of the human mind; to its exercise God has affixed an exquisite sense of enjoyment. It operates in a thousand ways to elevate and embellish the character. Its first development is in the feelings of a child for its parents, and this is the natural preparation of the mind for its rise to a higher object, even to the Father in heaven. As the understanding ripens and this sentiment is cultivated it embraces all that is great and good among men, all that is vast and magnificent in nature and in art, shedding over the character of its possessor an indescribable grace, softening the very tones of the voice and rendering it impossible for the manners to be wanting in deference and courtesy toward parents or teachers or the aged of any description.

Where the sentiment of reverence is deficient a foundation is wanting for many graceful superstructures, and the defect shows itself in various ways of which the irreverent are little aware, or they would endeavor to supply the deficiency as a mere matter of taste, if not of principle. Such persons will have unpleasant manners which no rules of good-breeding will correct, and, as the irreverent state of feeling grows by indulgence in disrespectful demeanor, they are in danger of becoming bold, reckless, and even impious.

You whom I address are yet young; whatever may have been your education, you are yet young enough to re-educate yourselves. You have hearts capable of being touched by the beautiful, the true, the sublime. You feel reverence for God and the things that

The Grandchild.

NEW YORK
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belong to religion, but you have not, perhaps, considered how the same sentiment is connected with other relations in life. In all the great moral authors whom you have read you have found filial piety and reverence for the aged treated as indispensable qualities in a virtuous character, whether heathen or Christian, but you may never have reflected on the indications which you give of the want of it in your own. If, then, your conscience tells you that you are guilty of those faults of manner which I have described as but too common in our society, you may be sure that your feelings of reverence need quickening and cultivating; and if you would escape becoming the harsh, ungraceful character which grows out of such delinquency, you must reform your manners.

It is to be feared that some young ladies think themselves excused from the duty of filial reverence because they are more highly educated than their parents; they have more knowledge, more refinement, and therefore they may dictate, contradict, and set up their judgments in opposition to their fathers' and mothers'. But this is a great mistake: no superiority of culture can change the relation of child and parent or annul the duties that grow out of it. The better your education has been, the more cause for gratitude to those who have procured for you this blessing; the higher the culture, the more you are bound to perform well all the duties of life; the greater your refinement, the more perfect should be your manners toward your parents; the more your influence is needed in the family, the more important it is that you should not impair it by such faults as the uneducated can judge of, as well as the most cultivated. There is, besides, a great meanness in turning against your parents the weapons which their kindness has put into your hands. The acquirements of their children often make parents feel their own deficiencies very painfully, and nothing but the most respectful behavior on the part of the offspring can lessen the mortification and convince them that, apart from all such adventitious circumstances, they have undeniable claims to the love and reverence of their children.

Nothing can justify the want of respect in the manners of children to parents, of pupils to teachers, of the young to the aged, not even faults of character in the individuals claiming such deference and regard. It is due to yourself to treat the relation with respect; and the more perfectly proper your manners are, the greater will be your influence. There is nothing in the whole circle of domestic relations so lovely, so pure, so honorable to both parties, as the respectful, affectionate and confidential intercourse of some young women with their parents.

ELIZA WARE FARRAR.

CEREMONIES.

ALL ceremonies are in themselves very silly things, but yet a man of the world should know them. They are the outworks of manners and decency, which would be too often broken in upon if it were not for that defence which keeps the enemy at a proper distance. It is for that reason that I always treat fools and coxcombs with great ceremony, true good-breeding not being a sufficient barrier against them.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE (Earl of Chesterfield).

GRANT AND LEE.*

FROM "PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF GENERAL SHERIDAN."

ABOUT 3 o'clock in the afternoon the terms of surrender were written out and accepted, and General Lee left the house, as he departed cordially shaking hands with General Grant. A moment later he mounted his chunky gray horse, and lifting his hat as he passed out of the yard, rode off toward his army, his arrival there being announced to us by cheering, which, as it progressed, varying in loudness, told he was riding through the bivouac of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The surrender of General Lee practically ended the war of the rebellion. For four years his army had been the mainstay of the Confederacy; and the marked ability with which he directed its operations is evidenced both by his frequent successes and the length of time he kept up the contest. Indeed, it may be said that till General Grant was matched against him, he never met an opponent he did not vanquish, for while it is true that defeat was inflicted on the Confederates at Antietam and Gettysburg, yet the fruits of these victories were not gathered, for after each of these battles Lee was left unmolested till he had a chance to recuperate.

The assignment of General Grant to the command of the Union armies in the winter of 1863–64 gave presage of success from the start, for his eminent abilities had already been proved, and besides he was a tower of strength to the Government, because he had the confidence of the people. They knew that henceforth systematic direction would be given to our armies in every section of the vast territory over which active operations were being prosecuted, and further, that this coherence, this harmony of plan, was the one thing needed to end the war, for in the three preceding years there had been illustrated most lamentable effects of the absence of system. From the moment he set our armies in motion simultaneously, in the spring of 1864, it could be seen that we should be victorious ultimately, for, though on different lines we were checked now and then, yet we were harassing the Confederacy at so many vital points that plainly it must yield to our blows. Against Lee's army, the forefront of the Confederacy, Grant pitted himself; and it may be said that the Confederate commander was now, for the first time, overmatched, for against all his devices —the products of a mind fertile in defence— General Grant brought to bear not only the wealth of expedient which had hitherto distinguished him, but also an imperturbable tenacity, particularly in the Wilderness and on the march to the James, without which the almost insurmountable obstacles of that campaign could not have been overcome. During it and the siege of Petersburg he met with many disappointments—on several occasions the shortcoming of generals, when at the point of success, leading to wretched failures. But so far as he was concerned, the only apparent effect of these discomfitures was to make him all the more determined to discharge successfully the stupendous trust committed to his care, and to bring into play the manifold resources of his well-ordered military mind. He guided every subordinate then, and in the last days of the rebel-

* The *Personal Memoirs* of P. H. Sheridan is published by Charles L. Webster & Co., and copyrighted, 1888, by Philip H. Sheridan. Selected by kind permission.

PENELOPE.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY E. V. DEUTSCH.

lion, with a fund of common sense and superiority of intellect, which have left an impress so distinct as to exhibit his great personality. When his military history is analyzed after a lapse of years, it will show, even more clearly than now, that during these as well as in his previous campaigns he was the steadfast centre about and on which everything else turned.

PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

DEATH OF AGAMEMNON.*

FROM THE GREEK OF ÆSCHYLUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA OVER DEAD BODY.

HERE stand I as I smote. 'Twas I
that slew him!
Thus, thus I did it! Naught will I deny.
That he could nor defend himself, nor 'scape.
As round the fish the inextricable net
Closes, in his rich garments' fatal wealth
I wrapt him. Then once, twice, I smote him.
Twice groaned he, then stretched out his
failing limbs,
And as he lay I added a third blow,
And unto Hades, the dark god below,
Warden of the dead, made my thanksgiving
vow.
So, fallen thus, he breathed out his proud life
And spouted forth such a quick rush of blood
It splashed me o'er with its black gory dew.
Yet not the less rejoiced I than the flower
Within the pregnant folds of its sweet cup
Rejoices in the dropping dews of heaven.
Being as it is, ye Argive elders all,
If that ye too feel joy, rejoice with me,
And I protest that were it meet to make
Libations for the dead, 'tis I would make
them;
For all that's done is just—is more than just.
He that hath filled the chalice of this house
With cursing and with woe, on his return
Himself should drink it to the very dregs. . . .
Ye try me as a woman void of sense.
As to experienced men I speak to you
With heart that knows not fear. Praise me
or blame me,
'Tis one to me. He that lies here a corpse
Is Agamemnon, is my husband—dead
Even by mine hand, the righteous artisan
Of this great work of death. So let it be.

Translation of HENRY HART MILMAN.

* The play of *Agamemnon*, written by Æschylus, from which we give a selection, was acted in the second year of the eightieth Olympiad, or B. C. 459.

PENELOPE.

THIS distinguished lady, wife of Ulysses and daughter of Icarus, is held up as a perfect pattern of virtue and chastity. Notwithstanding it was generally believed during the long absence of Ulysses that he was dead, notwithstanding she had not heard from him for twenty years, yet her fondness for him continued unabated. Neither the request of her parents nor the smiles and frowns of her lovers could induce her to marry another man and violate the vows of fidelity which she gave to Ulysses when he departed. She was besieged by a numerous and powerful train of wooers, but she delivered herself from them by artifice. To pacify them she promised to make choice of one of them as soon as a piece of needlework about which she was busied should be finished, but she took care to unweave in the night what she had woven in the daytime. Hence the proverb, "To weave Penelope's web," is applied to a vain and endless piece of labor.

WILLIAM DARLINGTON.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY,
of Madison Square,
Has made three separate
journeys to Paris,
And her father assures me
each time she was there
That she and her friend
Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is
so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without
romance or mystery)
Spent six consecutive weeks, without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping—
Shopping alone and shopping together,
At all hours of the day and in all sorts of weather,
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below;
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts and dinners and balls;
Dresses to sit in and stand in and walk in;
Dresses to dance in and flirt in and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer and fall;
All of them different in color and pattern—
Silk, muslin and lace, crape, velvet and satin,
Brocade and broadcloth, and other material
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, *modiste* or tradesman be bought of,
From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills,
In all quarters of Paris and to every store.
While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded and swore,
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip their goods shipped by the steamer Arago
Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest
Sufficient to fill the largest sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest that they invested
Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, embroideries, worked underclothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
Gave "Good-bye" to the ship, and go-by to the duties.

Her relations at home all marvelled, no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
For an actual belle and a possible bride;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out
And the truth came to light, and the dry goods beside,
Which, in spite of collector and custom-house sentry,
Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met, was in utter despair
Because she had nothing whatever to wear.

Nothing to wear! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Powers' Greek Slave or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say I have heard her declare
When at the same moment she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear.

I should mention just here that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called her "affections,"
And that rather decayed but well-known work of art
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlor most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas-fixtures, we whispered our love
Without any romance or raptures or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes or transports, or such silly actions.
It was one of the quietest business transactions,
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now, stop! don't you speak—
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call;

So don't prose to me about duty and stuff:
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be
That as long as I choose I am perfectly free,
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey, and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder,
At least, in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And, it being the week of the Stuckup's grand ball—
Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tip-toe—
I considered it only my duty to call
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her, as ladies are apt to be found
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual, I found—I won't say I caught —her
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.
She turned as I entered: "Why, Harry, you sinner!
I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner?"—
"So I did," I replied, "but the dinner is swallowed,
And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more;
So, being relieved from that duty, I followed Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
And now will Your Ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty and graces and presence to lend
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the Stuckups, whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly: "Why, Harry, *mon cher*,
I should like above all things to go with you there,
But, really and truly, I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear! Go just as you are;
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stuckup horizon." I stopped, for her eye,
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again: "Wear your crimson brocade."
Second turn up of nose: "That's too dark by a shade."

"Your blue silk."—"That's too heavy."—
"Your pink."—"That's too light."—
"Wear tulle over satin."—"I can't endure white."—
"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch."—
"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."—
"Your brown moire antique."—"Yes, and look like a Quaker!"—
"The pearl-colored."—"I would, but that plaguey dressmaker
Has had it a week."—"Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."
Here the nose took again the same elevation:
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."—
"Why not? It's my fancy there's nothing could strike it
As more *comme il faut*—"—"Yes, but, dear me—that lean
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."—
"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;
That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green;
That zephyr-like tarletan, that rich grenadine."—
"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"
Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.
"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous toilette which you sported
In Paris last spring at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation,
And by all the grand court were so very much courted."
The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up."
Here I ripped out something, perhaps, rather rash—
Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"
And proved very soon the last act of our session.
"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you. Oh, you men have no feeling,
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.
Your silly pretence—why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me." Here the nose went still higher.
"I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar?

Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot;
You're a brute and a monster, and— I don't know what."
I mildly suggested the words "Hottentot,"
"Pickpocket" and "cannibal," "Tartar" and "thief,"
As gentle expletives which might give relief;
But this only proved as spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder.
It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened and hailed
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
To express the abusive, and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-
Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat too,
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—
On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and up stairs, in my own easy-chair;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
"Supposing a man had the wealth of the czar
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?"

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,
But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear!"
Researches in some of the "Upper-Ten" districts
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
Of which let me mention only a few:
In one single house on the Fifth Avenue
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,
Who have been three whole weeks without anything new
In the way of flounced silks, and, thus left in the lurch,
Are unable to go to ball, concert or church;
In another large mansion near the same place
Was found a deplorable, heartrending case
Of entire destitution of Brussels point-lace;
In a neighboring block there was found, in three calls,
Total want, long continued, of camels'-hair shawls,

And a suffering family whose case exhibits
The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;
One deserving young lady almost unable
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;
Another confined to the house, when it's windier
Than usual, because her shawl isn't India;
Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer Pacific,
In which were engulfed, not friend or relation,
For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation,
Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation,
But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars
Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars,
And all as to style most *recherché* and rare,
The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,
And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic
That she's quite a recluse and almost a sceptic,
For she touchingly says that this sort of grief
Cannot find in Religion the slightest relief,
And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare
For the victims of such overwhelming despair.
But the saddest by far of all these sad features
Is the cruelty practised upon the poor creatures
By husbands and fathers—real Bluebeards and Timons—
Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds

By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for days
Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans or bouquets,
Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a chance,
And deride their demands as useless extravagance.
One case of a bride was brought to my view—
Too sad for belief, but, alas! 'twas too true—
Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,
To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.
The consequence was that when she got there,
At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear;
And when she proposed to finish the season
At Newport, the monster refused out and out,
For this infamous conduct alleging no reason
Except that the waters were good for his gout.
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain
From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain,
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity
Of every benevolent heart in the city,
And spur up humanity into a canter
To rush and relieve these sad cases instanter.
Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,
Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,

Take charge of the matter? or won't Peter Cooper
The corner-stone lay of some splendid super-
Structure, like that which to-day links his name
In the union unending of honor and fame,
And found a new charity just for the care
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear,
Which in view of the cash which would daily be claimed,
The *Laying-out* Hospital well might be named?
Won't Stewart, or some of our dry-goods importers,
Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters?
Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars and dresses,
Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and thornier,
Won't some one discover a new California?

Oh, ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built—
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair.

Raise the rich, dainty dress and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret where wretches, the young and the old,
Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold.
See those skeleton limbs, those frostbitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor;
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of hell
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door;
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—
Spoiled children of Fashion—you've nothing to wear.

And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare and the glitter and tinsel of Time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings and shows and pretence,

Must be clothed for the life and the service above
With purity, truth, faith, meekness and love,—
O daughters of Earth, foolish virgins, beware,
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

SHE KNEW SHE WAS DESERTED.

SHE knew she was deserted; and when once
The full conviction settled on her mind
That he had left her, she broke through the spell
Which had enchained her heart's strong energies
And was herself again. No longer bound
By Love's despotic power, she strove to fill
The aching void in life with her rich thoughts,
Which sprung again unfettered, and essayed
With Fancy's dreams to charm the weary hours
And cheer the isolated solitude
Which he had left around her. She despised
His utter selfishness, and yet 'twas long
Ere her crushed spirits could revive with all
Their early elasticity and power.

She asked not why he had forsaken her—
If wealth had bought his love or beauty made
To his own conscience an apology
For broken vows; whatever it might be,
She deemed that hers was but the common lot,
And called in Reason and Philosophy
To dissipate her heart's first agony.
Philosophy and Reason! Oh how vain
Their lessons to the feelings! They but teach
To hide them deeper and to show a calm,
Unruffled surface to the idle gaze;
And yet she studied them till Passion's force
Yielded to their cold precepts and her mind
Surmounted woman's weakness. She had borne
To see his love decrease by slow degrees;
So slight the change at first it was not seen,
But only felt—a doubt, a dread, a pang,
Passing at intervals across her heart
And waking many a dark and bitter thought
Of man's inconstancy; but when the truth
Flashed suddenly upon her clear and full,
The anguish and the bitterness were past.

And so it came at last, at last, to her—
The change from her deep love to cold contempt;
For woman's heart, though it forgiveth much
And trusteth long, is stronger in its scorn
As it has greatly felt its trust deceived.

ELIZABETH BOGART.

FORGET THEE?

FORGET thee? No, never! How can I forget,
When the sun in yon heaven thine impress has set?
For bright as his beam is the glance of thine eye,
And soft is thy smile as the blue cloudless sky.

In the starlight of even I still think thee near,
And thy voice in the whispers of zephyr I hear;

The thought of thee wakes in the stillness of night,
And lingers around me in Luna's soft light.

In ocean it murmurs and sleeps on the wave,
Casting back to the sun the bright light that he gave,
Or reflects on its bosom the bright-beaming star
Whose wandering rays come to woo from afar.

It dwells in each flower, it sighs in each breeze,
For beauty and sweetness are mingled in these;
While all Nature speaks of thee, then, vain would it be
To seek to drive from me the memory of thee.

Forget thee? No, never! While earth has a spot
Where beauty is dwelling, thou art not forgot;
For in all that is bright, or is soft, or is fair,
Thy memory lingers, thy spirit is there.

LOUISA S. M'CORD.

WILLIAM TELL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZEDLITZ.

"WHY in the deep dark night, my father, say,
Do we lie hidden in the forest-wild?"—
"He who prepares him for the chase, my child,
Must ambush in the wood ere break of day."

"See! from the covert yonder breaks a roe;
Thou seest, father, and thou dost not slay?"—
"Let the poor quarry scathless wend his way:
This morn will furnish forth a nobler foe."

"Quick, father! fit an arrow to thy bow;
There springeth from the copse a stag at speed."—
"Child, of the harmless quarry take no heed:
This morn will furnish forth a nobler foe."

"Father, there hangeth o'er us like a shroud
A storm of thunder in the darkening sky.
I am afraid, my father; let us fly."—
"Son, thou must learn to brave the thunder-cloud."

"See! hitherward, with all his proud array,
The governor comes prancing on his steed."—
"Hush, boy, as God may help thee at thy need!—
Tyrant, approach! This is thy latest day."

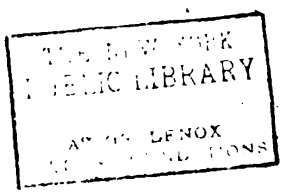
"Now may the God of heaven my father save,
For he hath slain the mightiest of the land."—
"A man defends the truth with his right hand;
The coward only is the tyrant's slave."

Translation of HENRY INGLIS.

KISSES.

MY love and I for kisses played;
She would keep stakes: I was content;
But when I won, she would be paid:
This made me ask her what she meant.
"Pray, since I see," quoth she, "your wrangling vein,
Take your own kisses; give me mine again."

WILLIAM STRODE.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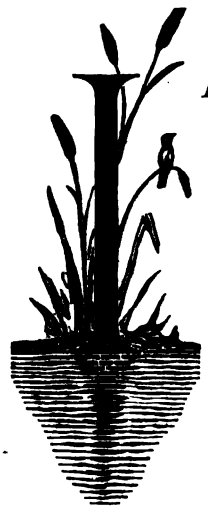
THE CURATE; OR, HOPES.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF FREDERIKA BREMER.



ALWAYS had a peculiar method of travelling with the least possible distress along the stony road of life, although, in a physical as well as in a moral sense, I generally walked barefoot. I hoped—hoped on from day to day, from morn to even, at evening for the next morning; in autumn for spring, in spring for autumn; from one year to another; and thus I had hoped away almost thirty years of my life's journey without feeling severely any of my troubles except the want of good boots. I consoled myself under this calamity when in the open air; but when introduced to respectable company, I was tormented with a desire of setting my heels foremost, because they were best covered with leather. I ought to confess, too, that I felt my poverty still more when, in the huts of misery, I could give no better comfort than friendly words. But I comforted myself, like thousands besides, with a hopeful glance at Fortune's rolling wheel, and the philosophical observation, "Time will bring good counsel."

When I was curate under a country clergyman, with scanty pay and mean fare, morally languishing, with no society but the ill-tempered wife of the tippling parson, the booby son and the daughter who, with high shoulders and feet turned in, went prying about from morning till night, I felt a sudden rapture of tenderness and delight when a letter from one of my acquaintances gave me the information that my uncle P——, a merchant in Stockholm personally unknown to me, lay at the point of death, and, under a sudden attack of family affection, had expressed a desire to behold his good-for-nothing nephew.

And now see the thankful nephew, with a little lean bundle under his arm and a million of rich hopes in his breast, seated upon a most uncomfortable stiff-necked market-cart, jogging along, up hill and down hill, to the capital.

At the tavern where I alighted I ventured to order a little—only a little—breakfast, just a slice of bread-and-butter and two eggs. My landlord and a fat gentleman walked to and fro in the room and chatted.

"I must say," said the fat gentleman, "this wholesale tradesman, P——, who died yesterday, was a rascal."

"Ha, ha!" thought I, "but a rascal who had plenty of gold.—Harkye, friend" (to the waiter); "can you bring me a slice of roast beef, or whatever meat you have, to make me more substantial fare here? A dish of soup would not be amiss; but quick, if you please."

"Yes," said my landlord; "it is heavy—thirty thousand dollars, and bank stock besides. No one in the town would have dreamed of it. Thirty thousand!"

"Thirty thousand!" I inwardly ejaculated

in my joyous soul.—"Harkye, waiter! Give me, as soon as you can, thirty thousand—No, no! Give me a pint of wine, I mean;" and all my pulses were beating merrily to the tune of "thirty thousand!"

"Ah!" said the fat gentleman, "and would you believe that among his debts is one of five thousand dollars for champagne? There stand his creditors clenching their fists—for all his furniture is worth but a few pence—and outside his door they find for their comfort his calash."

"Aha! that's another thing," said I to myself.—"Here, waiter! take away the beef, the soup and the wine. I must not taste them; for what have I been doing all the morning but eating?"

"You have ordered them," said the waiter.

"Friend," said I, scratching out an apology just behind my ear, "it was an error; I ordered them for a rich gentleman, as I supposed, who is now as poor as myself, I find, and will never be able to pay for them. But you shall have the money for the eggs and bread-and-butter I have eaten, as well as something to drink for your trouble."

So saying, and slipping a trifle more than the change into his hand, I left the tavern with a wounded heart and unappeased stomach to seek for cheap lodgings and to study means for raising money.

This violent collision between my hopes and the reality had given me a headache; but when I met, during my street-wandering, a gentleman decked with bands and stars, but with a faded face and wrinkled brow, and saw a young nobleman whom I had known at the University of Upsal walking as if the weight of age and *tædium vitæ* would bring him down upon his nose, I lifted up my head, took a deep inspiration of the air—which, unfortunately for me, was just there strongly scented with sausages cooking—and felt the happiness of poverty with a pure heart. In a remote street I found a little chamber to let which suited better my present condition than my hopes two hours before.

I had gained leave to spend the winter in Stockholm. "And now," thought I, "what is to be done?" To let my spirits sink was the worst way possible; to put my hand in my bosom and look up to heaven was not much better. "The sun breaks out when we least expect him," said I, while the heavy autumnal clouds were sinking down over the town. I resolved to do my utmost to gain some more comfortable prospect for the future than my stay with the country pastor afforded me, and at last I fixed upon seeking employment as a copyist.

Then I spent many days in fruitless endeavors to find ears that were not deaf to my applications, and then in the breast-burdening toil of copying out the empty productions of empty heads. My dinners became more and more economical, but my hopes continued to rise until an evening from which in my calendar I date a new era with a cross. My landlord had just left me to my meditations with the comfortable observation as a text that to-morrow I must pay down my quarter's rent unless I *preferred*—quite French politeness!—making another tour of discovery about the streets.

It was an indescribably cold November's evening, and I had just returned from visiting a house of sickness, where I had, perhaps imprudently, emptied my purse, when

I was greeted with this amiable salutation. I trimmed my sleepy, dim-burning lamp with my fingers, and then looked about my little dingy chamber for plans of money-making.

"Diogenes was worse accommodated," I sighed as I pulled my lame table away from the window; for the wind and rain seemed unwilling to stay outside. At the same moment my glance fell upon a cheerfully glowing fire in an opposite kitchen. "Oh, cooks, you have a glorious lot among mortals!" thought I while with some secret pleasure I watched the well-nourished dame who stood like an empress amid the pots and stew-pans, surrounded with the glory of the fire and swaying the tongs as a sceptre over her glowing dominions.

On a higher floor I had a view through the window, covered with no envious blind, of a gayly-illumined chamber where a numerous family were assembled around a tea-table. I was stiff in every limb with cold and damp, and how empty that part of my animal economy which may be styled the magazine was that evening, I will not say; but "Merciful Heavens!" thought I; "if that pretty maiden who is just now reaching a cup of tea to the stout gentleman upon the sofa, who seems too heavily replenished to rise from his seat, would but put out her fair hand a little farther this way, and could, with a thousand thankful kisses— How foolish! That fat gentleman takes the cup, and dips his bun in the tea so deliberately 'tis enough to make one cry. And now that pretty maiden is caressing him. I wonder if he is her papa, or her uncle? or perhaps, enviable mortal!— But no, that cannot be: he is at least forty years older than she. That must be his wife, surely— that elderly lady who sits beside him on the sofa, and to whom the fair maiden just now offers a platter of cakes. But to whom does she offer them now? One ear and a part of a shoulder is all that projects beyond the rim of the window. How long he keeps the gentle girl waiting his pleasure! But it must be a lady: no gentleman would behave so. Or it may be her brother. Ah! see his great fist thrust into the biscuit-basket. A rude lout! but perhaps he was hungry. Now she turns to the two little girls—her sisters, most likely—and gives them all that Mr. One-ear has left behind. As for herself, she seems to take no more of the tea than I do, except its fragrance. But what a movement suddenly takes place in the room! The old gentleman starts up from the sofa; the one-eared gentleman rushes forward, and gives the gentle maiden a rude shock—a dromedary as he is!—that impels her against the tea-table and makes the old lady, who was just rising from the sofa, sit down again. The children skip about and clap their hands. The door opens; in comes a young officer. The maiden throws herself into his arms. Aha! there I have it!"

I dashed to my window-shutter so that it cracked, and sat down, wet with the rain and with trembling knees, upon my stool.

"What had I to do staring through the window? This comes of curiosity!"

Eight days before, this family had returned from the country into the fine house opposite, and all this time I had never inquired who they were. What business had I this evening to be prying into their circle? What good could it do me?

I was in a sorry mood, and felt something of heart-heaviness; but, according to my

resolution never to yield to despondency, I set about a description of domestic happiness —of that happiness which I had never tasted. Said I, as I breathed upon my stiffened fingers,

"Am I, then, the first who has sought in the hothouse of imagination a pleasing warmth which the hard world of realities denies us? Six dollars for a load of pine-wood; ay, you will not have them till December. I will write:

"Happy—thrice happy—is the family in whose close and warm circle no heart feels lonely in its joys nor in its sorrows; no glance, no smile, remains unanswered; where the members daily say to each other, not in mere words, but in their actions, 'Your cares, your joys, your fortunes, are also mine.'

"Beautiful is the quiet, peaceful house which closes its protecting walls around the pilgrim through life, which collects around its friendly gleaming hearth the old grandsire leaning upon his staff, the manly husband, the amiable wife and their happy children, who close the day of sport and enjoyment with hearty thanksgiving, while the mother chants to them a little song telling how

"'Angels their vigils keep
Around the bed
And o'er the head
Of innocence asleep.'"

Here I had to stop; for something like a drop of rain fell upon my cheek, and I could not see my paper clearly.

"How many," thought I as my thoughts, against my will, took a melancholy turn— "how many are doomed to know nothing of this happiness!"

For a moment I considered myself in the only looking-glass I had in my chamber, that of *truth*, and then with gloomy feelings I wrote on:

"Unhappy, surely, is the desolate one who in the cold and dreary moments of life, which come so often, can rest on no faithful bosom, whose sighs are unanswered, to whose complaint no voice replies, 'I understand you; I sympathize with you.' He is depressed: no one raises his drooping head; he weeps: no one regards it; he goes away: no one follows him; he comes: no one hastens to meet him; he sleeps: no one watches over him. He is *alone!* Why does he not die? Ah! who would mourn over him? How cold the grave which no warm tear of love bedews! He is lonely in the winter's night. For him earth has no flowers, and dimly burn the lights of heaven. Why wanders he here alone? Why does he not flee as a shadow to the land of shadows? Ah! he still hopes. A pauper, he begs for happiness, and hopes, in the eleventh hour, that some friendly hand will bestow it."

It was my own situation that I described. Early robbed of my parents, without brother, sister, friends and relatives, I stood so lonely and desolate in the world that but for a strong confidence in Heaven, and a naturally cheerful disposition, I should have sought an escape from such an existence. Hitherto, more from instinct than philosophy, I had habitually suppressed all earnest longings for a happier state of life than that which surrounded me, but lately other thoughts had been gaining power over me, and, especially this evening, I felt an unutterable desire for a friend, for one whom I might love—in short, for a bosom-companion, a wife, one with whom I might feel myself a king even

in the meanest hut. But I remembered, as involuntarily I shuddered with cold, that all my love, in such circumstances as the present, could not prevent my wife, if I had one, from being frozen or starved to death. More depressed than ever, I arose from my stool and paced up and down in my little boundary. The oppressive feeling of my situation followed me like my shadow on the wall, and for the first time in my life I was quite disheartened and cast a gloomy glance upon the future.

"But what in the world," I exclaimed, earnestly, to myself, "will all this dull pondering avail?"

Again I tried to loosen myself from the anxious thoughts that plagued me.

"If but one Christian soul would only come to see me, whoever it might be, friend or foe—any visitor—would be welcome to break this dismal solitude. Yea, if one from the world of spirits would open the door, he should be welcome. What was that? Three knocks at the door. I'll not believe my senses. Three knocks again!"

I went and opened the door. Nobody was there, but the wind howled along the staircase. Hastily I closed the door, put my hands in my pockets and continued my parade, humming to keep up my courage. In a few moments I heard something like a sigh. I stopped and listened. Again I heard distinctly a sigh, and that so deep and sorrowful that with considerable emotion I called out, "Who is there?" No answer was returned. I stood for a moment to study what all this could mean, when a frightful noise, as if a host of cats were coming screaming down stairs, ending with a heavy thump against my door, made me decide for action. I took up my glimmering light, but in the moment that I opened the door it expired or was blown out. A gigantic white figure hovered before me, and I felt myself suddenly grasped by two powerful arms. I cried out for help, and struggled so hard that my antagonist fell to the ground with me, but I happened to be uppermost. Like an arrow I bounded up, and would have run, but stumbled over something—Heaven knows what: I believed somebody had seized my feet. Again I fell to the ground, struck my head against the corner of the table, and lost my senses with a sound like loud laughter ringing in my ears.

When I opened my eyes again, they encountered a dazzling glare. I closed them again, and listened to a distracting noise that hovered around me. Again I opened them and tried to distinguish and recognize some of the objects about me, which seemed so new and wonderful that I suddenly feared I had lost my senses. I lay upon a sofa, and —no, I was not deluded—the beautiful maiden who had hovered before my imagination all the evening now really stood beside me with a heavenly expression of sympathy and bathed my head with vinegar. A young man whose face seemed familiar to me stood and held my hand. I saw also the fat old gentleman and another thin gentleman, and next I discovered the lady, the children and the paradise of the tea-table glimmering in a sort of twilight distance; in short, by some inconceivable humor of fortune, I found myself in the midst of the very family which I had an hour before contemplated with such interest.

As I recovered my faculties the military young man enfolded me in his arms.

"Do you not know me again?" said he, while I sat still as if petrified. "Have you forgotten Augustus, whose life you saved not long ago at the risk of your own—whom you fished out of the water at the risk of remaining to keep company with fishes yourself? See! here are my father, my mother and my sister Wilhelmina."

I pressed his hand. Then, with a smart blow with his fist upon the table, the father exclaimed,

"And because you have saved my son's life, and you are an honorable fellow that can suffer hunger to afford food to others, I declare you shall have the benefice at H——. I—I have the patronage. You understand?"

For a while I was bereft of the power of thought and speech, and amid all the explanations that were given there was only one thing that impressed itself clearly on my mind—that Wilhelmina was *not*— That Wilhelmina was the sister of Augustus!

He had that evening returned from a journey during which in the preceding summer I had enjoyed the happiness of saving his life. Previous to this accident I had only drunk with him in the brotherhood of the university. He had related to his family, with all the enthusiasm of youth, my good service in his behalf, and all that he knew of me besides. His father, who had a benefice in his gift, and, as I afterward learned, had glanced with pity sometimes through the window upon my scanty table, had resolved, at the request of his son, to raise me from the lap of poverty to the summit of happiness. Augustus, in his delight, would make this resolution instantly known to me, and in his love of a practical joke he approached my chamber in the style already described; the consequence of which, for me, was my wound upon the temple and my translation across the street out of darkness into light! A thousand times has the good youth begged forgiveness for his indiscretion, and as many times have I assured him that the benefice of H—— would prove a balsam strong enough to cure a deeper wound. Astonished was I to find that the ear and shoulder of the gentleman who at tea-time was the subject of my splenetic observations belonged to no one less than my patron. The stout gentleman was Wilhelmina's uncle. The kindness and cheerfulness of my new friends made me soon feel at home and happy. The old people treated me as if I was their child, and the young people admitted me to all the privileges of a brother.

After I had received two cups of tea from the hand of Wilhelmina, I arose to take my leave of the family for the night. All invited me to stay, but I determined to spend my first happy night in my old lodging, and there to offer thanks to the Guide of my destiny. Augustus attended me to my resting-place. There my landlord stood in the chamber, between the overthrown stool and table, with an aspect something between rain and sunshine. One side of his mouth was screwed up to his ear with an attempt at a smile, while the other was drawn down to his chin with suspicion; his eyes followed the same directions, and his whole face seemed seized with a cramp, until Augustus requested him to leave us alone, and then his countenance dissolved into a smile of the grinning species. Augustus was most earnestly indignant at the sight of my table, my stool and my bed, and talked of whipping my landlord for his extortion. I was compelled to assure him

that I would change my lodgings on the coming day.

When my friend had left me, I spent some time in meditating upon this change in my fortunes, and thanked God heartily for it. Then my thoughts ran away to my pastoral charge, and Heaven only knows with how many fat oxen, with what flowers and fruits and trees, I replenished my paradise, where I wandered with my Eve, and how many richly-edified souls I saw streaming out of my church. I baptized, I confirmed, I betrothed the dear children of my pastorate, and forgot none but the funeral ceremonies. At last, beyond midnight, I closed my eyes and gave up my thoughts to the wild powers of dreamery. Then I preached with a loud voice in my church, while my congregation would persist in sleeping After divine service my congregation came out of the church transformed into sheep and oxen, bleating and lowing at me when I reproved them. I tried to lead my wife away, but could not separate her from a great turnip-plant that grew and grew till it covered both our heads. Then I tried to climb up to heaven upon a ladder, but potatoes, grass, tares and peas entangled my feet and hindered every step. At last I saw myself walking upon my head among my possessions; and, as I wondered how this could be, I fell more soundly asleep. Yet I must have continued my pastoral dream, for in the morning I woke myself at the end of a long sermon by saying "Amen!" I had some trouble to convince myself that the events of the preceding evening did not belong to my dreams, until Augustus made his appearance and invited me to be with his family at noon.

The pastorate, Wilhelmina, the family into which I had entered, the new hopes of the future that now glittered in the sunshine of the present,—all filled me with a joy to be felt, not described. From the depth of a thankful heart I hailed the new life dawning upon me with a resolution, whatever might come, *to do the best and hope for the best in every case.*

Two years after that happy dinner I sat, one autumn evening, in my snug parsonage, beside the fire. Close to me sat my dear wife, my Wilhelmina, and span. I was about to read to her the sermon I had prepared for the next Sunday, and which I hoped would prove very edifying to my congregation. As I turned over the manuscript a loose leaf fell out. It was the very paper upon which, just two years previous to that evening, I had written down my thoughts on domestic happiness in a situation apparently so far away from everything of the kind. I showed it to my wife. She read it, and smiled through her tears; then, with an arch expression which is, I believe, peculiar to herself, she took up my pen and wrote on the other side of the leaf as follows:

"The author can now, I hope, give a picture of his situation quite a contrast to that on the reverse. Now he is no longer lonely, no more forsaken and desolate. His gentlest sigh is answered; his most intimate sorrows are shared with his wife. He goes: her heart follows him; he comes: she hastens to meet him with a smile. His tears are wiped away by her hand, and his smiles are reflected upon her face. She plucks flowers to strew his path. He has a flock dear to

him, several devoted friends, and he counts as his relatives all who are destitute. He loves, he is beloved. He has the power to make men happy, he *is* happy."

Truly has my Wilhelmina painted my present situation; and, inspired with feelings cheerful and bright as sunbeams in spring, I send forth my hopes to delight themselves in the future:

I hope that my sermon for next Sunday will be useful to my people; and, though some of the careless ones may be fast asleep, I hope that will not be allowed to disturb my temper.

For my coming children I have hopes prepared. If I have a son, I hope he may prove my successor; if a daughter— Oh, I have hopes for her!

I hope in the course of a little time to find a publisher for my sermons.

I hope to live many years with my wife.

We—that is, Wilhelmina and myself—hope during this time to dry many tears, and for ourselves to shed as few as may fall to the lot of children of the earth such as we are.

We hope that neither of us will long survive the other.

Lastly, we hope that we shall always be able to hope while here; and when all the hopes of this green earth must vanish away before the light of eternal certainties, then we hope our good Father will pronounce a mild judgment upon his humble and hopeful children.

Translation of WILLIAM TAIT.

AMBITION.—Ambition thinks no face so beautiful as that which looks from under a crown.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE ANNUITY.

I GAED to spend a week in Fife:
An unco week it proved to be,
For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell
I thought her heart wad burst the shell,
And—I was sae left to mysel'—
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneugh:
She just was turnèd saxty-three;
I couldna guessed she'd prove sae teugh
By human ingenuity.
But years have come, and years have gane,
And there she's yet as stieve's a stane:
The limmer's growin' young again
Since she got her annuity.

She's crined awa' to bane and skin,
But that, it seems, is naught to me;
She's like to live, although she's in
The last stage of tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizened gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes as sure as Christmas comes,
To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an insurance company:
Her chance o' life was stated there
Wi' perfect perspicuity;
But, tables here or tables there,
She's lived ten years beyond her share,
An's like to live a dozen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast;
I thought a kink might set me free:
I led her out 'mang snaw and frost
Wi' constant assiduity.

But deil may care! the blast gaed by,
And missed the auld anatomy;
It just cost me a tooth, forbye,
Discharging her annuity.

If there's a sough of cholera
Or typhus, wha sae gleg as she?
She buys up baths and drugs, an' a',
In siccan superfluity.
She doesna need—she's fever-proof:
The pest walked o'er her very roof;
She tauld me sae, and then her loof
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell; her arm she brak—
A compound fracture as could be;
Nae leech the cure wad undertak,
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It's cured! she handles't like a flail;
It does as weel in bits as hale;
But I'm a broken man mysel',
Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh and broken banes
Are weel as flesh and banes can be:
She beats the taeds that live in stanes
And fatten in vacuity.
They die when they're exposed to air:
They canna thole the atmosphere;
But her! expose her onywhere,
She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread
Sma' crime it wad appear to me:
Ca't murder or ca't homicide,
I'd justify't, and do it tae.
But how to tell a withered wife
That's carved out o' the tree o' life?
The timmer limmer daurs the knife
To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot, but whar's the mark?
Her vital parts are hid frae me;
Her backbane wanders through her sark
In an unkenned corkscrewity.
She's palsified, and shakes her head
Sae fast about ye scarce can see't:
It's past the power o' steel or lead
To settle her annuity.

She might be drowned, but go she'll not
Within a mile o' loch or sea;
Or hanged if cord could grip a throat
O' siccan exiguity.
It's fitter far to hang the rope:
It draws out like a telescope;
'Twad tak a dreadfu' length o' drop
To settle her annuity.

Will puzion do? It has been tried,
But, be't in hash or fricassee,
That's just the dish she can't abide,
Whatever kind o' *gout* it hae.
It's needless to assail her doubts;
She gangs by instinct, like the brutes,
And only eats and drinks what suits
Hersel' and her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
Threescore and ten perchance may be:
She's ninety-four. Let them wha can
Explain the incongruity.
She should hae lived afore the flood;
She's come o' patriarchal blood;
She's some auld pagan mummified,
Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalmed inside and out;
She's sauted to the last degree;
There's pickle in her very snout,
Sae caper-like and cruety.

SPRING.

HEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil;
When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,—
In God the earth rejoiceth still and owns his Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning and those that love the shade,
The winds that sweep the mountain or lull the drowsy glade,
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars, their Master's name in silent pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky—
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No! Let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be:
Thee, Master, must we always love, and, Saviour, honor thee.

The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of summer fade,
The autumn droop in winter, the bird forsake the shade,
The winds be lulled, the sun and moon forget their old decree,
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling to thee.

BISHOP HEBER.

THE RELEASED CONVICT'S CELL.

WITHIN the prison's massy walls I stood,
And all was still. Down the far galleried aisles
I gazed, upward and near: no eve was seen,
No footsteps heard save a few flitting guards
Urging with vacant look their daily round;
For in the precincts of each narrow cell
Hands busiest once amid licentious crowds,
Voices that shouted loudest in the throng,
Were now as calm as erst the winds and waves
When Jesus said, "Be still!"

I was led on
To where a convict ten slow years had dwelt
A prisoned man. Released that day, he sought
The world again; wide open stood his door.
Hard by the cell, where for brief term each day
He walked alone to feel the blessed breeze
Play on his cheek, or see the sunbeam dawn
Like a fond mother on her erring child,
There was a little spot of earth that woke
Within my breast a gush of sudden tears.
His hand had tilled it, and the fresh grass grew
Rewardingly, and springing plants were there,
One knows not how, lifting their gentle heads
In kind companionship to that lone man.

Reg Hebr

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Who can portray how gladly to the eye
Of that past sinner came in beauty forth
Those springing buds in Nature's lavish love?
Perchance they led him back in healthful thought
To some green spot where in his early years
The wild flower rose, like him unstained and free.

Oh, many a thought swept o'er my busy mind,
And my heart said, "God bless thee, erring one,
Now new-born to the world! May heavenly flowers
Spring up and blossom on thy purer way!"

A deep pathetic consciousness I felt
Stirring my soul in that forsaken cell.
It seemed the nest from whence had flown the bird,
Or chrysalis from whose dark folds had burst
The unfettered wing, or grave from whence the spirit,
Wrapped in earth's death-robe long, had sprung in joy.
Thus be the door of mercy oped for me,
And, leaving far the prison-house of sin,
Thus may my spirit range!

CAROLINE GILMAN.

THE WILDWOOD HOME.

OH, show me a place like the wildwood home,
Where the air is fragrant and free,
And the first pure breathings of Morning come
In a gush of melody.
She lifts the soft fringe from her dark-blue eye
With a radiant smile of love,
And the diamonds that o'er her bosom lie
Are bright as the gems above.

Where Noon lies down in the breezy shade
Of the glorious forest-bowers,
And the beautiful birds from the sunny glades
Sit nodding amongst the flowers;
While the holy child of the mountain-spring
Steals past with a murmured song,
And the honey-bees sleep in the bells that swing
In garlanded banks along.

Where Day steals away with a young bride's blush
To the soft green couch of Night,
And the moon throws o'er, with a holy hush,
Her curtain of gossamer light,
And the seraph that sings in the hemlock dell—
Oh, sweetest of birds is she—
Fills the dewy breeze with a trancing swell
Of melody rich and free.

There are sumptuous mansions with marble walls
Surmounted by glittering towers,
Where fountains play in the perfumed halls
Amongst exotic flowers;
They are suitable homes for the haughty in mind,
Yet a wildwood home for me,
Where the pure bright streams and the mountain-wind
And the bounding heart are free.

LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

THE ROSE AND THE GAUNTLET.

LOW spake the knight to the peasant-maid:
"Oh, be not thus of my suit afraid:
Fly with me from this garden small,
And thou shalt sit in my castle-hall.

"Thou shalt have pomp and wealth and pleasure,
Joys beyond thy fancy's measure;
Here with my sword and horse I stand
To bear thee away to my distant land.

"Take, thou fairest, this full-blown rose—
A token of love that as ripely blows."
With his glove of steel he plucked the token,
And it fell from the gauntlet crushed and broken.

The maiden exclaimed, "Thou seest, Sir Knight,
Thy fingers of iron can only smite;
And, like the rose thou hast torn and scattered,
I in thy grasp should be wrecked and shattered."

She trembled and blushed and her glances fell,
But she turned from the knight and said, "Farewell."
"Not so," he cried, "will I lose my prize;
I heed not thy words, but I read thine eyes."
He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,
And he mounted and spurred with fiery heel;
But her cry drew forth her hoary sire,
Who snatched his bow from above the fire.

Swift from the valley the warrior fled,
But swifter the bolt of the crossbow sped;
And the weight that pressed on the fleet-foot horse
Was the living man and the woman's corse.

That morning the rose was bright of hue,
That morning the maiden was sweet to view;
But the evening sun its beauty shed
On the withered leaves and the maiden dead.

JOHN WILSON
(Christopher North).

THE WILD DUCK AND HER BROOD.

HOW calm that little lake! No breath of wind
Sighs through the reeds; a clear abyss it seems,
Held in the concave of the inverted sky,
In which is seen the rook's dull flagging wing
Move o'er the silvery clouds. How peaceful sails
Yon little fleet, the wild duck and her brood!
Fearless of harm, they row their easy way;
The water-lily, 'neath the plumy prows,
Dips, reappearing in their dimpled track.
Yet even amid that scene of peace the noise
Of war—unequal, dastard war—intrudes.
Yon revel rout of men and boys and dogs
Boisterous approach; the spaniel dashes in;

Quick he descries the prey, and faster swims
And eager barks. The harmless flock, dismayed,
Hasten to gain the thickest grove of reeds—
All but the parent pair: they, floating, wait
To lure the foe and lead him from their young,
But soon themselves are forced to seek the shore.
Vain then the buoyant wing: the leaden storm
Arrests their flight; they fluttering, bleeding, fall,
And tinge the troubled bosom of the lake.

JAMES GRAHAME.

BRINGING UP THE GUNS.

"THE battle, they say, will be lost or won
Ere our guns can be brought to the brow of the hill,
But at least we can try; so forward, all,
And work, my men, cheerily—work with a will!"

It was thus on a beautiful morn in May
That our ruddy-faced, white-haired colonel spoke;
The valley below us was bright with spring,
The hills above us were dim with smoke.

Then muscle and sinew we strained to the full;
We were panting and grimy and grim with sweat,
But ever our colonel cheered us on
With "Courage, my lads; we shall reach them yet!"

All silently striving, we labored along;
The noise of the battle was loud in our ears:
One, *one* more effort, the guns are up,
And the soldiers greet us with frantic cheers.

Ay, well they might! They were sorely pressed,
But our guns had speedily something to say;
And we watched our colonel quietly smile
As he saw that his regiment saved the day.

Through the hostile columns we sent our shot;
We marked them waver and break and fly:
Just then our gallant old colonel fell,
And oh, 'twas a beautiful death to die!

W. J. PROWSE.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow:
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west—
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul

To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

JOHN WILSON.

NORVAL.

MY name is Norval; on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks—a frugal swain
Whose constant cares were to increase his store
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I longed
To follow to the field some warlike lord,
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horn when by her light
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills
Rushed like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succor. I alone,
With bended bow and quiver full of arrows,
Hovered about the enemy and marked
The road he took, then hastened to my friends,
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe.
We fought and conquered. Ere a sword was drawn
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdained
The shepherd's slothful life; and, having heard
That our good king had summoned his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps—
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers,
And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

JOHN HOME.

DRINK TO ME WITH THINE EYES.

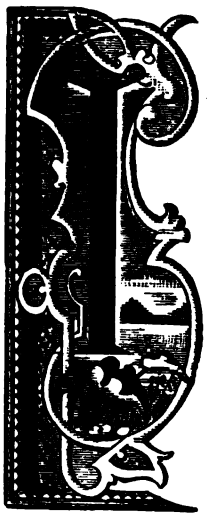
FROM THE GREEK OF PHILOSTRATUS.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath—
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sentst it back to me,
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Translation of BEN JONSON.

GINEVRA.



F thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower the Guirlandine),
Stop at a palace near the Reggio gate
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee, through their arched walks,
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames such as in old romance,
And lovers such as in heroic song—
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight—
Who in the spring-time, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day. A summer sun
Sets ere one-half is seen, but ere thou go
Enter the house—prythee, forget it not—
And look a while upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri; but by whom I care not:
He who observes it ere he passes on
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.
She sits inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open and her finger up,
As though she said, "Beware!" her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp,
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face!
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart:
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody.

Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture-stories from the life of Christ—
A chest that came from Venice and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way: it may be true or false;
But don't forget the picture, and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child, from infancy
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave—
That precious gift—what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still, as she grew, for ever in his sight,
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,

Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress
She was—all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come—the day, the hour;
Now frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum,
And in the lustre of her youth she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy, but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there,
Nor was she to be found. Her father cried,
"'Tis but to make a trial of our love,"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger;
But now, alas! she was not to be found,
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not.

Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived, and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something—
Something he could not find, he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless, then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were passed, and all forgot,
When on an idle day—a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery—
That mouldering chest was noticed, and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless, as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
'Twas done as soon as said, but on the way
It burst, it fell; and, lo! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished save a nuptial ring
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Ginevra."

There, then, had she found a grave:
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy,
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there
Fastened her down for ever.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

HERE'S HEALTH TO ALL THAT WE LOVE.

HERE'S health to all that we love;
Here's health to all that love us;
Here's health to all those that love them
That love those that love them
That love us.

ARCHBISHOP DENNISON.

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The First Appeal.

THE FIRST APPEAL.

IF thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth and sea, shall lie at thy feet;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music sounds most sweet,
Shall be ours if thou wilt be mine, love.

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream;
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes if thou wilt be mine, love.

And thoughts whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that come from heavenward hills,
Shall keep our hearts, like meads that lie
To be bathed by those eternal rills,
Ever green if thou wilt be mine, love.

All this, and more, the spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells;
That heaven which forms his home above
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou'lt own if thou wilt be mine, love.

THOMAS MOORE.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe
Untouched, unshared, by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
Oh, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still: if thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil—
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now, lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone,
But shield my heart against thine own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim,
That Fate and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus, but thou
Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer not; I dare not hear
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my fate.
Whatever on my heart may fall,
Remember, I would risk it all.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE LEGEND OF INNISFALLEN.

THE abbot of Innisfallen
Arose from his couch to pray
Or ever the first faint flush of dawn
Stole over the twilight gray,
While the peace of the great night-angel
In the air was still abroad,
And no world-clamor could jar the wings
That lifted his soul to God.

Oh, fair on Killarney's water
The isle like a blossom lay,
And fair in its bosom the abbey-walls
Rose up with their turrets gray;
But the inner soul of the beauty
Illumined the chapel air
When the sunrise streamed through the oriel pane
On the abbot's morning prayer.

But once, ere the golden dawning,
The low words died away,
For a strange song rose on the outward air,
And the monk could no longer pray.
In vain he murmured an *avé*
And pressed to the shrine more near:
His soul was drawn with a mystic spell,
And he could not choose but hear.

"The sweet, sweet voice is calling:
It calleth my soul to greet."
And forth in the hueless morning
He hurried with trembling feet.
"I must gaze on the soul that singeth,
Though an angel or fiend it be;
May Christ, who was tempted himself on earth,
Have pity, and pardon me!"

He saw in the dusky twilight
A wonderful snow-white bird;
The air glowed softly around its wings
And thrilled as the music stirred.
Slowly it flew before him,
And the abbot followed on:
Scant choice have the feet but to overtake
When the eyes and the heart have gone.

And now through the silent forest,
And now by the silver lake,
O'er moor and meadow he followed still,
Through desolate fen and brake;
And if it were noon or evening,
If moments or years went by,
The monk knew not while he heard beyond
The voice of that melody.

But at last the abbey-turrets
  Rose up to his sight again;
He thought of his uncompleted prayer,
  And the glamour cleared from his brain.
But the walls are old and crumbling,
  And the ivy grown so high
He can scarcely see the oriel pane
  Where he watched the morning sky.

And why are his limbs grown feeble,
  His hands so thin and seamed?
And what are the locks like flying snow
  Which over his shoulder streamed?
He entered the chapel doorway,
  But the porter's face was strange;
Each passing form and familiar scene
  Had suffered a wondrous change.

And never a monk in the abbey
  Could tell his face or name,
But an aged man from his quiet cell
  With tottering footsteps came.
"When I was a boy," he murmured,
  "They whispered the story o'er
How the Father Anselm vanished away
  And they saw his face no more."

"It was I!" said the trembling abbot,
  While the startled monks were dumb.
"Oh, give to me absolution now,
  For I know my hour is come."
They gave him the holy wafer
  And reverent laid him down
Where the light fell soft on his wrinkled brow
  Like a gold-and-opal crown.

Then his breath came faint and fainter,
  And the awestruck watchers heard
The low, sweet call from the casement-ledge
  Of a strange and beauteous bird.

It perched on the couch of waiting;
  The bells of the abbey tolled;
Then two birds rose to the azure sky,
  And the monk lay still and cold.

Oh, what is the ancient legend
  But the story of life for each?—
To follow for ever a shining hope
  That beckons beyond our reach.
But I think when we fall aweary,
  And the long pursuit is past,
The beautiful vision we sought so long
  Will stoop to our hand at last.

MINNIE D. BATEHAM.

SIR MORTEN OF FOGELSONG.

FROM THE ANCIENT DANISH.

THIS, Gruntvig observes, is one of the many variations of the Wild Huntsman so popular among all Northern nations. It is based on the idea that the dead man cannot find rest in the grave till an injustice which he has committed during life has been repaired. The blood in the shoes is agreeable to the Northern superstition that in case of any absent relative being murdered the armor, sword or shoes of the deceased would be covered with blood. This piece is considered by the Danish and Swedish editors to bear intrinsic evidence of very high antiquity. The locality is uncertain, since there are many places that bear the name of Fugl-sang, or Birdsong.

SIR MORTEN, lord of Fogelsong,
  Rode over the greenwood lawn,
And there he breathed a poison-blast
  About the morning dawn.

He gave the cloister his good gray horse,
  The church a sum of gold,

And died, and with a solemn dirge
Was laid beneath the mould.

All heaped with earth, as best they could,
They left his buried corse;
But ere the toll of midnight bell
He rose and mounted horse.

A knight there was, Sir Folmer Skot,
Rode over hill and dale,
And after him Sir Morten rode
And prayed him hear his tale:

"Oh, stay, thou good Sir Folmer Skot,
And kindly lend an ear,
And by my holy Christian faith
No harm hast thou to fear."

"But first, Sir Morten, tell me how
Thou ridest here to-day,
And only yesternight, a corse,
We laid thee in the clay."

"It's not for doom I am riding here,
It's not at court to sue,
But only for a plot of ground
To two small orphans due.

"It's not because of buried gold,
It's not to 'venge a wrong,
But for those orphans' little field
Forsworn to Fogelsong.

"Now haste to Lady Mettelille
And tell her my request
She give those orphans back the field
And let my soul have rest.

"And tell the Lady Mettelille,
If doubt should cross her mind,
That close beside my chamber door
My slippers she may find.

"Those two night-slippers, where they stand
Beside the chamber door,
To-night ere toll of midnight bell
Shall both be full of gore."

"Go, then, go rest thy weary bones,
Sir Morten, noble knight,
For on my Christian faith I swear
Those orphans get their right."

And all in black Sir Morten went
Down to his dark abode,
And black were both his hawk and hound,
And troop that with him rode.

The noble Lady Mettelille
Obeyed her lord's request,
And gave the children back their field;
And so his soul had rest.

Translation of R. C. ALEXANDER PRIOR.

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

BLESSED as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest
And raised such tumults in my breast,
For while I gazed, in transport tossed,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quickly through my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled,
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play:
I fainted, sunk and died away.

Translation of AMBROSE PHILIPS.

LITTLE BREECHES.

I DON'T go much on religion—
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of thing,
But I b'lieve in God and the angels
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along,
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses,
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started;
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer,
But we rousted up some torches
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat, but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
Of my fellow-critters' aid;
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm;
They just scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child
And bringing him to his own
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around The Throne.

JOHN HAY.

FLY WE TO SOME DESERT ISLE.

FLY we to some desert isle;
There we'll pass our days together,
Shun the world's derisive smile,
Wandering tenants of the heather;
Sheltered in some lonely glen,
Far removed from mortal ken,
Forget the selfish ways o' men,
Nor feel a wish beyond each other.

Though my friends deride me still,
Jamie, I'll disown thee never;
Let them scorn me as they will,
I'll be thine, and thine for ever.

What are a' my kin to me—
A' their pride o' pedigree?
What were life if wanting thee,
And what were death if we maun sever?

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

I LENT MY LOVE A BOOK.

I LENT my love a book one day;
She brought it back; I laid it by.
'Twas little either had to say;
She was so strange, and I so shy.

But yet we loved indifferent things—
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune—
And Time stood still and wreathed his wings
With rosy links from June to June.

For her what task to dare or do?
What peril tempt? what hardship bear?
But with her— Ah! she never knew
My heart and what was hidden there.

And she, with me so cold and coy,
Seemed a little maid bereft of sense,
But in the crowd all life and joy
And full of bashful impudence.

She married—well, a woman needs
A mate her life and love to share—
And little cares sprang up like weeds
And played around her elbow-chair.

And years rolled by, but I, content,
Trimmed my own lamp and kept it bright,
Till age's touch my hair besprent
With rays and gleams of silver light.

And then it chanced I took the book
Which she perused in days gone by,
And as I read such passion shook
My soul I needs must curse or cry.

For here and there her love was writ
In old half-faded pencil-signs,
As if she yielded, bit by bit,
Her heart in dots and underlines.

Ah, silvered fool! too late you look!
I know it. Let me here record
This maxim: Lend no girl a book
Unless you read it afterward.

FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

WE DREAM.

SIT down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying;
Come, tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing.
How many smiles? a score?
Then laugh and count no more,
For day is dying.

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of time, nor weep
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us and dream
Of starry treasure.

We dream: do thou the same;
We love—for ever;
We laugh, yet few we shame—
The gentle, never.
Stay, then, till Sorrow dies;
Then hope and happy skies
Are thine for ever.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

JOAN OF ARC.

JOAN OF ARC.

The Maid of Orleans.

From the French of Francois Pierre Guillaume Guizot.

ON the 6th of January, 1428, at Domremy, a little village in the valley of the Meuse, between Neufchâteau and Vaucouleurs, on the edge of the frontier from Champagne to Lorraine, the young daughter of simple tillers of the soil "of good life and repute, herself a good, simple, gentle girl, no idler, occupied hitherto in sewing or spinning with her mother or driving afield her parent's sheep, and sometimes even, when her father's turn came round, keeping for him the whole flock of the commune," was fulfilling her sixteenth year. It was Joan of Arc, whom all her neighbors called Joannette. She was no recluse; she often went with her companions to sing and eat cakes beside the fountain by the gooseberry-bush, under an old beech, which was called the fairy-tree, but dancing she did not like. She was constant at church, she delighted in the sound of the bells, she went often to confession and communion, and she blushed when her fair friends taxed her with being too religious.

In 1421, when Joan was hardly nine, a band of Anglo-Burgundians penetrated into her country and transferred thither the ravages of war. The village of Domremy and the little town of Vaucouleurs were French and faithful to the French kingship, and Joan wept to see the lads of her parish returning bruised and bleeding from encounters with the enemy. Her relations and neighbors were one day obliged to take to flight, and at their return they found their houses burnt or devastated. Joan wondered whether it could possibly be that God permitted such excesses and disasters. In 1425, on a summer's day, at noon, she was in her father's little garden. She heard a voice calling her, at her right side, in the direction of the church, and a great brightness shone upon her at the same time in the same spot. At first she was frightened, but she recovered herself on finding that "it was a worthy voice;" and at the second call she perceived that it was the voice of angels. "I saw them with my bodily eyes," she said six years later to her judges at Rouen, "as plainly as I see you; when they departed from me, I wept and would fain have had them take me with them." The apparitions came again and again, and exhorted her "to go to France for to deliver the kingdom." She became dreamy, wrapped in constant meditation. "I could endure no longer," said she at a later period, "and the time went heavily with me." She ended by telling everything to her father, who listened to her words, anxiously at first, and afterward wrathfully. He himself one night dreamed that his daughter had followed the king's

men-at-arms to France, and from that moment he kept her under strict superintendence. "If I knew of your sister's going," he said to his sons, "I would bid you drown her; and if you did not do it, I would drown her myself." Joan submitted: there was no leaven of pride in her sublimation, and she did not suppose that her intercourse with celestial voices relieved her from the duty of obeying her parents. Attempts were made to distract her mind. A young man who had courted her was induced to say that he had a promise of marriage from her, and to claim the fulfilment of it. Joan went before the ecclesiastical judge, made affirmation that she had given no promise, and without difficulty gained her cause. Everybody believed and respected her.

In a village hard by Domremy she had an uncle, whose wife was ailing. She got herself invited to go and nurse her aunt, and thereupon she opened her heart to her uncle, repeating to him a popular saying which had spread indeed throughout the country: "Is it not said that a woman shall ruin France and a young maid restore it?" She pressed him to take her to Vaucouleurs to Sire Robert de Baudricourt, captain of the bailiwick, for she wished to go to the dauphin and carry assistance to him. Her uncle gave way, and on the 13th of May, 1428, he did take her to Vaucouleurs.

"I come on behalf of my Lord," said she to Sire de Baudricourt, "to bid you send word to the dauphin to keep himself well in hand and not give battle to his foes, for my Lord will presently give him succor."

"Who is thy lord?" asked Baudricourt.

"The King of heaven," answered Joan.

Baudricourt set her down for mad, and urged her uncle to take her back to her parents "with a good slap o' the face."

In July, 1428, a fresh invasion of Burgundians occurred at Domremy and redoubled the popular excitement there. Shortly afterward, the report touching the siege of Orleans arrived there. Joan, more and more passionately possessed with her idea, returned to Vaucouleurs.

"I must go," said she to Sire de Baudricourt, "for to raise the siege of Orleans. I will go though I have to wear off my legs to the knee."

She had returned to Vaucouleurs without taking leave of her parents. "Had I possessed," said she, in 1431, to her judges at Rouen, "a hundred fathers and a hundred mothers, and had I been a king's daughter, I should have gone." Baudricourt, impressed without being convinced, did not oppose her remaining at Vaucouleurs, and sent an account of this singular young girl to Duke Charles of Lorraine at Nancy, and perhaps even, according to some chronicles, to the king's court.

Joan lodged at Vaucouleurs in a wheelwright's house, and passed three weeks there, spinning with her hostess and dividing her time between work and church. There was much talk in Vaucouleurs of her and her visions and her purpose. John of Metz (also called John of Novelompont), a knight serving with Sire de Baudricourt, desired to see her and went to the wheelwright's.

"What do you here, my dear?" said he. "Must the king be driven from his kingdom and we become English?"

"I am come hither," answered Joan, "to speak to Robert de Baudricourt, that he may be pleased to take me or have me taken to

the king, but he pays no heed to me or my words. However, I must be with the king before the middle of Lent, for none in the world, nor kings, nor dukes, nor daughter of the Scottish king, can recover the kingdom of France; there is no help but in me. Assuredly, I would far rather be spinning beside my poor mother, for this other is not my condition; but I must go and do the work because my Lord wills that I should do it."

"Who is your lord?"

"The Lord God."

"By my faith," said the knight, seizing Joan's hands, "I will take you to the king, God helping. When will you set out?"

"Rather now than to-morrow; rather to-morrow than later."

Vaucouleurs was full of the fame and the sayings of Joan. Another knight, Bertrand de Poulengy, offered, as John of Metz had, to be her escort. Duke Charles of Lorraine wished to see her, and sent for her to Nancy. Old and ill as he was, he had deserted the duchess his wife, a virtuous lady, and was leading anything but a regular life. He asked Joan's advice about his health.

"I have no power to cure you," said Joan, "but go back to your wife and help me in that for which God ordains me."

The duke ordered her four golden crowns, and she returned to Vaucouleurs thinking of nothing but her departure. There was no want of confidence and good-will on the part of the inhabitants of Vaucouleurs in forwarding her preparations. John of Metz, the knight charged to accompany her, asked her if she intended to make the journey in her poor red rustic petticoats.

"I would like to don man's clothes," answered Joan.

Subscriptions were made to give her a suitable costume. She was supplied with a horse, a coat-of-mail, a lance, a sword—the complete equipment, indeed, of a man-at-arms—and a king's messenger and an archer formed her train. Baudricourt made them swear to escort her safely, and on the 25th of February, 1429, he bade her farewell, and all he said was,

"Away, then, Joan, and come what may."

Charles VII. was at that time residing at Chinon, in Touraine. In order to get there Joan had nearly a hundred and fifty leagues to go, in a country occupied here and there by English and Burgundians and everywhere a theatre of war. She took eleven days to do this journey, often marching by night, never giving up man's dress, disquieted by no difficulty and no danger, and testifying no desire for a halt save to worship God.

"Could we hear mass daily," said she to her comrades, "we should do well."

They only consented twice—first in the abbey of St. Urban, and again in the principal church of Auxerre. As they were full of respect, though at the same time also of doubt, toward Joan, she never had to defend herself against their familiarities, but she had constantly to dissipate their disquietude touching the reality or the character of her mission.

"Fear nothing," she said to them; "God shows me the way I should go, for thereto was I born."

On arriving at the village of St. Catherine de Fierbois, near Chinon, she heard three masses on the same day and had a letter written thence to the king to announce her coming and to ask to see him; she had gone,

she said, a hundred and fifty leagues to come and tell him things which would be most useful to him. Charles VII. and his councillors hesitated. The men of war did not like to believe that a little peasant-girl of Lorraine was coming to bring the king a more effectual support than their own. Nevertheless, some, and the most heroic amongst them—Dunois, La Hire and Xaintrailles—were moved by what was told of this young girl. The letters of Sire de Baudricourt, though full of doubt, suffered a gleam of something like a serious impression to peep out; and why should not the king receive this young girl whom the captain of Vaucouleurs had thought it a duty to send? It would soon be seen what she was and what she would do. The politicians and courtiers —especially the most trusted of them, George de la Trémoille, the king's favorite—shrugged their shoulders. What could be expected from the dreams of a young peasant-girl of seventeen? Influences of a more private character and more disposed toward sympathy—Yolande of Arragon, for instance, queen of Sicily and mother-in-law of Charles VII., and perhaps also her daughter, the young queen Mary of Anjou—were urgent for the king to reply to Joan that she might go to Chinon. She was authorized to do so, and on the 6th of March, 1429, she with her comrades arrived at the royal residence. At the very first moment two incidents occurred to still further increase the curiosity of which she was the object. Quite close to Chinon some vagabonds, it is said, had prepared an ambuscade for the purpose of despoiling her and her train. She passed close by them without the least obstacle. The rumor went that at her approach they were struck motionless and had been unable to attempt their wicked purpose.

Joan was rather tall, well shaped, dark, with a look of composure, animation and gentleness. A man-at-arms who met her on her way thought her pretty, and with an impious oath expressed a coarse sentiment.

"Alas!" said Joan; "thou blasphemest thy God, and yet thou art so near thy death!"

He drowned himself, it is said, soon after. Already popular feeling was surrounding her marvellous mission with a halo of instantaneous miracles.

On her arrival at Chinon she at first lodged with an honest family near the castle. For three days longer there was a deliberation in the council as to whether the king ought to receive her. But there was bad news from Orleans. There were no more troops to send thither, and there was no money forthcoming: the king's treasurer, it was said, had but four crowns in the chest. If Orleans were taken, the king would perhaps be reduced to seeking a refuge in Spain or in Scotland. Joan promised to set Orleans free. The Orleannese themselves were clamorous for her; Dunois kept up their spirits with the expectation of this marvellous assistance. It was decided that the king should receive her. She had assigned to her for residence an apartment in the tower of the Coudray, a block of quarters adjoining the royal mansion, and she was committed to the charge of William Bellier, an officer of the king's household, whose wife was a woman of great piety and excellent fame.

On the 9th of March, 1429, Joan was at last introduced into the king's presence by the count of Vendôme, high steward, in the

great hall on the first story, a portion of the wall and the fireplace being still visible in the present day. It was evening, candle-light, and nearly three hundred knights were present. Charles kept himself a little aloof amidst a group of warriors and courtiers more richly dressed than he. According to some chroniclers, Joan had demanded that "she should not be deceived, and should have pointed out to her him to whom she was to speak;" others affirm that she went straight to the king, whom she had never seen, "accosting him humbly and simply, like a poor little shepherdess," says an eye-witness, and, according to another account, "making the usual bends and reverences, as if she had been brought up at court." Whatever may have been her outward behavior, "Gentle dauphin," she said to the king (for she did not think it right to call him "king" so long as he was not crowned), "my name is Joan the Maid. The King of heaven sendeth you word by me that you shall be anointed and crowned in the city of Rheims, and shall be lieutenant of the King of heaven, who is King of France. It is God's pleasure that our enemies the English should depart to their own country; if they depart not, evil shall come to them and the kingdom is sure to continue yours."

Charles was impressed without being convinced, as so many others had been before, or were, as he was, on that very day. He saw Joan again several times. She did not delude herself as to the doubts he still entertained.

"Gentle dauphin," she said to him one day, "why do you not believe me? I say unto you that God hath compassion on you, your kingdom and your people. St. Louis and Charlemagne are kneeling before him making prayer for you, and I will say unto you, so please you, a thing which will give you to understand that you ought to believe me."

Charles gave her audience on this occasion in the presence, according to some accounts, of four witnesses, the most trusted of his intimates, who swore to reveal nothing, and, according to others, completely alone. "What she said to him there is none who knows," wrote Alan Chartier a short time after (in July, 1429), "but it is quite certain that he was all radiant with joy thereat as at a revelation from the Holy Spirit." M. Wallon, after a scrupulous sifting of evidence, has given the following exposition of this mysterious interview. "Sire de Boisy," he says, "who was in his youth one of the gentlemen-of-the-bedchamber on the most familiar terms with Charles VII., told Peter Sala, giving the king himself as his authority for the story, that one day, at the period of his greatest adversity, the prince, vainly looking for a remedy against so many troubles, entered in the morning, alone, into his oratory, and there, without uttering a word aloud, made prayer to God from the depths of his heart that if he were the true heir, issue of the House of France—and a doubt was possible with such a queen as Isabel of Bavaria—and the kingdom ought justly to be his, God would be pleased to keep and defend it for him; if not, to give him grace to escape without death or imprisonment and find safety in Spain or in Scotland, where he intended in the last resort to seek a refuge. This prayer, known to God alone, the Maid recalled to the mind of Charles VII., and thus is explained the joy which, as the wit-

nesses say, he testified, whilst none at that time knew the cause. Joan by this revelation not only caused the king to believe in her: she caused him to believe in himself and his right and title. Though she never spoke in that way as of her own motion to the king, it was always a superior power speaking by her voice: 'I tell thee on behalf of my Lord that thou art true heir of France and son of the king.'"

Whether Charles VII. were or were not convinced by this interview of Joan's divine mission, he clearly saw that many of those about him had little or no faith in it, and that other proofs were required to upset their doubts. He resolved to go to Poitiers, where his council, the Parliament and several learned members of the University of Paris were in session, and have Joan put to the strictest examination. When she learned her destination, she said,

"In the name of God, I know that I shall have tough work there, but my Lord will help me. Let us go, then, for God's sake."

On her arrival at Poitiers, on the 11th of March, 1429, she was placed in one of the most respectable families in the town, that of John Rabuteau, advocate-general in Parliament. The archbishop of Rheims, Reginald de Chartres, chancellor of France, five bishops, the king's councillors, several learned doctors, and amongst others Father Seguin, an austere and harsh Dominican, repaired thither to question her. When she saw them come in, she went and sat down at the end of the bench and asked them what they wanted with her. For two hours they set themselves to the task of showing her "by fair and gentle arguments" that she was not entitled to belief.

"Joan," said William Aimery, professor of theology, "you ask for men-at-arms, and you say that it is God's pleasure that the English should leave the kingdom of France and depart to their own land; if so, there is no need of men-at-arms, for God's pleasure alone can discomfort them and force them to return to their homes."

"In the name of God," answered Joan, "the men-at-arms will do battle, and God will give them victory."

Master William did not urge his point.

The Dominican, Seguin—"a very sour man," says the chronicle—asked Joan what language the voices spoke to her.

"Better than yours," answered Joan.

The doctor spoke the Limousine dialect.

"Do you believe in God?" he asked, ill-humoredly.

"More than you do," retorted Joan, offended.

"Well," rejoined the monk, "God forbids belief in you without some sign tending thereto: I shall not give the king advice to trust men-at-arms to you and put them in peril on your simple word."

"In the name of God," said Joan, "I am not come to Poitiers to show signs; take me to Orleans, and I will give you signs of what I am sent for. Let me have ever so few men-at-arms given me, and I will go to Orleans;" then, addressing another of the examiners—Master Peter of Versailles, who was afterward bishop of Meaux—she said, "I know nor A nor B, but in our Lord's book there is more than in your books. I come on behalf of the King of heaven to cause the siege of Orleans to be raised, and to take the king to Rheims that he may be crowned and anointed there."

The examination was prolonged for a fortnight, not without symptoms of impatience on the part of Joan. At the end of it she said to one of the doctors, John Erault, "Have you paper and ink? Write what I shall say to you;" and she dictated a form of letter which became some weeks later the manifesto addressed in a more developed shape by her from Orleans to the English, calling upon them to raise the siege and put a stop to the war. The chief of those piously and patriotically heroic phrases were as follows:

"Jesu Maria!

"King of England, account to the King of heaven for his blood-royal. Give up to the Maid the keys of all the good towns you have taken by force. She is come from God to avenge the blood-royal, and quite ready to make peace if you will render proper account. If you do not so, I am a war-chief; in whatsoever place I shall fall in with your folks in France, if they be not willing to obey, I shall make them get thence, whether they will or not; and if they be willing to obey, I will receive them to mercy. . . . The Maid cometh from the King of heaven, as his representative, to thrust you out of France; she doth promise and certify you that she will make therein such mighty *haha* [great tumult] that for a thousand years hitherto in France was never the like. . . . Duke of Bedford, who call yourself regent of France, the Maid doth pray you and request you not to bring destruction on yourself; if you do not justice toward her, she will do the finest deed ever done in Christendom.

"Writ on Tuesday in the great week" [Easter week, March, 1429]. Subscribed: "Hearken to the news from God and the Maid."

At the end of their examination the doctors decided in Joan's favor. Two of them, the bishop of Castres, Gerard Machet, the king's confessor, and Master John Erault, recognized the divine nature of her mission. She was, they said, the virgin foretold in the ancient prophecies, notably in those of Merlin; and the most exacting amongst them approved of the king's having neither accepted nor rejected with levity the promises made by Joan. "After a grave inquiry there had been discovered in her," they said, "naught but goodness, humility, devotion, honesty, simplicity. Before Orleans she professés to be going to show her sign; so she must be taken to Orleans, for to give her up without any appearance on her part of evil would be to fight against the Holy Spirit and to become unworthy of aid from God."

After the doctors' examination came that of the women. Three of the greatest ladies in France—Yolande of Arragon, queen of Sicily; the countess of Gaucourt, wife of the governor of Orleans; and Joan de Mortemer, wife of Robert le Maçon, baron of Trèves—were charged to examine Joan as to her life as a woman. They found therein nothing but truth, virtue and modesty. "She spoke to them with such sweetness and grace," says the chronicle, "that she drew tears from their eyes;" and she excused herself to them for the dress she wore, and for which the sternest doctors had not dreamed of reproaching her. "It is more decent," said the archbishop of Embrun, "to do such things in man's dress, since they must be done along with men." The men of intelligence at court bowed down before this village saint who was coming to bring to the

king in his peril assistance from God, the most valiant men of war were moved by the confident outbursts of her patriotic courage, and the people everywhere welcomed her with faith and enthusiasm. Joan had as yet only just appeared, and already she was the Heaven-sent interpretress of the nation's feeling, the hope of the people of France.

Charles no longer hesitated. Joan was treated, according to her own expression in her letter to the English, "as a war-chief;" there were assigned to her a squire, a page, two heralds, a chaplain, Brother Pasquerel, of the order of the hermit-brotherhood of St. Augustin, varlets and serving-folks. A complete suit of armor was made to fit her. Her two guides, John of Metz and Bertrand of Poulengy, had not quitted her, and the king continued them in her train. Her sword he wished to be supplied by himself; she asked for one marked with five crosses. It would be found, she said, behind the altar in the chapel of St. Catherine de Fierbois, where she had halted on her arrival at Chinon; and there, indeed, it was found. She had a white banner made, studded with lilies, bearing the representation of God seated upon the clouds and holding in his hand the globe of the world. Above were the words "Jesu Maria," and below were two angels on their knees in adoration. Joan was fond of her sword, as she said two years afterward at her trial, but she was forty times more fond of her banner, which was in her eyes the sign of her commission and the pledge of victory. On the completion of the preparations she demanded the immediate departure of the expedition. Orleans was crying for succor; Dunois was sending messenger after messenger; and Joan was in a greater hurry than anybody else.

More than a month elapsed before her anxieties were satisfied. During this interval we find Charles VII. and Joan of Arc at Châtelhérault, at Poitiers, at Tours, at Florent-lès-Saumur, at Chinon and at Blois, going to and fro through all that country to push forward the expedition resolved upon and to remove the obstacles it encountered. Through a haze of vague indications a glimpse is caught of the struggle which was commencing between the partisans and the adversaries of Joan, and in favor of or in opposition to the impulse she was communicating to the war of nationality. Charles VII.'s mother-in-law, Yolande of Arragon, queen of Sicily, and the young duke of Alençon, whose father had been killed at the battle of Agincourt, were at the head of Joan's partisans. Yolande gave money and took a great deal of trouble in order to promote the expedition which was to go and succor Orleans. The duke of Alençon, hardly twenty years of age, was the only one amongst the princes of the house of Valois who had given Joan a kind reception on her arrival, and who, together with the brave La Hire, said that he would follow her whithersoever she pleased to lead him. Joan in her gratitude called him "the handsome duke," and exhibited toward him amity and confidence.

But side by side with these friends she had an adversary in the king's favorite, George de la Trémoille, an ambitious courtier jealous of any one who seemed within the range of the king's favor and opposed to a vigorous prosecution of the war, since it hampered him in the policy he wished to keep up toward the duke of Burgundy.

To the ill-will of La Trémoille was added that of the majority of courtiers enlisted in the following of the powerful favorite, and that of warriors irritated at the importance acquired at their expense by a rustic and fantastic little adventuress. Here was the source of the enmities and intrigues which stood in the way of all Joan's demands, rendered her successes more tardy, difficult and incomplete, and were one day to cost her more dearly still.

At the end of about five weeks the expedition was in readiness. It was a heavy convoy of revictualment protected by a body of ten or twelve thousand men commanded by Marshal de Boussac, and numbering amongst them Xaintrailles and La Hire. The march began on the 27th of April, 1429. Joan had caused the removal of all women of bad character, and had recommended her comrades to confess. She took the communion in the open air before their eyes, and a company of priests, headed by her chaplain, Pasquerel, led the way whilst chanting sacred hymns. Great was the surprise amongst the men-at-arms. Many had words of mockery on their lips. It was the time when La Hire used to say, "If God were a soldier, he would turn robber." Nevertheless, respect got the better of habit: the most honorable were really touched; the coarsest considered themselves bound to show restraint.

On the 29th of April they arrived before Orleans. But, in consequence of the road they had followed, the Loire was between the army and the town; the expeditionary corps had to be split in two; the troops were obliged to go and feel for the bridge of Blois in order to cross the river; and Joan was vexed and surprised. Dunois, arrived from Orleans in a little boat, urged her to enter the town that same evening.

"Are you the bastard of Orleans?" asked she, when he accosted her.

"Yes, and I am rejoicing at your coming."

"Was it you who gave counsel for making me come hither by this side of the river, and not the direct way, over yonder where Talbot and the English were?"

"Yes; such was the opinion of the wisest captains."

"In the name of God, the counsel of my Lord is wiser than yours. You thought to deceive me, and you have deceived yourselves, for I am bringing you the best succor that ever had knight or town or city, and that is the good-will of God and succor from the King of heaven. Not, assuredly, for love of me: it is from God only that it proceeds."

It was a great trial for Joan to separate from her comrades, "so well prepared, penitent and well disposed. In their company," said she, "I should not fear the whole power of the English." She was afraid that disorder might set in amongst the troops, and that they might break up instead of fulfilling her mission.

Dunois was urgent for her to go herself at once into Orleans with such portion of the convoy as boats might be able to transport thither without delay.

"Orleans," said he, "would count it for naught if they received the victuals without the Maid."

Joan decided to go; the captains of her division promised to rejoin her at Orleans. She left them her chaplain, Pasquerel, the priests who accompanied him, and the ban-

ner around which she was accustomed to muster them, and she herself, with Dunois, La Hire and two hundred men-at-arms, crossed the river at the same time with a part of the supplies.

The same day, at 8 P. M., she entered the city on horseback, completely armed, preceded by her own banner, and having beside her Dunois and behind her the captains of the garrison and several of the most distinguished burgesses of Orleans, who had gone out to meet her. The population, one and all, rushed thronging round her, carrying torches and greeting her arrival "with joy as great as if they had seen God come down amongst them. They felt," says the *Journal of the Siege*, "all of them, recomforted and as it were disbesieged by the divine virtue which they had been told existed in this simple maid." In their anxiety to approach her, to touch her, one of their lighted torches set fire to her banner. Joan disengaged herself with her horse as cleverly as it could have been done by the most skilful horseman, and herself extinguished the flame. The crowd attended her to the church, whither she desired to go first of all to render thanks to God, and then to the house of John Boucher, the duke of Orleans' treasurer, where she was received, together with her two brothers and the two gentlemen who had been her guides from Vaucouleurs. The treasurer's wife was one of the most virtuous city dames in Orleans, and from this night forth her daughter Charlotte had Joan for her bedfellow. A splendid supper had been prepared for her, but she would merely dip some slices of bread in wine and water. Neither her enthusiasm nor her success—the two greatest tempters to pride in mankind—made any change in her modesty and simplicity.

The very day after her arrival she would have liked to go and attack the English in their bastilles, within which they kept themselves shut up. La Hire was pretty much of her opinion, but Dunois and the captains of the garrison thought they ought to await the coming of the troops which had gone to cross the Loire at Blois, and the supports which several French garrisons in the neighborhood had received orders to forward to Orleans. Joan insisted.

Sire de Gamaches, one of the officers present, could not contain himself.

"Since ear is given," said he, "to the advice of a wench of low degree rather than to that of a knight like me, I will not bandy more words. When the time comes, it shall be my sword that will speak; I shall fall, perhaps, but the king and my own honor demand it. Henceforth I give up my banner and am nothing more than a poor esquire. I prefer to have for master a noble man rather than a girl who has heretofore been, perhaps, I know not what." He furled his banner and handed it to Dunois.

Dunois, as sensible as he was brave, would not give heed either to the choler of Gamaches or to the insistance of Joan; and, thanks to his intervention, they were reconciled on being induced to think better, respectively, of giving up the banner and ordering an immediate attack.

Dunois went to Blois to hurry the movements of the division which had repaired thither, and his presence there was highly necessary, since Joan's enemies, especially the chancellor Regnault, were nearly carry-

ing a decision that no such reinforcement should be sent to Orleans. Dunois frustrated this purpose, and led back to Orleans, by way of Beauce, the troops concentrated at Blois.

On the 4th of May, as soon as it was known that he was coming, Joan, La Hire and the principal leaders of the city, as well as of the garrison, went to meet him, and re-entered Orleans with him and his troops, passing between the bastilles of the English, who made not even an attempt to oppose them. "That is the sorceress yonder," said some of the besiegers; others asked if it were quite so clear that her power did not come to her from on high; and their commander, the earl of Suffolk, being himself, perhaps, uncertain, did not like to risk it: doubt produced terror, and terror inactivity.

The convoy from Blois entered Orleans preceded by Brother Pasquerel and the priests. Joan, whilst she was awaiting it, sent the English captains a fresh summons to withdraw conformably with the letter which she had already addressed to them from Blois, and the principal clauses of which were just now quoted here. They replied with coarse insults, calling her "strumpet" and "cow-girl," and threatening to burn her when they caught her. She was very much moved by their insults, in so much as to weep; but, calling God to witness her innocence, she found herself comforted, and expressed it by saying, "I have had news from my Lord."

The English had detained the first herald she had sent them; and when she would have sent them a second to demand his comrade back, he was afraid.

"In the name of God," said Joan, "they will do no harm nor to thee nor to him. Thou shalt tell Talbot to arm, and I too will arm; let him show himself in front of the city. If he can take me, let him burn me; if I discomfit him, let him raise the siege, and let the English get them gone to their own country."

The second herald appeared to be far from reassured, but Dunois charged him to say that the English prisoners should answer for what was done to the heralds from the Maid. The two heralds were sent back. Joan made up her mind to iterate in person to the English the warnings she had given them in her letter. She mounted upon one of the bastions of Orleans, opposite the English bastille called Tournelles, and there, at the top of her voice, she repeated her counsel to them to be gone, else woe and shame would come upon them.

The commandant of the bastille, Sir William Gladesdale (called by Joan and the French chroniclers "Glacidas"), answered with the usual insults, telling her to go back and mind her cows and alluding to the French as miscreants.

"You lie," cried Joan. "And, in spite of you, soon shall ye depart hence. Many of your people shall be slain, but, as for you, you shall not see it."

Dunois, the very day of his return to Orleans, after dinner, went to call upon Joan, and told her that he had heard on his way that Sir John Falstolf, the same who on the 12th of the previous February had beaten the French in the Herring affair, was about to arrive with reinforcements and supplies for the besiegers.

"Bastard, bastard!" said Joan; "in the name of God I command thee, as soon as

thou shalt know of this Fascot's coming, to have me warned of it; for should he pass without my knowing of it, I promise thee that I will have thy head cut off."

Dunois assured her that she should be warned.

Joan was tired with the day's excitement; she threw herself upon her bed to sleep, but unsuccessfully. All at once she said to Sire Daulon, her esquire,

"My counsel doth tell me to go against the English, but I know not whether against their bastilles or against this Fascot. I must arm."

Her esquire was beginning to arm her, when she heard it shouted in the street that the enemy were at that moment doing great damage to the French.

"My God!" said she; "the blood of our people is running on the ground. Why was I not awakened sooner? Ah! it was ill done! My arms! my arms! My horse!"

Leaving behind her esquire, who was not yet armed, she went down. Her page was playing at the door.

"Ah, naughty boy," said she, "not to come and tell me that the blood of France was being shed! Come! quick! my horse!"

It was brought to her. She bade them hand down to her by the window her banner, which she had left behind, and without any further waiting she departed and went to the Burgundy gate, whence the noise seemed to come. Seeing on her way one of the townsmen passing who was being carried off wounded, she said,

"Alas! I never see a Frenchman's blood but my hair stands up on my head."

It was some of the Orleannese themselves who, without consulting their chiefs, had made a sortie and attacked the bastille St. Loup, the strongest held by the English on this side. The French had been repulsed, and were falling back in flight when Joan came up, and soon after her Dunois and a throng of men-at-arms who had been warned of the danger. The fugitives returned to the assault; the battle was renewed with ardor. The bastille of St. Loup, notwithstanding energetic resistance on the part of the English who manned it, was taken, and all its defenders were put to the sword before Talbot and the main body of the besiegers could come up to their assistance. Joan showed sorrow that so many people should have died unconfessed, and she herself was the means of saving some who had disguised themselves as priests in gowns which they had taken from the church of St. Loup. Great was the joy in Orleans, and the enthusiasm for Joan was more lively than ever. "Her voices had warned her," they said, "and apprised her that there was a battle; and then she had found by herself alone and without any guide the way to the Burgundy gate."

Men-at-arms and burgesses all demanded that the attack upon the English bastilles should be resumed, but the next day, the 5th of May, was Ascension day. Joan advocated pious repose on this holy festival, and the general feeling was in accord with her own. She recommended her comrades to fulfil their religious duties, and she herself received the communion.

The chiefs of the besieged resolved to begin on the morrow a combined attack upon the English bastilles which surrounded the place, but Joan was not in their counsels.

"Tell me what you have resolved," she said to them; "I can keep this and greater secrets."

Dunois made her acquainted with the plan adopted, of which she fully approved; and on the morrow, the 6th of May, a fierce struggle began again all round Orleans. For two days the bastilles erected by the besiegers against the place were repeatedly attacked by the besieged. On the first day Joan was slightly wounded in the foot. Some disagreement arose between her and Sire de Gaucourt, governor of Orleans, as to continuing the struggle, and John Boucher, her host, tried to keep her back the second day.

"Stay and dine with us," said he, "to eat that shad which has just been brought."

"Keep it for supper," said Joan; "I will come back this evening and bring you some Englishman or other to eat his share;" and she sallied forth, eager to return to the assault.

On arriving at the Burgundy gate, she found it closed; the governor would not allow any sortie thereby to attack on that side.

"Ah, naughty man!" said Joan; "you are wrong. Whether you will or no, our men-at-arms shall go and win on this day as they have already won."

The gate was forced, and men-at-arms and burgesses rushed out from all quarters to attack the bastille of Tournelles, the strongest of the English works. It was ten o'clock in the morning; the passive and active powers of both parties were concentrated on this point, and for a moment the French appeared weary and downcast. Joan took a scaling-ladder, set it against the rampart, and was the first to mount. There came an arrow and struck her between neck and shoulder, and she fell.

Sire de Gamaches, who had but lately displayed so much temper toward her, found her where she lay.

"Take my horse," said he, "and bear no malice. I was wrong; I had formed a false idea of you."

"Yes," said Joan, "and bear no malice. I never saw a more accomplished knight."

She was taken away, and had her armor removed. The arrow, it is said, stood out almost half a foot behind. There was an instant of faintness and tears, but she prayed and felt her strength renewed, and pulled out the arrow with her own hand. Some one proposed to her to charm the wound by means of cabalistic words; but "I would rather die," she said, "than so sin against the will of God. I know full well that I must die some day, but I know nor where nor when nor how. If, without sin, my wound may be healed, I am right willing." A dressing of oil and lard was applied to the wound, and she retired apart into a vineyard and was continually in prayer.

Fatigue and discouragement were overcoming the French, and the captains ordered the retreat to be sounded. Joan begged Dunois to wait a while.

"My God!" said she; "we shall soon be inside. Give your people a little rest; eat and drink."

She resumed her arms and remounted her horse. Her banner floated in the air; the French took fresh courage. The English, who thought Joan half dead, were seized with surprise and fear, and one of their principal leaders, Sir William Gladesdale, made up his mind to abandon the outwork which he had hitherto so well kept and retire within the bastille itself.

Joan perceived his movement.

"Yield thee!" she shouted to him from afar; "yield thee to the King of heaven! Ah, Glacidas, thou hast basely insulted me, but I have great pity on the souls of thee and thine."

The Englishman continued his retreat. Whilst he was passing over the drawbridge which reached from the outwork to the bastille a shot from the side of Orleans broke down the bridge; Gladesdale fell into the water and was drowned, together with many of his comrades. The French got into the bastille without any fresh fighting, and Joan re-entered Orleans amidst the joy and acclamations of the people. The bells rang all through the night, and the Te Deum was chanted. The day of combat was about to be succeeded by the day of deliverance.

On the morrow, the 8th of May, 1429, at daybreak, the English leaders drew up their troops close to the very moats of the city and seemed to offer battle to the French. Many of the Orleannese leaders would have liked to accept this challenge, but Joan got up from her bed, where she was resting because of her wound, put on a light suit of armor and ran to the city-gates.

"For the love and honor of holy Sunday," said she to the assembled warriors, "do not be the first to attack, and make to them no demand; it is God's good will and pleasure that they be allowed to get them gone if they be minded to go away. If they attack you, defend yourselves boldly; you will be the masters."

She caused an altar to be raised; thanksgivings were sung and mass was celebrated.

"See!" said Joan; "are the English turning to you their faces, or verily their backs?" They had commenced their retreat in good order with standards flying. "Let them go: my Lord willeth not that there be any fighting to-day; you shall have them another time."

The good words spoken by Joan were not so preventive but that many men set off to pursue the English and cut off stragglers and baggage. Their bastilles were found to be full of victuals and munitions, and they had abandoned their sick and many of their prisoners. The siege of Orleans was raised.

The day but one after this deliverance Joan set out to go and rejoin the king and prosecute her work at his side. She fell in with him on the 13th of May, at Tours, moved forward to meet him with her banner in her hand and her head uncovered, and, bending down over her charger's neck, made him a deep obeisance. Charles took off his cap, held out his hand to her, and, "as it seemed to many," says a contemporary chronicler, "he would fain have kissed her, for the joy that he felt." But the king's joy was not enough for Joan. She urged him to march with her against enemies who were flying, so to speak, from themselves, and to start without delay for Rheims, where he would be crowned.

"I shall hardly last more than a year," said she; "we must think about working right well this year, for there is much to do."

Hesitation was natural to Charles even in the hour of victory. His favorite, La Trémoille, and his chancellor, the archbishop of Rheims, opposed Joan's entreaties with all the objections that could be devised under the inspiration of their ill-will; there were neither troops nor money in hand for so great a journey, and council after council

was held for the purpose of doing nothing. Joan in her impatience went one day to Loches, without previous notice, and tapped softly at the door of the king's privy-chamber (*chambre de retrait*). He bade her enter. She fell upon her knees, saying,

"Gentle dauphin, hold not so many and such long councils, but rather come to Rheims and there assume your crown; I am much pricked to take you thither."

"Joan," said the bishop of Castres, Christopher d'Harcourt, the king's confessor, "cannot you tell the king what pricketh you?"

"Ah! I see," replied Joan, with some embarrassment. "Well, I will tell you. I had set me to prayer according to my wont, and I was making complaint for that you would not believe what I said; then the voice came and said unto me, 'Go, go, my daughter! I will be a help to thee. Go!' When this voice comes to me, I feel marvellously rejoiced. I would that it might endure for ever." She was eager and overcome.

Joan and her voices were not alone in urging the king to shake off his doubts and his indolence. In church and court and army allies were not wanting to the pious and valiant Maid. In a written document dated the 14th of May, six days after the siege of Orleans was raised, the most Christian doctor of the age, as Gerson was called, sifted the question whether it were possible, whether it were a duty, to believe in the Maid. "Even if—which God forbid!" said he—"she should be mistaken in her hopes and ours, it would not necessarily follow that what she does comes of the evil spirit and not of God, but that rather our ingratitude was to blame. Let the party which hath a just cause take care how by incredulity or injustice it rendereth useless the divine succor so miraculously manifested, for God without any change of counsel changeth the upshot according to deserts." Great lords and simple gentlemen, old and young warriors, were eager to go and join Joan for the salvation of the king and of France. The constable, De Richemont, banished from the court through the jealous hatred of George la Trémoille, made a pressing application there, followed by a body of men-at-arms; and when the king refused to see him, he resolved, though continuing in disgrace, to take an active part in the war. The young duke of Alençon, who had been a prisoner with the English since the battle of Agincourt, hurried on the payment of his ransom in order to accompany Joan as lieutenant-general of the king in the little army which was forming. His wife, the duchess, was in grief about it.

"We have just spent great sums," said she, "in buying him back from the English; if he would take my advice, he would stay at home."

"Madame," said Joan, "I will bring him back to you safe and sound—nay, even in better contentment than at present. Be not afraid;" and on this promise the duchess took heart.

Du Guesclin's widow, Joan de Laval, was still living, and she had two grandsons, Guy and Andrew de Laval, who were amongst the most zealous of those taking service in the army destined to march on Rheims. The king, to all appearance, desired to keep them near his person. "God forbid that I should do so," wrote Guy de Laval, on the 8th of June, 1429, to those most dread dames his grandmother and his mother.

"My brother says, as also my lord the duke d'Alençon, that a good riddance of bad rubbish would he be who should stay at home." And he describes his first interview with the Maid as follows: "The king had sent for her to come and meet him at Selles-en-Berry. Some say that it was for my sake, in order that I might see her. She gave right good cheer [a kind reception] to my brother and myself, and after we had dismounted at Selles I went to see her in her quarters. She ordered wine, and told me that she would soon have me drinking some at Paris. It seems a thing divine to look on her and listen to her. I saw her mount on horseback, armed all in white armor, save her head, and with a little axe in her hand, on a great black charger, which at the door of her quarters was very restive and would not let her mount. Then said she, 'Lead him to the cross,' which was in front of the neighboring church, on the road. There she mounted him without his moving and as if he were tied up, and, turning toward the door of the church, which was very nigh at hand, she said, in quite a womanly voice, 'You, priests and churchmen, make procession and prayers to God.' Then she resumed her road, saying, 'Push forward, push forward!' She told me that three days before my arrival she had sent you, dear grandmother, a little golden ring, but that it was a very small matter, and she would have liked to send you something better, having regard to your estimation."

It was amidst this burst of patriotism and with all these valiant comrades that Joan recommenced the campaign on the 10th of June, 1429, quite resolved to bring the king to Rheims. To complete the deliverance of Orleans an attack was begun upon the neighboring places, Jargeau, Meung and Beaugency. Before Jargeau, on the 12th of June, although it was Sunday, Joan had the trumpets sounded for the assault. The duke d'Alençon thought it was too soon.

"Ah!" said Joan; "be not doubtful: it is the hour pleasing to God. Work ye, and God will work;" and she added familiarly, "Art thou afeard, gentle duke? Knowest thou not that I have promised thy wife to take thee back safe and sound?"

The assault began, and Joan soon had occasion to keep her promise. The duke d'Alençon was watching the assault from an exposed spot, and Joan remarked a piece pointed at this spot.

"Get you hence," said she to the duke; "yonder is a piece which will slay you."

The duke moved, and a moment afterward Sire de Lude was killed at the selfsame place by a shot from the said piece.

Jargeau was taken. Before Beaugency a serious incident took place. The constable De Richemont came up with a force of twelve hundred men. When he was crossing to Loudun, Charles VII., swayed as ever by the jealous La Trémoille, had word sent to him to withdraw, and that if he advanced he would be attacked.

"What I am doing in the matter," said the constable, "is for the good of the king and the realm; if anybody comes to attack me, we shall see."

When he had joined the army before Beaugency, the duke d'Alençon was much troubled. The king's orders were precise, and Joan herself hesitated. But news came that Talbot and the English were approaching.

"Now," said Joan, "we must think no

more of anything but helping one another."

She rode forward to meet the constable, and saluted him courteously.

"Joan," said he, "I was told that you meant to attack me. I know not whether you come from God or not: if you are from God, I fear you not at all, for God knows my good will; if you are from the devil, I fear you still less."

He remained, and Beaugency was taken.

The English army came up. Sir John Falstolf had joined Talbot. Some disquietude showed itself amongst the French, so roughly handled for some time past in pitched battles.

"Ah, fair constable!" said Joan to Richemont; "you are not come by my orders, but you are right welcome."

The duke d'Alençon consulted Joan as to what was to be done.

"It will be well to have horses," was suggested by those about her.

She asked her neighbors,

"Have you good spurs?"

"Ha!" cried they; "must we fly, then?"

"No, surely," replied Joan; "but there will be need to ride boldly: we shall give a good account of the English, and our spurs will serve us famously in pursuing them."

The battle began on the 18th of June at Patay, between Orleans and Châteaudun. By Joan's advice the French attacked.

"In the name of God," said she, "we must fight. Though the English were suspended from the clouds, we should have them; for God hath sent us to punish them. The gentle king shall have to-day the greatest victory he has ever had; my counsel hath told me they are ours."

The English lost heart in their turn; the battle was short and the victory brilliant. Lord Talbot and the most part of the English captains remained prisoners.

"Lord Talbot," said the duke d'Alençon to him, "this is not what you expected this morning."

"It is the fortune of war," answered Talbot, with the cool dignity of an old warrior.

Joan's immediate return to Orleans was a triumph, but even triumph has its embarrassments and perils. She demanded the speedy march of the army upon Rheims, that the king might be crowned there without delay; but objections were raised on all sides—the objections of the timid and those of the jealous. "By reason of Joan the Maid," says a contemporary chronicler, "so many folks came from all parts unto the king for to serve him at their own expense that La Trémoille and others of the council were much wroth thereat through anxiety for their own persons." Joan, impatient and irritated at so much hesitation and intrigue, took upon herself to act as if the decision belonged to her. On the 25th of June she wrote to the inhabitants of Tournai: "Loyal Frenchmen, I do pray and require you to be all ready to come to the coronation of the gentle King Charles at Rheims, where we shall shortly be, and to come and meet us when ye shall learn that we are approaching." Two days afterward, on the 27th of June, she left Gien, where the court was, and went to take up her quarters in the open country with the troops. There was nothing for it but to follow her.

On the 29th of June the king, the court (including La Trémoille) and the army, about twelve thousand strong, set out on the march for Rheims. Other obstacles were encoun-

tered on the road. In most of the towns the inhabitants, even the royalists, feared to compromise themselves by openly pronouncing against the English and the duke of Burgundy. Those of Auxerre demanded a truce, offering provisions and promising to do as those of Troyes, Châlons and Rheims should do. At Troyes the difficulty was greater still. There was in it a garrison of five or six hundred English and Burgundians, who had the burgesses under their thumbs. All attempts at accommodation failed. There was great perplexity in the royal camp; there were neither provisions enough for a long stay before Troyes, nor batteries and siege-trains to carry it by force. There was talk of turning back. One of the king's councillors, Robert le Maçon, proposed that Joan should be summoned to the council. It was at her instance that the expedition had been undertaken; she had great influence amongst the army and the populace; the idea ought not to be given up without consulting her. Whilst he was speaking Joan came knocking at the door; she was told to come in, and the chancellor, the archbishop of Rheims, put the question to her.

Joan, turning to the king, asked him if he would believe her.

"Speak," said the king; "if you say what is reasonable and tends to profit, readily will you be believed."

"Gentle king of France," said Joan, "if you be willing to abide here before your town of Troyes, it shall be at your disposal within two days, by love or by force; make no doubt of it."

"Joan," replied the chancellor, "whoever could be certain of having it within six days might well wait for it; but say you true?"

Joan repeated her assertion, and it was decided to wait.

Joan mounted her horse, and with her banner in her hand she went through the camp, giving orders everywhere to prepare for the assault. She had her own tent pitched close to the ditch, "doing more," says a contemporary, "than two of the ablest captains would have done." On the next day, July 10, all was ready. Joan had the fascines thrown into the ditches and was shouting out "Assault!" when the inhabitants of Troyes, burgesses and men-at-arms, came demanding permission to capitulate. The conditions were easy. The inhabitants obtained for themselves and their property such guarantees as they desired, and the strangers were allowed to go out with what belonged to them. On the morrow, July 11, the king entered Troyes with all his captains, and at his side the Maid carrying her banner. All the difficulties of the journey were surmounted. On the 15th of July the bishop of Châlons brought the keys of his town to the king, who took up his quarters there. Joan found there four or five of her own villagers, who had hastened up to see the young girl of Domremy in all her glory. She received them with a satisfaction in which familiarity was blended with gravity. To one of them, her godfather, she gave a red cap which she had worn; to another, who had been a Burgundian, she said, "I fear but one thing—treachery." In the duke d'Alençon's presence she repeated to the king, "Make good use of my time, for I shall hardly last longer than a year."

On the 16th of July, King Charles entered Rheims, and the ceremony of his coronation was fixed for the morrow. It was solemn

and emotional, as are all old national traditions which recur after a forced suspension. Joan rode between Dunois and the archbishop of Rheims, chancellor of France. The air resounded with the Te Deum, sung with all their hearts by clergy and crowd.

"In God's name," said Joan to Dunois, "here is a good people and a devout; when I die, I should much like it to be in these parts."

"Joan," inquired Dunois, "know you when you will die, and in what place?"

"I know not," said she, "for I am at the will of God." Then she added, "I have accomplished that which my Lord commanded me, to raise the siege of Orleans and have the gentle king crowned. I would like it well if it should please him to send me back to my father and mother to keep their sheep and their cattle and do that which was my wont."

"When the said lords," says the chronicler, an eye-witness, "heard these words of Joan, who, with eyes toward heaven, gave thanks to God, they the more believed that it was somewhat sent from God, and not otherwise."

Historians, and even contemporaries, have given much discussion to the question whether Joan of Arc, according to her first ideas, had really limited her design to the raising of the siege of Orleans and the coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims. She had said so herself several times, just as she had to Dunois at Rheims on the 17th of July, 1429; but she sometimes also spoke of more vast and varied projects—as, for instance, driving the English completely out of France and withdrawing from his long captivity Charles, duke of Orleans. He had been a prisoner in London ever since the battle of Agincourt, and was popular in his day, as he has continued to be in French history, on the double ground of having been the father of Louis XII. and one of the most charming poets in the ancient literature of France. The duke d'Alençon, who was so high in the regard of Joan, attributed to her more expressly this quadruple design. "She said," according to him, "that she had four duties—to get rid of the English, to have the king anointed and crowned, to deliver Duke Charles of Orleans, and to raise the siege laid by the English to Orleans. One is inclined to believe that Joan's language to Dunois at Rheims in the hour of Charles VII.'s coronation more accurately expressed her first idea; the two other notions occurred to her naturally in proportion as her hopes as well as her power kept growing greater with success. But, however lofty and daring her soul may have been, she had a simple, and not at all a fantastic, mind. She may have foreseen the complete expulsion of the English, and may have desired the deliverance of the duke of Orleans, without having in the first instance premeditated anything more than she said to Dunois during the king's coronation at Rheims, which was looked upon by her as the triumph of the national cause.

However that may be, when Orleans was relieved and Charles VII. crowned, the situation, posture and part of Joan underwent a change. She no longer manifested the same confidence in herself and her designs. She no longer exercised over those in whose midst she lived the same authority. She continued to carry on war, but at haphazard, sometimes with and sometimes without success, just like La Hire and Dunois, never

discouraged, never satisfied and never looking upon herself as triumphant. After the coronation her advice was to march at once upon Paris, in order to take up a fixed position in it, as being the political centre of the realm of which Rheims was the religious. Nothing of the sort was done. Charles and La Trémoille once more began their course of hesitation, tergiversation and changes of tactics and residence, without doing anything of a public and decisive character. They negotiated with the duke of Burgundy in the hope of detaching him from the English cause, and they even concluded with him a secret, local and temporary truce. From the 20th of July to the 23d of August, Joan followed the king whithersoever he went—to Château-Thierry, to Senlis, to Blois, to Provins, and to Compiègne—as devoted as ever, but without having her former power. She was still active, but not from inspiration and to obey her voices, simply to promote the royal policy. She wrote the duke of Burgundy a letter full of dignity and patriotism, which had no more effect than the negotiations of La Trémoille.

During this fruitless labor amongst the French the duke of Bedford sent for five thousand men from England, who came and settled themselves at Paris. One division of this army had a white standard, in the middle of which was depicted a distaff full of cotton; a half-filled spindle was hanging to the distaff, and the field studded with empty spindles bore this inscription: "Now, fair one, come!" Insult to Joan was accompanied by redoubled war against France.

Joan, saddened and wearied by the position of things, attempted to escape from it by a bold stroke. On the 23d of August, 1429, she set out from Compiègne with the duke d'Alençon and "a fair company of men-at-arms," and suddenly went and occupied St. Denis, with the view of attacking Paris. Charles VII. felt himself obliged to quit Compiègne likewise, "and went, greatly against the grain," says a contemporary chronicler, "as far as into the town of Senlis." The attack on Paris began vigorously. Joan, with the duke d'Alençon, pitched her camp at La Chapelle. Charles took up his abode in the abbey of St. Denis. The municipal corporation of Paris received letters with the arms of the duke d'Alençon which called upon them to recognize the king's authority and promised a general amnesty. The assault was delivered on the 8th of September. Joan was severely wounded, but she insisted upon remaining where she was. Night came, and the troops had not entered the breach which had been opened in the morning. Joan was still calling out to persevere. The duke d'Alençon himself begged her, but in vain, to retire. La Trémoille gave orders to retreat, and some knights came up, set Joan on horseback and led her back, against her will, to La Chapelle.

"By my *martin*" [staff of command], said she, "the place would have been taken."

One hope still remained. In concert with the duke d'Alençon, she had caused a flying-bridge to be thrown across the Seine opposite St. Denis. The next day but one she sent her vanguard in this direction; she intended to return thereby to the siege, but by the king's order the bridge had been cut adrift. St. Denis fell once more into the hands of the English. Before leaving, Joan left there, on the tomb of St. Denis, her complete suit of armor and a sword she had lately obtained

possession of at the St. Honoré gate of Paris as trophy of war. From the 13th of September, 1429, to the 24th of May, 1430, she continued to lead the same life of efforts ever equally valiant and equally ineffectual. She failed in an attempt upon La Charité-sur-Loire, undertaken, for all that appears, with the sole design of recovering an important town in the possession of the enemy. The English evacuated Paris and left the keeping of it to the duke of Burgundy—no doubt to test his fidelity.

On the 15th of April, 1430, at the expiration of the truce he had concluded, Philip the Good resumed hostilities against Charles VII. Joan of Arc once more plunged into them with her wonted zeal. Ile-de-France and Picardy became the theatre of war. Compiègne was regarded as the gate of the road between these two provinces, and the duke of Burgundy attached much importance to holding the key of it. The authority of Charles VII. was recognized there, and a young knight of Compiègne, William de Flavy, held the command there as lieutenant of La Trémoille, who had got himself appointed captain of the town. La Trémoille attempted to treat with the duke of Burgundy for the cession of Compiègne, but the inhabitants were strenuously opposed to it. "They were," they said, "the king's most humble subjects, and they desired to serve him with body and substance; but, as for trusting themselves to the lord duke of Burgundy, they could not do it: they were resolved to suffer destruction, themselves and their wives and children, rather than be exposed to the tender mercies of the said duke."

Meanwhile, Joan of Arc, after several warlike expeditions in the neighborhood, re-entered Compiègne, and was received there with a popular expression of satisfaction. "She was presented," says a local chronicler, "with three hogsheads of wine—a present which was large and exceeding costly, and which showed the estimate formed of this maiden's worth."

Joan manifested the profound distrust with which she was inspired of the duke of Burgundy.

"There is no peace possible with him," she said, "save at the point of the lance."

She had quarters at the house of the king's attorney, Le Boucher, and shared the bed of his wife Mary. "She often made the said Mary rise from her bed to go and warn the said attorney to be on his guard against several acts of Burgundian treachery." At this period, again, she said, she was often warned by her voices of what must happen to her; she expected to be taken prisoner before St. John's or Midsummer day (June 24). On what day and hour she did not know: she had received no instructions as to sorties from the place; but she had constantly been told that she would be taken, and she was distrustful of the captains who were in command there. She was, nevertheless, not the less bold and enterprising. On the 20th of May, 1430, the duke of Burgundy came and laid siege to Compiègne. Joan was away on an expedition to Crépy, in Valois, with a small band of three or four hundred brave comrades. On the 24th of May, the eve of Ascension day, she learned that Compiègne was being besieged, and she resolved to re-enter it. She was reminded that her force was a very weak one to cut its way through the besiegers' camp.

"By my *martin*," said she, "we are enough. I will go see my friends in Compiègne."

She arrived about daybreak without hindrance and penetrated into the town, and repaired immediately to the parish church of St. Jacques to perform her devotions on the eve of so great a festival. Many persons, attracted by her presence, and amongst others "from a hundred to sixscore children," thronged to the church. After hearing mass and herself taking the communion, Joan said to those who surrounded her,

"My children and dear friends, I notify you that I am sold and betrayed, and that I shall shortly be delivered over to death. I beseech you, pray God for me."

When evening came, she was not the less eager to take part in a sortie with her usual comrades and a troop of about five hundred men. William de Flavy, commandant of the place, got ready some boats on the Oise to assist the return of the troops. All the town-gates were closed save the bridge-gate. The sortie was unsuccessful. Being severely repulsed and all but hemmed in, the majority of the soldiers shouted to Joan,

"Try to quickly regain the town, or we are lost."

"Silence!" said Joan; "it only rests with you to throw the enemy into confusion. Think only of striking at them."

Her words and her bravery were in vain; the infantry flung themselves into the boats and regained the town, and Joan and her brave comrades covered their retreat. The Burgundians were coming up in mass upon Compiègne, and Flavy gave orders to pull up the drawbridge and let down the portcullis. Joan and some of her following lingered outside, still fighting. She wore a rich surcoat and a red sash, and all the efforts of the Burgundians were directed against her. Twenty men thronged round her horse, and a Picard archer, "a tough fellow and mighty sour," seized her by her dress and flung her on the ground. All at once called on her to surrender.

"Yield you to me," said one of them; "pledge your faith to me. I am a gentleman."

It was an archer of the bastard of Wandonne, one of the lieutenants of John of Luxembourg, count of Ligny.

"I have pledged my faith to one other than you," said Joan, "and to him I will keep my oath."

The archer took her and conducted her to Count John, whose prisoner she became.

Was she betrayed and delivered up, as she had predicted? Did William de Flavy purposely have the drawbridge raised and the portcullis lowered before she could get back into Compiègne? He was suspected of it at the time, and many historians have endorsed the suspicion. But there is nothing to prove it. That La Trémoille, prime minister of Charles VII., and Reginald de Chartres, archbishop of Rheims, had an antipathy to Joan of Arc and did all they could on every occasion to compromise her and destroy her influence, and that they were glad to see her a prisoner, is as certain as anything can be. On announcing her capture to the inhabitants of Rheims, the archbishop said, "She would not listen to counsel, and did everything according to her pleasure." But there is a long distance between such expressions and a premeditated plot to deliver to the enemy the young heroine who had just

raised the siege of Orleans and brought the king to be crowned at Rheims. History must not without proof impute crimes so odious and so shameful to even the most depraved of men.

However that may be, Joan remained for six months the prisoner of John of Luxembourg, who, to make his possession of her secure, sent her under good escort successively to his two castles of Beaulieu and Beaurevoir, one in the Vermandois, and the other in the Cambrésis. Twice, in July and in October, 1430, Joan attempted unsuccessfully to escape. The second time she carried despair and hardihood so far as to throw herself down from the platform of her prison. She was picked up cruelly bruised, but without any fracture or wound of importance. Her fame, her youth, her virtue, her courage, made her, even in her prison and in the very family of her custodian, two warm and powerful friends. John of Luxembourg had with him his wife, Joan of Béthune, and his aunt, Joan of Luxembourg, godmother of Charles VII. They both of them took a tender interest in the prisoner, and they often went to see her and left nothing undone to mitigate the annoyances of a prison. One thing only shocked them about her—her man's clothes. "They offered her," as Joan herself said, when questioned upon this subject at a later period, during her trial, "a woman's dress or stuff to make it to her liking, and requested her to wear it; but she answered that she had not leave from our Lord, and that it was not yet time for it."

John of Luxembourg's aunt was full of years and reverenced as a saint. Hearing that the English were tempting her nephew by the offer of a sum of money to give up his prisoner to them, she conjured him in her will, dated September 10, 1430, not to sully by such an act the honor of his name. But Count John was neither rich nor scrupulous, and pretexts were not wanting to aid his cupidity and his weakness. Joan had been taken at Compiègne on the 23d of May, in the evening; and the news arrived in Paris on the 25th of May, in the morning. On the morrow, the 26th, the registrar of the university wrote a citation to the duke of Burgundy "to the end that the Maid should be delivered up to respond to the good counsel, favor and aid of the good doctors and masters of the University of Paris." Peter Cauchon, bishop of Beauvais, had been the prime-mover in this step. Some weeks later, on the 14th of July, seeing that no reply arrived from the duke of Burgundy, he caused a renewal of the same demands to be made on the part of the university in more urgent terms, and he added, in his own name, that Joan, having been taken at Compiègne, in his own diocese, belonged to him as judge spiritual. He further asserted that "according to the law, usage and custom of France every prisoner of war, even were it king, dauphin or other prince, might be redeemed in the name of the king of England in consideration of an indemnity of ten thousand livres granted to the capturer." Nothing was more opposed to the common law of nations and to the feudal spirit, often grasping, but noble at bottom. For four months still John of Luxembourg hesitated, but his aunt, Joan, died at Boulogne on the 13th of November, and Joan of Arc had no longer near him this powerful intercessor. The king of England transmitted to the keeping of his coffers at Rouen, in golden coin.

English money, the sum of ten thousand livres. John of Luxembourg yielded to the temptation. On the 21st of November, 1430, Joan of Arc was handed over to the king of England, and the same day the University of Paris, through its rector, Hébert, besought that sovereign, as king of France, "to order that this woman be brought to their city for to be shortly placed in the hands of the justice of the Church."

It was not to Paris, but to Rouen, the real capital of the English in France, that Joan was taken. She arrived there on the 23d of December, 1430. On the 3d of January, 1431, an order from Henry VI., king of England, placed her in the hands of the bishop of Beauvais, Peter Cauchon. Some days afterward Count John of Luxembourg, accompanied by his brother, the English chancellor, by his esquire and by two English lords, Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, and Humphrey, earl of Stafford, the king of England's constable in France, entered the prison. Had John of Luxembourg come out of sheer curiosity, or to relieve himself of certain scruples by offering Joan a chance for her life?

"Joan," said he, "I am come hither to put you to ransom and to treat for the price of your deliverance; only give us your promise here to no more bear arms against us."

"In God's name," answered Joan, "are you making a mock of me, captain? Ransom me! You have neither the will nor the power; no, you have neither."

The count persisted.

"I know well," said Joan, "that these English will put me to death; but were there a hundred thousand more Englishmen than have already been in France, they shall never have the kingdom."

At this patriotic burst on the heroine's part the earl of Stafford half drew his dagger from the sheath, as if to strike Joan, but the earl of Warwick held him back. The visitors went out from the prison and handed over Joan to the judges.

The court of Rouen was promptly formed, but not without opposition and difficulty. Though Joan had lost somewhat of her greatness and importance by going beyond her main object and by showing recklessness unattended by success on small occasions, she still remained the true heroic representative of the feelings and wishes of the nation. When she was removed from Beaurevoir to Rouen, all the places at which she stopped were like so many luminous points for the illustration of her popularity. At Arras a Scot showed her a portrait of her which he wore, an outward sign of the devoted worship of her lieges. At Amiens the chancellor of the cathedral gave her audience at confession and administered to her the eucharist. At Abbeville ladies of distinction went five leagues to pay her a visit; they were glad to have had the happiness of seeing her so firm and resigned to the will of our Lord; they wished her all the favors of Heaven, and they wept affectionately on taking leave of her. Joan, touched by their sympathy and open-heartedness, said,

"Ah! what a good people is this! Would to God I might be so happy, when my days are ended, as to be buried in these parts!"

The court being constituted, Joan, after it had been put in possession of the evidence already collected, was cited on the 20th of February, 1431, to appear on the morrow,

the 21st, before her judges assembled in the chapel of Rouen castle. The trial lasted from the 21st of February to the 30th of May, 1431. The court held forty sittings, mostly in the chapel of the castle, some in Joan's very prison. On her arrival there she had been put in an iron cage; afterward she was kept "no longer in the cage, but in a dark room in a tower of the castle, wearing irons upon her feet, fastened by a chain to a large piece of wood, and guarded night and day by four or five soldiers of low grade." She complained of being thus chained, but the bishop told her that her former attempts at escape demanded this precaution.

"It is true," said Joan, as truthful as heroic; "I did wish, and I still wish, to escape from prison, as is the right of every prisoner."

At her examination the bishop required her to take "an oath to tell the truth about everything as to which she should be questioned."

"I know not what you mean to question me about; perchance you may ask me things I would not tell you. Touching my revelations, for instance, you might ask me to tell something I have sworn not to tell; thus I should be perjured, which you ought not to desire."

The bishop insisted upon an oath absolute and without condition.

"You are too hard on me," said Joan; "I do not like to take an oath to tell the truth save as to matters which concern the faith."

The bishop called upon her to swear, on pain of being held guilty of the things imputed to her.

"Go on to something else," said she; and this was the answer she made to all questions which seemed to her to be a violation of her right to be silent.

Wearied and hurt at these imperious demands, she one day said,

"I come on God's business, and I have naught to do here; send me back to God, from whom I come."

"Are you sure you are in God's grace?" asked the bishop.

"If I be not," answered Joan, "please God to bring me to it; and if I be, please God to keep me in it."

The bishop himself remained dumfounded.

There is no object in following through all sittings and all its twistings this odious and shameful trial, in which the judges' prejudiced servility and scientific subtlety were employed for three months to wear out the courage or overreach the understanding of a young girl of nineteen, who refused at one time to lie and at another to enter into discussion with them, and made no defence beyond holding her tongue or appealing to God, who had spoken to her and dictated to her that which she had done.

According to the laws, ideas and practices of the time the legal question was decided: Joan was declared heretic and rebellious. Although she appeared to be quite forgotten and was quite neglected by the king whose coronation she had effected, by his councillors, and even by the brave warriors at whose side she had fought, the public exhibited a lively interest in her; accounts of the scenes which took place at her trial were inquired after with curiosity. Amongst the very judges who prosecuted her many were troubled in spirit and wished that Joan, by an abjuration of her statements, would herself put them at ease and relieve them from

pronouncing against her the most severe penalty. What means were employed to arrive at this end? Did she really and with full knowledge of what she was about come round to the abjuration which there was so much anxiety to obtain from her? It is difficult to solve this historical problem with exactness and certainty. More than once during the examinations and the conversations which took place at that time between Joan and her judges she maintained her firm posture and her first statements.

One of those who were exhorting her to yield said to her one day,

"Thy king is a heretic and a schismatic."

Joan could not brook this insult to her king.

"By my faith," said she, "full well dare I both say and swear that he is the noblest Christian of all Christians, and the truest lover of the faith and the Church."

"Make her hold her tongue," said the usher to the preacher, who was disconcerted at having provoked such language.

Another day, when Joan was being urged to submit, Brother Isambard de la Pierre, who was interested in her, spoke to her about the council, at the same time explaining to her its province in the Church. It was the very time when that of Bâle had been convoked.

"Ah!" said Joan; "I would fain surrender and submit myself to the council of Bâle."

The bishop of Beauvais trembled at the idea of this appeal.

"Hold your tongue, in the devil's name!" said he to the monk.

Another of the judges, William Erard, asked Joan menacingly,

"Will you abjure those reprobate words and deeds of yours?"

"I leave it to the universal Church whether I ought to abjure or not."

"That is not enough: you shall abjure at once, or you shall burn."

Joan shuddered.

"I would rather sign than burn," she said.

There was put before her a form of abjuration whereby, disavowing her relations and visions from heaven, she confessed her errors in matters of faith and renounced them humbly. At the bottom of the document she made the mark of a cross. Doubts have arisen as to the genuineness of this long and diffuse deed in the form in which it has been published in the trial-papers. Twenty-four years later, in 1455, during the trial undertaken for the rehabilitation of Joan, several of those who had been present at the trial at which she was condemned, amongst others the usher Massieu and the registrar Taquel, declared that the form of abjuration read out at that time to Joan and signed by her contained only seven or eight lines of big writing; and according to another witness of the scene it was an Englishman, John Calot, secretary of Henry VI., king of England, who, as soon as Joan had yielded, drew from his sleeve a little paper, which he gave to her to sign, and, dissatisfied with the mark she had made, held her hand and guided it so that she might put down her name, every letter. However that may be, as soon as Joan's abjuration had thus been obtained, the court issued on the 24th of May, 1431, a definitive decree, whereby, after some long and severe strictures in the preamble, it condemned Joan to perpetual punishment "with

the bread of affliction and the water of affliction, in order that she might deplore the errors and faults she had committed and relapse into them no more henceforth."

The Church might be satisfied, but the king of England, his councillors and his officers were not. It was Joan living, even though a prisoner, that they feared. They were animated toward her by the two ruthless passions of vengeance and fear. When it was known that she would escape with her life, murmurs broke out amongst the crowd of enemies present at the trial. Stones were thrown at the judges. One of the cardinal of Winchester's chaplains, who happened to be close to the bishop of Beauvais, called him traitor.

"You lie!" said the bishop.

And the bishop was right: the chaplain did lie; the bishop had no intention of betraying his masters.

The earl of Warwick complained to him of the inadequacy of the sentence.

"Never you mind, My Lord," said one of Peter Cauchon's confidants; "we will have her up again."

After the passing of her sentence Joan had said to those about her,

"Come now, you churchmen amongst you, lead me off to your own prisons, and let me be no more in the hands of the English."

"Lead her to where you took her," said the bishop; and she was conducted to the castle prison.

She had been told by some of the judges who went to see her after her sentence that she would have to give up her man's dress and resume her woman's clothing, as the Church ordained. She was rejoiced thereat; forthwith, accordingly, resumed her woman's clothes and had her hair properly cut, which up to that time she used to wear clipped round like a man's. When she was taken back to prison, the man's dress which she had worn was put in a sack in the same room in which she was confined, and she remained in custody at the said place in the hands of five Englishmen, of whom three stayed by night in the room and two outside at the door. "And he who speaks [John Massieu, a priest, the same who in 1431 had been present as usher of the court at the trial in which Joan was condemned] knows for certain that at night she had her legs ironed in such sort that she could not stir from the spot. When the next Sunday morning, which was Trinity Sunday, had come and she should have got up, according to what she herself told to him who speaks, she said to her English guards, 'Uniron me; I will get up.' Then one of them took away her woman's clothes; they emptied the sack in which was her man's dress and pitched the said dress to her, saying, 'Get up, then,' and they put her woman's clothes in the same sack. And, according to what she told me, she only clad herself in her man's dress after saying, 'You know it is forbidden me; I certainly will not take it.' Nevertheless, they would not allow her any other; insomuch that the dispute lasted to the hour of noon. Finally, from corporeal necessity, Joan was constrained to get up and take the dress."

The official documents drawn up during the condemnation-trial contain quite a different account. "On the 28th of May," it is there said, "eight of the judges who had taken part in the sentence betook themselves to Joan's prison, and, seeing her clad in man's dress, which she had but just given up accord-

ing to our order that she should resume woman's clothes, we asked her when and for what cause she had resumed this dress and who had prevailed on her to do so. Joan answered that it was of her own will, without any constraint from any one, and because she preferred that dress to woman's clothes. To our question as to why she had made this change she answered that, being surrounded by men, man's dress was more suitable for her than woman's. She also said that she had resumed it because there had been made to her, but not kept, a promise that she should go to mass, receive the body of Christ and be set free from her fetters. She added that if this promise were kept she would be good, and would do what was the will of the Church. As we had heard some persons say that she persisted in her errors as to the pretended revelations which she had but lately renounced, we asked whether she had since Thursday last heard the voices of St. Catherine and St. Margaret, and she answered, 'Yes.' To our question as to what the saints had said she answered that God had testified to her by their voices great pity for the great treason she had committed in abjuring for the sake of saving her life, and that by so doing she had damned herself. She said that all she had thus done last Thursday in abjuring her visions and revelations she had done through fear of the stake, and that all her abjuration was contrary to the truth. She added that she did not herself comprehend what was contained in the form of abjuration she had been made to sign, and that she would rather do penance once for all by dying to maintain the truth than remain any longer a prisoner, being all the while a traitress to it."

We will not stop to examine whether these two accounts, though very different, are not fundamentally reconcilable, and whether Joan resumed man's dress of her own desire or was constrained to do so by the soldiers on guard over her, and perhaps to escape from their insults. The important points in the incident are the burst of remorse which Joan felt for her weakness and her striking retractation of the abjuration which had been wrung from her. So soon as the news was noised abroad her enemies cried, "She has relapsed!" This was exactly what they had hoped for when, on learning that she had been sentenced only to perpetual imprisonment, they had said, "Never you mind; we will have her up again."

"Farewell, farewell, My Lord," said the bishop of Beauvais to the earl of Warwick, whom he met shortly after Joan's retractation; and in his words there was plainly an expression of satisfaction, and not a mere phrase of politeness.

On the 29th of May the tribunal met again. Forty judges took part in the deliberation; Joan was unanimously declared a case of relapse, was found guilty and cited to appear next day, the 30th, on the Vieux-Marché to hear sentence pronounced, and then undergo the punishment of the stake.

When, on the 30th of May, in the morning, Martin Ladvenu was charged to announce her sentence to Joan, she gave way at first to grief and terror.

"Alas!" she cried, "am I to be so horribly and cruelly treated that this my body must be consumed and reduced to ashes? Ah! I would seven times rather be beheaded than burned."

The bishop of Bauvais at this moment came up.

"Bishop," said Joan, "you are the cause of my death; if you had put me in the prisons of the Church and in the hands of fit and proper ecclesiastical warders, this had never happened. I appeal from you to the presence of God."

One of the doctors who had sat in judgment upon her, Peter Maurice, went to see her and spoke to her with sympathy.

"Master Peter," said she to him, "where shall I be to-night?"

"Have you not good hope in God?" asked the doctor.

"Oh yes," she answered; "by the grace of God I shall be in paradise."

Being left alone with Martin Ladvenu, she confessed and asked to communicate. The monk applied to the bishop of Beauvais to know what he was to do.

"Tell Brother Martin," was the answer, "to give her the eucharist and all she asks for."

At nine o'clock, having resumed her woman's dress, Joan was dragged from prison and driven to the Vieux-Marché. From seven to eight hundred soldiers escorted the car and prohibited all approach to it on the part of the crowd, which encumbered the road and the vicinities, but a man forced a passage and flung himself toward Joan. It was a canon of Rouen, Nicholas Loiseleur, whom the bishop of Beauvais had placed near her, and who had abused the confidence she had shown him. Beside himself with despair, he wished to ask pardon of her; but the English soldiers drove him back with violence and with the epithet "traitor," and but for the intervention of the earl of Warwick his life would have been in danger. Joan wept and prayed, and the crowd, afar off, wept and prayed with her. On arriving at the place she listened in silence to a sermon by one of the doctors of the court, who ended by saying,

"Joan, go in peace; the Church can no longer defend thee: she gives thee over to the secular arm."

The laic judges, Raoul Bouteillier, baillie of Rouen, and his lieutenant, Peter Daron, were alone qualified to pronounce sentence of death, but no time was given them. The priest Massieu was still continuing his exhortations to Joan, but "How now, priest?" was the cry from midst the soldiery; "are you going to make us dine here?"

"Away with her! Away with her!" said the baillie to the guards, and to the executioner, "Do thy duty."

When she came to the stake, Joan knelt down, completely absorbed in prayer. She had begged Massieu to get her a cross, and an Englishman present made one out of a little stick and handed it to the French heroine, who took it, kissed it and laid it on her breast. She begged Brother Isambard de la Pierre to go and fetch the cross from the church of St. Sauveur, the chief door of which opened on the Vieux-Marché, and to hold it "up right before her eyes till the coming of death, in order," she said, "that the cross whereon God hung might, as long as she lived, be continually in her sight;" and her wishes were fulfilled. She wept over her country and the spectators as well as over herself.

"Rouen, Rouen," she cried, "is it here that I must die? Shalt thou be my last resting-place? I fear greatly thou wilt have to suffer for my death."

It is said that the aged cardinal of Winchester and the bishop of Beauvais himself

could not stifle their emotion, and, peradventure, their tears.

The executioner set fire to the fagots. When Joan perceived the flames rising, she urged her confessor, Martin Ladvenu, to go down, at the same time asking him to keep holding the cross up high in front of her that she might never cease to see it. The same monk, when questioned four and twenty years later, at the rehabilitation-trial, as to the last sentiments and the last words of Joan, said that to the very latest moment she had affirmed that her voices were heavenly, that they had not deluded her, and that the revelations she had received came from God. When she had ceased to live, two of her judges, John Alespée, canon of Rouen, and Peter Maurice, doctor of theology, cried out, "Would that my soul were where I believe the soul of that woman is!" And Tressart, secretary to King Henry VI., said sorrowfully, on returning from the place of execution, "We are all lost; we have burned a saint."

A saint indeed in faith and in destiny. Never was human creature more heroically confident in and devoted to inspiration coming from God, a commission received from God. Joan of Arc sought nothing of all that happened to her and of all she did, nor exploit, nor power, nor glory. "It was not her condition," as she used to say, to be a warrior, to get her king crowned and to deliver her country from the foreigner. Everything came to her from on high, and she accepted everything without hesitation, without discussion—without calculation, as we should say in our times. She believed in God and obeyed him. God was not to her an idea, a hope, a flash of human imagination or a problem of human science: he was the Creator of the world, the Saviour of mankind through Jesus Christ, the Being of beings, ever present, ever in action, sole legitimate Sovereign of man, whom he has made intelligent and free, the real and true God whom we are painfully searching for in our own day.

Meanwhile, one fact may be mentioned which does honor to our epoch and gives us hope for our future. Four centuries have rolled by since Joan of Arc, that modest and heroic servant of God, made a sacrifice of herself for France. For four and twenty years after her death France and the king appeared to think no more of her. However, in 1455, remorse came upon Charles VII. and upon France. Nearly all the provinces, all the towns, were freed from the foreigner, and shame was felt that nothing was said, nothing done, for the young girl who had saved everything. At Rouen especially, where the sacrifice was completed, a cry for reparation arose. Pope Calixtus III. entertained the request preferred, not by the king of France, but in the name of Isabel Romée, Joan's mother, and her whole family. Regular proceedings were commenced and followed up for the rehabilitation of the martyr, and on the 7th of July, 1456, a decree of the court assembled at Rouen quashed the sentence of 1431, together with all its consequences, and ordered "a general procession and solemn sermon at St. Ouen Place and the Vieux-Marché, where the said Maid had been cruelly and horribly burned, besides the planting of a cross of honor (*crucis honestæ*) on the Vieux-Marché, the judges reserving the official notice to be given of their decision throughout the cities and notable places of the realm." The city

of Orleans responded to this appeal by raising on the bridge over the Loire a group in bronze representing Joan of Arc on her knees before Our Lady between two angels. This monument, which was broken during the religious wars of the sixteenth century and repaired shortly afterward, was removed in the eighteenth century, and Joan of Arc then received a fresh insult: the poetry of a cynic was devoted to the task of diverting a licentious public at the expense of the saint whom, three centuries before, fanatical hatred had brought to the stake. In 1792 the council of the commune of Orleans, "considering that the monument in bronze did not represent the heroine's services and did not by any sign call to mind the struggle against the English," ordered it to be melted down and cast into cannons, of which "one should bear the name of Joan of Arc." It is in our time that the city of Orleans and its distinguished bishop, Monseigneur Dupanloup, have at last paid Joan homage worthy of her not only by erecting to her a new statue, but by recalling her again to the memory of France with her true features and in her grand character. Neither French nor any other history offers a like example of a modest little soul with a faith so pure and efficacious resting on divine inspiration and patriotic hope.

Translation of ROBERT BLACK.

THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH AND THE TOMB OF ADAM.

FROM "THE INNOCENTS ABROAD."

THE Greek chapel is the most roomy, the richest and the showiest chapel in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. Its altar, like that of all the Greek churches, is a lofty screen that extends clear across the chapel and is gorgeous with gilding and pictures. The numerous lamps that hang before it are of gold and silver and cost great sums.

But the feature of the place is a short column that rises from the middle of the marble pavement of the chapel and marks the exact centre of the earth. The most reliable traditions tell us that this was known to be the earth's centre ages ago, and that when Christ was upon earth he set all doubts upon the subject at rest for ever by stating with his own lips that the tradition was correct. Remember, he said that that particular column stood upon the centre of the world. If the centre of the world changes, the column changes its position accordingly. This column has moved three different times of its own accord. This is because, in great convulsions of nature, at three different times, masses of the earth—whole ranges of mountains, probably—have flown off into space, thus lessening the diameter of the earth and changing the exact locality of its centre by a point or two. This is a very curious and interesting circumstance, and is a withering rebuke to those philosophers who would make us believe that it is not possible for any portion of the earth to fly off into space.

To satisfy himself that this spot was really the centre of the earth, a sceptic once paid well for the privilege of ascending to the dome of the church to see if the sun gave him a shadow at noon. He came down perfectly convinced. The day was very cloudy, and the sun threw no shadows at all; but the man was satisfied that if the sun had come out and made shadows it could not have

made any for him. Proofs like these are not to be set aside by the idle tongues of cavillers. To such as are not bigoted and are willing to be convinced they carry a conviction that nothing can ever shake.

If even greater proofs than those I have mentioned are wanted to satisfy the headstrong and the foolish that this is the genuine centre of the earth, they are here. The greatest of them lies in the fact that from under this very column was taken the dust from which Adam was made. This can surely be regarded in the light of a settler. It is not likely that the original first man would have been made from an inferior quality of earth when it was entirely convenient to get first quality from the world's centre. This will strike any reflecting mind forcibly. That Adam was formed of dirt procured in this very spot is amply proven by the fact that in six thousand years no man has ever been able to prove that the dirt was *not* procured here whereof he was made.

It is a singular circumstance that right under the roof of this same great church, and not far away from that illustrious column, Adam himself, the father of the human race, lies buried. There is no question that he is actually buried in the grave which is pointed out as his—there can be none—because it has never yet been proven that that grave is not the grave in which he is buried.

The tomb of Adam! How touching it was, here in a land of strangers, far away from home and friends and all who cared for me, thus to discover the grave of a blood-relation! True, a distant one, but still a relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain of my filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeyings through Holy Land. Noble old man! He did not live to see me; he did not live to see his child. And I—I, alas! I did not live to see him. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born—six thousand brief summers before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust that he is better off where he is. Let us take comfort in the thought that his loss is our eternal gain.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS
(Mark Twain).

SPRING.

I COME! I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song:
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb.

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain:
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness! come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,
With the lyre and the wreath and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine: I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen;
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth:
Their light stems thrill to the wildwood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye—ye are changed since ye met me last:
There is something bright from your features passed;
There is that come over your brow and eye
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die.
Ye smile, but your smile hath a dimness yet:
Oh, what have you looked on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed, and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanished year:
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which tossed in the breeze with a play of light;
There were eyes in whose glistening laughter lay.
No faint remembrance of dull decay;

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth was spread;
There were voices that rang through the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality.
Are they gone? Is their mirth from the mountains passed?
Ye have looked on Death since ye met me last.

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now:
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow;
Ye have given the lovely to Earth's embrace:
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown;
They are gone from amongst you in silence down.

They are gone from amongst you, the young and fair;
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair,
But I know of a land where there falls no blight:
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light.
Where Death midst the blooms of the morn may dwell
I tarry no longer. Farewell! farewell!

The summer is coming, on soft winds borne:
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn;
For me, I depart to a brighter shore:
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's. Fare ye well! farewell!

FELICIA HEMANS.

IT SNOWS.

"IT snows!" cries the schoolboy. "Hurrah!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of a swallow he's out,
And his playmates have answered his call.
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy;
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy
As he gathers his treasures of snow.
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While the health and the riches of Nature are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the imbecile. "Ah!" and his breath
Comes heavy as clogged with a weight,
While from the pale aspect of Nature in death
He turns to the blaze of his grate;
And nearer and nearer his soft-cushioned chair
Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame:
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame.
Oh, small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live.

"It snows!" cries the traveller. "Ho!" and the word
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the tempest his own home appeared—
Ay, though leagues intervened, he can see:
There's the clear, glowing hearth and the table prepared,
And his wife with their babes at her knee.

Blest thought—how it lightens the grief-laden hour!—
That those we love dearest are safe from its power!

"It snows!" cries the belle. "Dear! how lucky!" and turns
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose of summer her dimpled cheek burns
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball.
There are visions of conquest, of splendor and mirth,
Floating over each drear winter's day,
But the tintings of Hope on this snow-beaten earth
Will melt like the snowflakes away.
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss:
That world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the widow. "O God!" and her sighs
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek sunk with fasting and care.
'Tis night, and her fatherless ask her for bread;
But "He gives the young ravens their food,"
And she trusts till her dark hearth adds horror to dread
As she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor suff'rer! that sorrow thy God only knows;
'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

THE PASSAGE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

MANY a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave,
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock and river.

Then, in this same boat, beside
Sat two comrades old and tried,
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in science wrought
And his grave in silence sought,
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn mine eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me—
Friends who closed their course before me.

Yet what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore:
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, twice thy fee—
Take: I give it willingly;
For, invisibly to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

Translation of MISS JANE AUSTEN.

ANCESTRY.

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?

MATTHEW PRIOR.

HORATIUS.

THERE can be little doubt that among those parts of early Roman history which had a poetical origin was the legend of Horatius Cocles. We have several versions of the story, and these versions differ from each other in points of no small importance. Polybius, there is reason to believe, heard the tale recited over the remains of some consul or prætor descended from the old Horatian patricians, for he introduces it as a specimen of the narratives with which the Romans were in the habit of embellishing their funeral oratory. It is remarkable that, according to him, Horatius defended the bridge alone and perished in the waters. According to the chronicles which Livy and Dionysius followed, Horatius had two companions, swam safe to shore and was loaded with honors and rewards. These discrepancies are easily explained. It is by no means unlikely that there were two old Roman lays about the defence of the bridge, and that, while the story which Livy has transmitted to us was preferred by the multitude, the other, which ascribed the whole glory to Horatius alone, may have been the favorite with the Horatian house.

The following ballad is supposed to have been made about a hundred and twenty years after the war which it celebrates, and just before the taking of Rome by the Gauls. The author seems to have been an honest citizen proud of the military glory of his country, sick of the disputes of factions, and much given to pining after good old times which had never really existed. The allusion, however, to the partial manner in which the public lands were allotted could proceed only from a plebeian, and the allusion to the fraudulent sale of spoils marks the date of the poem and shows that the poet shared in the general discontent with which the proceedings of Camillus, after the taking of Veii, were regarded.

Niebuhr's supposition that each of the three defenders of the bridge was the representative of one of the three patrician tribes is both ingenious and probable, and has been adopted in the following poem.

HORATIUS.

A Lay made about the Year of the City CCCLX.

Lars Porsena of Clusium,
  By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
  Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
  And named a trysting-day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
  To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
  The messengers ride fast,

And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome!

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine;

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the water-fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium
This year old men shall reap,
This year young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep,
And in the vats of Luna
This year the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand;
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven!
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome,
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome."

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men:
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten;
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon this trysting-day,

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright;
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight;
A mile around the city
The throng stopped up the ways:
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,—
Choked every roaring gate.

Now from the rock Tarpeian
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky:
The Fathers of the city,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands,
Nor house nor fence nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands;
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis in all the Senate
There was no heart so bold
But sore it ached and fast it beat
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms, to arms, Sir Consul!
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast, and nearer,
Doth the red whirlwind come,
And louder still, and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling and the hum;
And plainly, and more plainly,
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

And plainly, and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all—
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly, and more plainly,
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen,
And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car;
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name,
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose;
On the housetops was no woman
But spat toward him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses
And shook its little fist.

But the consul's brow was sad
And the consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall
And darkly at the foe:
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late,
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods,

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three:
Now who will stand on either hand
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius—
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo! I will stand at thy right hand
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius—
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the consul,
"As thou sayest so let it be,"
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three;
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the tribunes beard the high
And the Fathers grind the low;
As we wax hot in faction
In battle we wax cold,
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

Now, while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs
The consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe,
And Fathers mixed with commons
Seized hatchet, bar and crow,
And smote upon the planks above
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile, the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold;
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee
As that great host with measured tread,
And spears advanced and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;

And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array:
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way—

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar—
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields and slaughtered men
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low;
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark;
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice-accursèd sail."

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes:
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is "Astur!"
And, lo! the ranks divide,
And the great lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride;
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans—
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay,
But will ye dare to follow
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,

He rushed against Horatius
And smote with all his might;
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh:
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh;
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space,
Then like a wildcat mad with wounds
Sprang right at Astur's face;
Through teeth and skull and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great lord of Luna
Fell at the deadly stroke
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak;
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread,
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath and shame and dread,
Along that glittering van.

There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race,
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place;

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses;
In the path the dauntless Three,
And from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood
All shrank like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried, "Forward!"
And those before cried, "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array,
And on the tossing sea of steel
To and fro the standards reel,
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud:
"Now, welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now, welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city,
Thrice looked he at the dead,

And thrice came on in fury
  And thrice turned back in dread,
And, white with fear and hatred,
  Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
  The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
  Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
  Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
  Loud cried the Fathers all;
"Back, Lartius! Back, Herminius!
  Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius,
  Herminius darted back,
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
  They felt the timbers crack;
But when they turned their faces
  And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
  They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
  Fell every loosened beam,
And like a dam the mighty wreck
  Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
  Rose from the walls of Rome
As to the highest turret-tops
  Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken
  When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard
  And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
  Rejoicing to be free,
And, whirling down, in fierce career
Battlement and plank and pier
  Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
  But constant still in mind,
Thrice thirty thousand foes before
  And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
  With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena;
  "Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
  Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
  To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
  The white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river
  That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber, Father Tiber,
  To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
  Take thou in charge this day."
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathèd
  The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
  Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
  Was heard from either bank,
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
  Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
  They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
  Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain,
And fast his blood was flowing
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore,
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom,
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land
That was of public right
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night,
And they made a molten image
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see—
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written
In letters all of gold
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home,
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armor
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom,—
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY
(Lord Macaulay).

PROCREATIVE VIRTUE OF GREAT EXAMPLES.

WE will not strike for private wrongs alone:
Such are for selfish passions and rash men,
But are unworthy a tyrannicide.
We must forget all feelings save the one;
We must resign all passions save our purpose;
We must behold no object save our country,
And only look on death as beautiful,
So that the sacrifice ascend to Heaven
And draw down freedom on her evermore.
"But if we fail"? They never fail who die
In a great cause. The block may soak their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun, their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls,
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others and conduct
The world at last to freedom. What were we
If Brutus had not lived? He died in giving
Rome liberty, but left a deathless lesson,
A name which is a virtue and a soul
Which multiplies itself throughout all time
When wicked men wax mighty and a state
Turns servile. He and his high friends were styled
"The last of Romans." Let us be the first
Of true Venetians, sprung from Roman sires.

LORD BYRON.

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

DAYS of my youth, ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth, all thy vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye shall fall;
Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears you have been;
Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me astray;
Strength of my youth, why lament thy decay?

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age, yet a while ye can last;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.

SAINT-GEORGE TUCKER
("Peter Pindar").

FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

AN ACROSTIC.

GREAT and unswerving, all-pervading pow'r,
Resistless Love! in drear misfortune's hour
All must return to thee. Thou dost console,
Call back the ebbing tides of life, as on they roll,
Exalt the humble and the erring ones control!
"A woman wisely planned," oh! she was fair,—
Not as ideal angels pictured are,—
Nor vain, nor proud or petulant; and he
She loved, had wooed and won her, happily
'Midst all the trials, that mortals are opprest,
In unity they dwelt, contented, blest;
True wife! his joy was ever her delight,
Homeward, she greeted him with outstretch'd arms each night,
Attentive to his wish, word, look or sign,
Thought, ere 'twas utter'd, oft she would divine;
Responsively, she every sorrow quelled,
In hopeful cheerfulness, each gloomy cloud dispell'd;
Even in word or deed, was his alone,
Devoted, true, she graced her household throne.
Ah! little judge, the flippant giddy throng—
Narrow'd in view—what may our joys prolong,
Doubt nor distrust can ever enter in
The hearts to whom suspicion is a sin.
Remorse for past misdeeds alone survives;
Useless the wealth that wrecks but human lives.
Ever his care and honor were her highest claim,
Welded in pure affection's steadfast flame.
Inspir'd by that, when the brief years have flown,
Fading survives, on monumental stone,
Even these words: "She loved him, for himself alone."

HARPER F. SMITH.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

OVER the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze,
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain-grasses low and sweet
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river-shore,
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never the sound of smithy or mill;

The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut:
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And, weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below—
Longs to sleep in the forest-wild
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall:
"Patience! That village shall hold ye all."

ROSE TERRY.

THE HERMIT'S CHOICE.

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles!
Farewell, ye honored rags, ye glorious bubbles!
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold, pure clay;
Honor, the darling but of one short day;
Beauty (th' eyes' idol), but a damasked skin;
State, but a golden prison to live in
And torture free-born minds; embroidered trains,
Merely but pageants for proud-swelling veins;
And blood, allied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own.
Fame, honor, beauty, state, train, blood and birth
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.
I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill;
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke;
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind;
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free;
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
(Like the bright sun) oft setting in a cloud.
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorned, if poor;
Great, feared; fair, tempted; high, still envied more:
I have wished all, but now I wish for neither—
Great, high, rich, wise nor fair; poor I'll be rather.

SIR KENELM DIGBY.

LEARNING.

AND yet, alas! when all our lamps are burned,
Our bodies wasted and our spirits spent,
When we have all the learned volumes turned,
Which yield men's wits both help and ornament,—

The wits that dived most deep and soared most high,
Seeking man's powers, have found his weakness such!
Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly!
We learn so little, and forget so much!

All things without which roundabout we see
We seek to know, and how therewith to do;

But that whereby we reason, live and be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause o' th' ebbs and floods of Nile,
But of that clock which in our breasts we bear
The subtle motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
And pass both tropics and behold both poles,
When we come home, are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own souls.

For this, few know themselves; for merchants broke
View their estate with discontent and pain,
As seas are troubled when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air;
So working lees settle and purge the wine;
So lopped and prunèd trees do flourish fair;
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

A SNOWSTORM IN VERMONT.

'TIS a fearful night in the winter-time,
As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the blast is heard like the chime
Of the waves on an angry sea;
The moon is full, but her silver light
The storm dashes out with its wings to-night,
And over the sky, from south to north,
Not a star is seen as the wind comes forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day had the snow come down—all day—
As it never came down before,
And over the hills at sunset lay
Some two or three feet or more;
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
The windows blocked, and the well-curbs gone;
The haystack had grown to a mountain lift;
And the woodpile looked like a monster drift
As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,
While the air grows sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a fearful blow
Is heard on the distant hill;
And the norther! See! on the mountain-peak
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
He shouts on the plain, "Ho, ho! ho, ho!"
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow
And growls with a savage will.

Such a night as this to be found abroad,
In the drifts and the freezing air,
Sits a shivering dog in the field by the road,
With the snow in his shaggy hair;
He shuts his eyes to the wind, and growls;
He lifts his head and moans and howls;
Then, crouching low from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet.
Pray, what does the dog do there?

A farmer came from the village plain,
But he lost the travelled way,
And for hours he trod with might and main
A path for his horse and sleigh;
But colder still the cold wind blew,
And deeper still the deep drifts grew,

And his mare—a beautiful Morgan brown—
At last in her struggles floundered down
Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,
She plunged in the drifting snow,
While her master urged till his breath grew short
With a word and a gentle blow;
But the snow was deep and the tugs were tight;
His hands were numb and had lost their might;
So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,
And strove to shelter himself till day
With his coat and the buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein
To rouse up his dying steed,
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain
For help in his master's need;
For a while he strives, with a wistful cry,
To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,
And wags his tail if the rude winds flap
The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,
And whines when he takes no heed.

The wind goes down, and the storm is o'er;
'Tis the hour of midnight—past;
The old trees writhe and bend no more
In the whirl of the rushing blast;
The silent moon with her peaceful light
Looks down on the hills with snow all white;
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
The blasted pine and the ghostly stump,
Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead by the hidden log
Are they who came from the town—
The man in his sleigh and his faithful dog
And his beautiful Morgan brown,
In the wide snow-desert, far and grand,
With his cap on his head and the reins in his hand,
The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet,
Where she lay when she floundered down.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

FED WITH SORROW.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

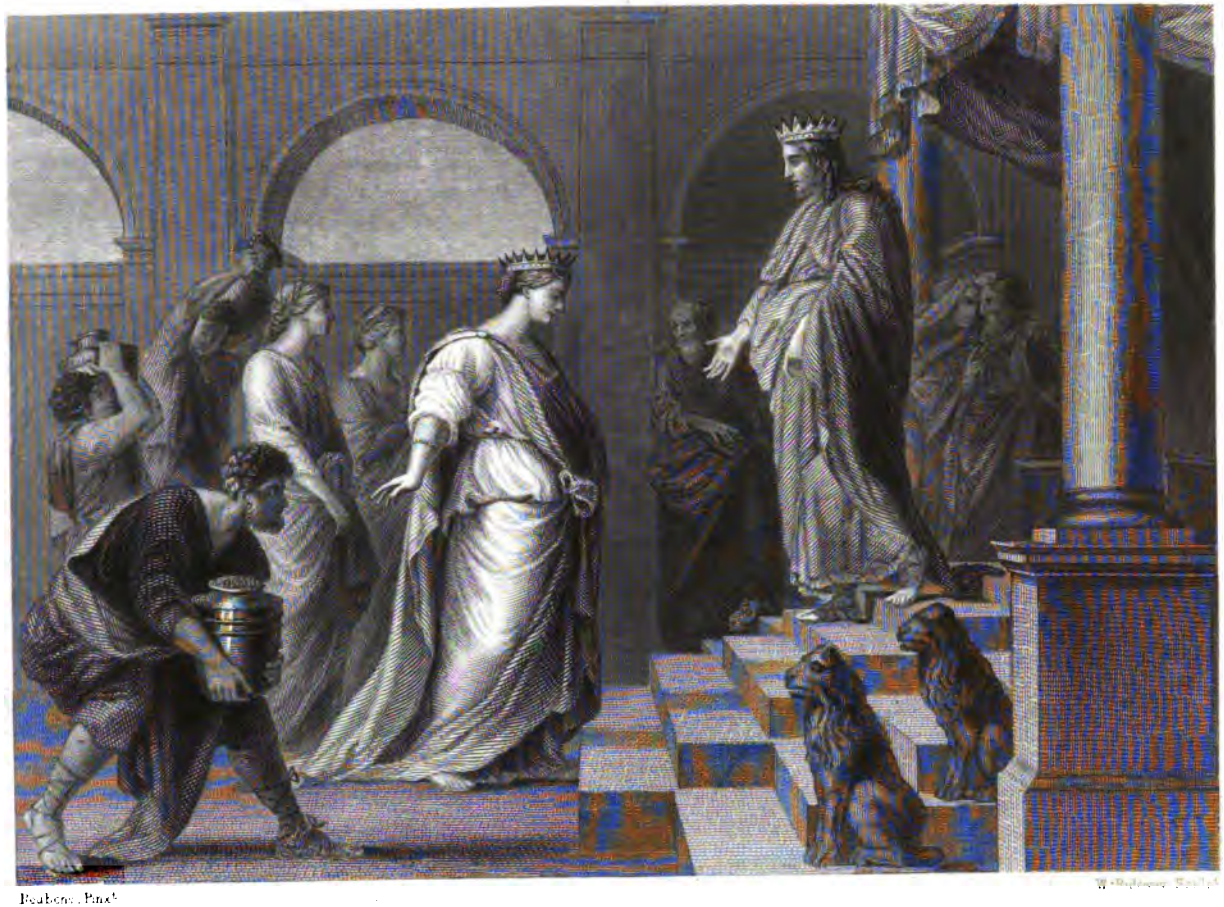
I WILL that if I say a heavy thing
Your tongues forgive me, seeing ye know that Spring
Has flecks and fits of pain to keep her sweet,
And walks somewhile with winter-bitten feet.
Moreover it sounds often well to let
One string, when ye play music, keep at fret
The whole song through: one petal that is dead
Confirms the roses, be they white or red;
Dead sorrow is not sorrowful to hear
As the thick noise that breaks 'mid weeping were;
The sick sound aching in a lifted throat
Turns to sharp silver of a perfect note;
And though the rain falls often, and with rain
Late autumn falls on the old red leaves like pain,
I deem that God is not disquieted.
Also, while men are fed with wine and bread,
They shall be fed with sorrow at his hand.

Translation of ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

PETER PAUL RUBENS.

AMONG the greatest names in pictorial art, after those of the masters to whom the Renaissance was due, stands that of Rubens, who was, besides, a courtier and a diplomat of exalted rank in an age when diplomacy was almost exclusively in the hands of the high-born and the court-favored.

Peter Paul Rubens was born at Siegen, in Westphalia, on the 29th of June, 1577. As the day of his birth was the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, he received the names of these apostles. On account of political troubles in the Low Countries, his family removed to Cologne, where they lived until he was ten years old. Returning then to Antwerp with his mother, he began to learn the art of painting when he was thirteen, and displayed a remarkable precocity and skill. In 1600 he repaired to Italy furnished with commendatory letters from the archduke Albert, viceroy of the Netherlands. He was handsome and polished in manner, and his productions, thus far, were impressed with genius. At Venice he studied the works of Paul Veronese and Tintoretto, and imbibed from them a taste for the florid coloring and the glow of light which are so characteristic of all his works. He was everywhere received with uncommon favor. Appointed gentleman of the chamber and court-painter to the duke of Mantua, he was sent in 1605 by that prince on an embassy to Philip III., king of Spain. His reputation had preceded him: he was received with great kindness, and in Madrid he painted many portraits and some historical pieces, which may be seen to-day in the splendid "Museo" of that city. After residing in succession at Rome, Milan and Genoa, always intent upon his art, he returned in haste to Antwerp in 1608 on account of the illness of his mother. The archduke Albert appointed him court-painter, and his marriage there, in 1609, kept him in Antwerp. He was a most prolific artist, and his fame was so great that pupils flocked to his studio from all parts of Europe. He utilized them by making them paint portions of the pictures which were to bear his name. His wealth, his taste, his courtly manners and his great popularity, caused his house to be a social centre of elegant hospitality. In 1620 he received a commission from Maria de Medici, the queen of Henry IV. of France, to decorate the palace of the Luxembourg, in Paris, with pictures presenting the historical events in her checquered career. In the twenty-one paintings of this series he was aided by the pencils of admiring and enthusiastic pupils. These paintings are now in the *Pinakothek* of Munich. While in Paris he sold his own collection of works of art to the English duke of Buckingham for one hundred thousand florins. In 1628 he went again to Madrid, where for a year he lived in favor at the court of Philip IV., who appointed him a member of his privy council. In 1629 and 1630 he was in England, where his



Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

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ASTOR LENOX

renown was increased by his allegorical picture of "Peace and War" and the "Apotheosis of James I.," which adorned the banqueting-chamber at Whitehall. These were his last important works; crippled by the gout, he lingered until the 30th of May, 1640, when he died at Antwerp.

Of the eighteen hundred pictures attributed to Rubens, many were the work of his pupils after his cartoons and according to his instructions: he literally worked with their brushes. These are scattered all over Europe, the largest and best of them being in Antwerp and Madrid. Among them, the one which is considered his masterpiece is "The Descent from the Cross," which hangs on the right of the high altar in the cathedral of Antwerp. The pendant on the left—which is by no means as good—is "The Elevation of the Cross." In the Antwerp gallery are "The Fall of the Damned" and "The Battle of the Amazons." "The Rape of the Sabines," in which the women are modelled after the *demi-monde* of Paris, is in the British National Gallery. "The Chapeau de Paille," which was in the possession of Sir Robert Peel, is one of his most charming pictures. We give an illustration of his form and grouping in his "Solomon and the Queen of Sheba." No engraving, however, can interpret his splendid coloring: the fancy of the reader who has seen his originals must supply this.

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN.

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN is reckoned the first Scotchman who after the divergence of English and Scotch into different dialects wrote correct English in the style to which the language attained through the powerful transforming genius of the writers of the Elizabethan period. The Aytouns of Scotland are descended from Gilbert de Vescy, who received the lands of Aytoun, in Berwickshire, from King Robert Bruce, and thence they derive their surname.

Sir Robert was the second son of Andrew Aytoun of Kinaldie, in Fifeshire, and was born there in 1570. In 1584 he entered St. Andrews University, where he studied for four years, and took his degree of M.A. He afterward proceeded to Paris—as is supposed, to study law—and distinguished himself as a Greek and Latin scholar. Returning to Britain in 1603, he wrote a Latin address on the accession of James VI. to the English throne, which attracted the king's notice and led to the poet's appointment as a gentleman of the bedchamber, private secretary to the queen and a privy councillor. James in 1609 employed him as his ambassador to present copies of his *Apology for the Oath of Allegiance* to the courts of Germany, and in connection with this mission, it is supposed, he received the honor of knighthood. After James's death he became private secretary to the queen of Charles I. His eminence as a scholar and his elegance as a poet brought him into contact with most of the literary men of his time, while with Ben Jonson and Hobbes of Malmsbury he was on terms of intimate friendship. In his conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden he was almost the only one of his acquaintances of whom Ben spoke in an affectionate manner, for he says, "Aytoun loved him dearly." No further particulars are known of his life, but his monument, in Westminster Abbey, erected by his nephew, Sir John Aytoun, knight of the Black Rod, records his having died unmarried, in the

palace of Whitehall, in March, 1638, in his sixty-eighth year.

Aytoun's poems are not numerous nor of sustained effort, but they show much perfection in the art of poetry and a Horatian elegance of style and turn of thought becoming their semi-lyrical character. In Aubrey's *Lives of Eminent Men* he is characterized as "one of the best poets of his time," a statement which is endorsed by Dryden, who describes "some of his verses as the best of that age." J. Ross.

ROBERT POLLOK.

THE *Course of Time* is a poem in blank verse, about the same length as *Paradise Lost*, but the verse and the length are perhaps the only resemblances which it bears to that great poem. Though possessing many eloquent passages and giving decided proof of lofty and sustained capacity, it is, on the whole, heavy and uninteresting, but that it has circulated to the extent of upward of twenty editions in Great Britain and many more in America is evidence that it has been acceptable to a large number of readers who prefer poetry more for the profit than the enjoyment which it yields. Its author, Robert Pollok, was born at Muirhouse, in Renfrewshire, in 1799, and was educated at Glasgow University for the ministry of the Secession Church. His first book, published anonymously, was *Tales of the Covenanters*. The *Course of Time* was published in 1827, and the same year its author was licensed to preach; but his devotion to his professional and poetical studies either originated or developed a consumption, for which he sought the benefit of a milder climate in vain. He died on 17th of September, 1827, in his twenty-eighth year, after a few weeks' residence in the South of England, and was buried at Millbrook, near Southampton. A granite obelisk marks his grave, and a memoir of him was written in 1843.

J. Ross.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

THE Elliots have the distinction of being a musical, a poetical, an eloquent and a political family. Sir Gilbert, the second baronet, was the first to introduce the German flute into Scotland. His son, Sir Gilbert, the third baronet, the author of "Amynta," was born in 1722 at the family seat in Roxburghshire. He was educated for the Scottish bar, and for the space of twenty years represented the counties of Roxburgh and Selkirk in Parliament, where he was distinguished as a speaker. In 1763 he became treasurer of the navy, and on the death of his father, in 1766, he succeeded him in the office of keeper of the signet in Scotland. In 1777, his health having given way, he sought the benefit of the milder climate of the South of France, but without effect, for he died at Marseilles the same year. His son, Sir Gilbert, the fourth baron, who was some time governor-general of India, was raised to the peerage as Lord Minto, and his sister Jane is the authoress of the beautiful lyric "The Flowers of the Forest." His own poetic fame, like that of the accomplished baron of Penicuik, depends on a single song, which, about the same time as "The Miller," first appeared in *The Charmer*. He was a man of varied literary culture and carried on a philosophical correspondence with David Hume. J. Ross.

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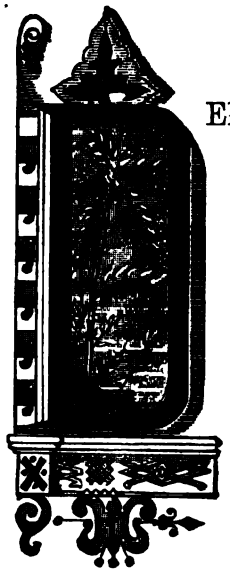
W. H. Bartlett. J. C. Armytage.

Harbor of Rhodes.



THE COLOSSUS AT RHODES.

DEMETRIUS, [who had been at war with the Rhodians, but was now reconciled with them,] was desirous before his departure to give them a proof of that disposition, and accordingly presented them with all the machines of war he had employed in that siege. These were afterward sold for three hundred talents, which they employed, with an additional sum of their own, in making the famous Colossus, reputed one of the seven wonders of the world. It was a statue of the sun of so stupendous a size that ships in full sail passed between its legs; the height of it was seventy cubits, or one hundred and five feet, and few men could clasp his thumb with their arms. It was the work of Chares of Lindus, and employed him for the space of twelve years.

Rhodes was at that time the residence of a celebrated painter named Protogenes, who was a native of Caunus, a city of Caria, which was then subject to the Rhodians. The apartment where he painted was in the suburbs, without the city, when Demetrius first besieged it; but neither the presence of the enemies who then surrounded him, nor the noise of arms that perpetually rung in his ears, could induce him to quit his habitation or discontinue his work. The king was surprised at his conduct, and he one day asked him his reasons for such a proceeding. "It is," replied he, "because I am sensible you have declared war against the Rhodians, and not against the sciences." Nor was he deceived in that opinion, for Demetrius actually showed himself their protector. He placed a guard round his house that the artist might enjoy tranquillity—or, at least, be secure from danger—amidst the tumult and ravages of war. He frequently went to see him work, and could never sufficiently admire his application and his surprising excellence in his art.

The masterpiece of this painter was the "Ialysus," an historical picture of a fabulous hero of that name, whom the Rhodians acknowledged as their founder. Protogenes had employed seven years in finishing this piece; and when Apelles first saw it, he was transported with so much admiration that his speech failed him for some time; and when he at last began to recover from his astonishment, he cried out, "Prodigious work indeed! Admirable performance! It has not, however the graces I give my works, and which has raised their reputation to the skies." If we may credit Pliny, Protogenes during the whole time he was working on this picture condemned himself to a very rigid and abstemious life that the delicacy of his taste and imagination might not be affected by his diet. This picture was carried to Rome and consecrated in the temple of

Peace, where it remained in the time of Pliny; but it was destroyed at last by fire.

The same Pliny pretends that Rhodes was saved by this picture, because, as it hung in the only quarter by which it was possible for Demetrius to take the city, he rather chose to abandon his conquest than expose so precious a monument of art to the danger of being consumed in the flames. This, indeed, would have been carrying his taste and value for painting to a surprising extreme.

One of the figures in this picture was a dog, that was admired by all good judges and had cost the painter great pains, without his being able to express his idea to his own satisfaction, though he was sufficiently pleased with all the rest of the work. He endeavored to represent the dog panting and with his mouth foaming, as after a long chase, and employed all the skill he was capable of exerting on this part of his subject without being able to content himself. Art, in his opinion, was more visible than it ought to have been: a mere resemblance would not suffice, and almost nothing but reality itself would satisfy him. He was desirous that the foam should not seem painted, but actually flowing out of the mouth of the dog. He frequently retouched it, and suffered a degree of torture from his anxiety to express those simple traces of nature of which he had formed the ideas in his mind. All his attempts were, however, ineffectual, till at last, in a violent emotion of rage and despair, he darted at the picture the sponge with which he used to wipe out his colors, and chance accomplished that which art had not been able to effect.

This painter is censured for being too difficult to be pleased, and for retouching his pictures too frequently. It is certain that though Apelles almost regarded him as his master and allowed him a number of excellent qualities, yet he condemned in him the defect of not being able to quit the pencil and finish his works—a defect highly pernicious in eloquence as well as painting. "We ought," says Cicero, "to know how far we should go; and Apelles justly censured some painters for not knowing when to have done."

Sixty-six years after the erection of the Colossus, Rhodes suffered very considerable damages from a great earthquake. The walls of the city, with the arsenal and the docks in the harbor where the ships were laid up, were reduced to a very ruinous condition, and the famous Colossus, which was esteemed one of the wonders of the world, was thrown down and entirely destroyed. It is natural to think that this earthquake spared neither private houses nor public structures, nor even the temples of the gods. The loss sustained by it amounted to immense sums, and the Rhodians, reduced to the utmost distress, sent deputations to all the neighboring princes to implore relief.. An emulation worthy of praise, and not to be paralleled in history, prevailed in favor of that deplorable city; and Hiero and Gelon in Sicily, and Ptolemy in Egypt, signalized themselves in a peculiar manner on that occasion. The two former of these princes contributed above a hundred talents and erected two statues in the public square, one of which represented the people of Rhodes and the other that of Syracuse; the former was crowned by the latter, to testify, as Polybius observes, that the Syracusans thought the opportunity of relieving the Rhodians a

favor and obligation conferred upon themselves. Ptolemy, besides his other expenses, which amounted to a very considerable sum, supplied that people with three hundred talents, a million of bushels of corn and materials sufficient for building ten galleys of five banks of oars, and as many more of three, besides an infinite quantity of timber for other buildings; all which donations were accompanied with three thousand talents for erecting the Colossus anew. Antigonus, Seleucus, Pausias, Mithridates and all the princes, as well as cities, signalized their liberality on this occasion. Even private persons were desirous of sharing in this glorious act of humanity, and historians have recorded that a lady whose name was Chryseis, and who truly merited that appellation,* furnished from her own substance a hundred thousand bushels of corn. Let the princes of these times, says Polybius, who imagine they have done gloriously in giving four or five thousand crowns, only consider how inferior their generosity is to that we have now described. Rhodes, in consequence of these liberalities, was re-established in a few years in a more opulent and splendid state than she had ever experienced before, if we only except the Colossus.

This Colossus was a brazen statue of prodigious size, as I have already observed. Some authors have affirmed that the money arising from the contributions already mentioned amounted to five times as much as the loss which the Rhodians had sustained. This people, instead of employing the sums they had received in replacing that statue, according to the intention of the donors, pretended that the oracle of Delphi had forbidden it and given them a command to preserve that money for other purposes, by which they enriched themselves. The Colossus lay neglected on the ground for the space of eight hundred and seventy-five years, at the expiration of which (that is to say, in the six hundred and fifty-third year of our Lord) Moawyas, the sixth caliph or emperor of the Saracens, made himself master of Rhodes and sold this statue to a Jewish merchant, who loaded nine hundred camels with the metal, which, computed by eight quintals for each load, after a deduction of the diminution which the statue had sustained by rust, and very probably by theft, amounted to more than eight hundred and six thousand pounds, or seven thousand two hundred quintals. CHARLES ROLLIN.

* "Chryseis" signifies "golden."

MURDER OF THOMAS À BECKET.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JACQUES NICOLAS AUGUSTIN THIERRY.

THOMAS À BECKET had just finished his morning repast, and his servitors were still at the table. He saluted the Normans upon their entrance and demanded the object of their visit. After a few minutes of silence Reginald Fitz-Urse spoke.

"We have come," said he, "on the part of the king, to demand that the excommunicated persons shall be absolved, that the suspended bishops be re-established, and that you yourself explain your design against the king."

"It is not I," answered Thomas, "it is the sovereign pontiff himself, who excommunicated the archbishop of York, and who alone, in consequence, has the right to absolve him; as for the rest, I will re-establish them if they will make their submission to me."

"From whom, then, do you hold your archbishopric?" demanded Reginald—"from the king, or from the pope?"

"I hold the spiritual rights from God and the pope, and the temporal rights from the king."

"What! is it not the king who has given you everything?"

"By no means," answered Becket.

Here the Normans began to bite their gloves and to express impatience.

"I think you mean to threaten me," said the primate, "but it is useless: if all the swords in England were raised over my head, you would gain nothing from me."

"Well, then, we will do better than threaten," cried out Fitz-Urse, rising suddenly.

The others followed him toward the door, crying out, "To arms!"

The door of the apartment was closed immediately behind them.

Reginald armed himself in the courtyard; taking an axe from the hands of a carpenter who was working there, he struck against the door to open it or break it in. The people of the house, hearing the blows of the axe, entreated the archbishop to take refuge in the church, which communicated by a gallery with his apartment. He would not. They were going to drag him thither by force, when one of the assistants remarked that the vesper-bell was ringing. "Since it is the hour of my duty, I will go to the church," he said; and, causing them to bear before him the cross, he walked slowly through the gallery, and then toward the great altar. Scarcely were his feet upon the steps of the altar when Reginald Fitz-Urse appeared at the other end of the church completely armed, carrying in his hand his two-edged sword, crying out,

"Hither, hither, loyal servants of the king!"

The other conspirators followed him, armed cap-a-pie, brandishing their swords. One cried out,

"Where is the traitor?"

Becket did not answer.

"Where is the archbishop?"

"Here," replied Becket; "but there is no traitor here. What are you doing in the house of God in such armor? What is your purpose?"

"To slay you!" was the answer.

"I am resigned," replied the archbishop; "you will not see me fly from your swords. But, in the name of the almighty God, I forbid you to touch one of my companions, clergy or lay, great or small."

At that moment he received from behind a blow with the flat of the sword on his shoulder, and the person who struck it said,

"Fly, or you are a dead man."

He did not move. The armed men undertook to drag him outside of the church, being scrupulous about killing him there; he struggled with them, declaring that he would not go out—that he would compel them to execute upon that very spot their intentions or their orders. William de Tracy raised his sword, and at one blow cut off the hand of a Saxon monk named Edward Gryn and wounded Becket on the head; a second blow, given by another Norman, threw him down with his face against the ground; a third clove his skull, and was given with such violence that the sword was broken against the pavement. William Mautrait then pushed the motionless body with his foot, saying,

"Thus perish the traitor who has disturbed the kingdom and caused the English to rebel!" Translation of EDITOR.

THE MIND OF MAN.

SAY, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation—why ordained
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame—
But that th' Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast,
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tides of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of Heaven? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air, pursues the flying storm,
Rides on the volleyed lightning through the heavens
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day.
Mind, mind alone—bear witness, Earth and Heaven—
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime. Here, hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces; here, enthroned,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.

Look, then, abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, suns and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense,
And speak, O man! Does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots, and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country hail?
For, lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust,
And Rome again is free!

MARK AKENSIDE.

PLEASURES OF YOUTH.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is now as it hath been of yore:
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there has passed away a glory from the earth.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO A WAVE.

DOST thou seek a star with thy swelling crest,
O wave, that leavest thy mother's breast?
Dost thou leap from the prisoned depths below
In scorn of their calm and constant flow?
Or art thou seeking some distant land,
To die in murmurs upon the strand?

Hast thou tales to tell of the pearl-lit deep,
Where the wave-whelmed mariner rocks in sleep?
Canst thou speak of navies sunk in pride
Ere the roll of their thunder in echo died?
What trophies, what banner, are floating free
In the shadowy depths of that silent sea?

It were vain to ask, as thou rollest afar,
Of banner or mariner, ship or star;
It were vain to seek in thy stormy face
Some tale of the sorrowful past to trace.
Thou art swelling high, thou art flashing free:
How vain are the questions we ask of thee!
I too am a wave on the stormy sea;
I too am a wanderer driven like thee;
I too am seeking a distant land,
To be lost and gone ere I reach the strand,
For the land I seek is a waveless shore,
And those who once reach it shall wander no more.

E. D. BAKER.

AMYNTA.

MY sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love.
O fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine:
Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine;
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain:
The moments neglected return not again.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

CREATION OF MAN.

OU say, "The sun's prolific beams can form
Th' industrious ant, the gaudy fly and worm,
Can make each plant and tree the gardener's care,
Besides their leaves, their proper insects bear;
Then might the heavens, in some peculiar state
Or lucky aspect, beasts and men create."
But late inquirers by their glasses find
That every insect of each different kind,
In its own egg, cheered by the solar rays,
Organs involved and latent life displays:
This truth, discovered by sagacious art,
Does all Lucretian arrogance subvert.
Proud wits, your frenzy own, and, overcome
By reason's force, be now for ever dumb.

If, learnèd Epicurus, we allow
Our race to earth primeval being owe,
How did she male and female sexes frame?
Say if from fortune this distinction came,
Or did the conscious parent then foresee
By one conception she should barren be,
And therefore, wisely provident, designed
Prolific pairs to propagate the kind,
That, thus preserved, the godlike race of man
Might not expire ere yet it scarce began?

Since, by these various arguments, 'tis clear
The teeming mould did not our parents bear,
By more severe inquiries let us trace
The origin and source of human race.

I think, I move, I therefore know I am;
While I have been I still have been the same,
Since, from an infant, I a man became.
But, though I am, few circling years are gone
Since I in Nature's roll was quite unknown.
Then, since 'tis plain I have not always been,
I ask from whence my being could begin.
I did not to myself existence give,
Nor from myself the secret power receive
By which I reason and by which I live;
I did not build this frame, nor do I know
The hidden springs from whence my motions flow.

If I had formed myself, I had designed
A stronger body and a wiser mind,
From sorrow free, nor liable to pain;
My passions should obey and reason reign.
Nor could my being from my parents flow,
Who neither did the parts or structure know—
Did not my mind or body understand,
My sex determine nor my shape command:
Had they designed and raised the curious frame,
Inspired my branching veins with vital flame,
Fashioned the heart, and hollow channels made
Through which the circling streams of life are played;
Had they the organs of my senses wrought
And formed the wondrous principle of thought,—

Their artful work they must have better known,
Explained its springs and its contrivance shown.

If they could make, they might preserve me too,
Prevent my fears or dissipate my woe.
When long in sickness languishing I lay,
They, with compassion touched, did mourn and pray;
To soothe my pain and mitigate my grief
They said kind things, yet brought me no relief.
But, whatsoever cause my being gave,
The Power that made me can its creature save.

If to myself I did not being give,
Nor from immediate parents did receive,
It could not from my predecessors flow:
They than my parents could not more bestow.
Should we the long-depending scale ascend
Of sons and fathers, will it never end?
If 'twill, then must we through the order run
To some one man whose being ne'er begun.
If that one man was sempiternal, why
Did he, since independent, ever die?
If from himself his own existence came,
The cause that could destroy his being name.

To seek my maker thus in vain I trace
The whole successive chain of human race;
Bewildered, I my author cannot find,
Till some First Cause, some Self-existent Mind,
Who formed and rules all nature is assigned.

When first the womb did the crude embryo hold,
What shaped the parts? what did the limbs unfold?
O'er the whole work in secret did preside,
Give quickening vigor and each motion guide?
What kindled in the dark the vital flame,
And ere the heart was formed pushed on the reddening stream,
Then for the heart the aptest fibres strung
And in the breast th' impulsive engine hung?
Say, what the various bones so wisely wrought?
How was their frame to such perfection brought?
What did their figures for their uses fit,
Their number fix and joints adapted knit,
And made them all in that just order stand
Which motion, strength and ornament demand?
What for the sinews spun so strong a thread,
The curious loom to weave the muscles spread?
Did the nice strings of tended membranes drill
And perforate the nerve with so much skill,
Then with the active stream the dark recesses fill?
The purple mazes of the veins displayed
And all th' arterial pipes in order laid,
What gave the bounding current to the blood
And to and fro conveyed the restless flood?
The living fabric now in pieces take;
Of every part due observation make;
All which such art discover, so conduce
To beauty, vigor and each destined use:

The atheist, if to search for truth inclined,
May in himself his full conviction find,
And from his body teach his erring mind.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

ONCE on a time, in sunshine weather,
Falsehood and Truth walked out together
The neighboring woods and lawns to view,
As opposites will sometimes do;
Through many a blooming mead they past,
And at a brook arrived at last:
The purling stream, the margin green,
With flowers bedecked, a vernal scene,
Invited each itinerate maid
To rest a while beneath the shade.
Under a spreading beech they sat,
And passed the time with female chat;
Whilst each her character maintained,
One spoke her thoughts, the other feigned.
At length quoth Falsehood: "Sister Truth"—
For so she called her from her youth—
"What if, to shun yon sultry beam,
We bathe in this delightful stream,
The bottom smooth, the water clear,
And there's no prying shepherd near?"
"With all my heart," the nymph replied,
And threw her snowy robes aside,
Stript herself naked to the skin,
And with a spring leaped headlong in.
Falsehood more leisurely undressed,
And, laying by her tawdry vest,
Tricked herself out in Truth's array
And cross the meadows tript away.

From this curst hour the fraudful dame
Of sacred Truth usurps the name,
And with a vile perfidious mind
Roams far and near to cheat mankind;
False sighs suborns, and artful tears,
And starts with vain, pretended fears;
In visits still appears most wise,
And rolls at church her saintlike eyes;
Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
While rising stock her conscience pricks;
When being, poor thing! extremely gravelled,
She secrets opened and all unravelled.
But on she will, and secrets tell
Of John and Joan, Ned and Nell,
Reviling every one she knows,
As fancy leads, beneath the rose.
Her tongue so voluble and kind
It always runs before her mind;
As times do serve she slyly pleads,
And copious tears still show her needs,
With promises as thick as weeds;
Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wondrous civil;
To-day a saint, to-morrow devil.

Poor Truth she stript, as has been said,
And naked left the lovely maid,
Who, scorning from her cause to wince,
Has gone stark-naked ever since,
And ever naked will appear,
Beloved by all who Truth revere.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

RURAL JOYS.

NOW, even now, my joys run high
As on the mountain-turf I lie:
While the wanton zephyr sings
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly
And with music fill the sky,—
Now, e'en now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great, who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill.
Open wide the lofty door;
Seek her on the marble floor;
In vain you search: she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of Care.
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close allied,
Ever by each other's side,
And often by the murmuring rill
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

JOHN DYER.

THE HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

FRESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain
Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance,
Her thin, pale fingers within the hand
Of the heartbroken ruler, and her breast,
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.
The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,
And as it stirred with the awakening wind
The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,
And her slight fingers moved, and heavily
She turned upon her pillow. He was there—
The same loved, tireless watcher; and she looked
Into his face until her sight grew dim
With the fast-falling tears, and, with a sigh
Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,
She gently drew his hand upon her lips
And kissed it as she wept. The old man sunk
Upon his knees and in the drapery
Of the rich curtains buried up his face;
And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
Stirred with his prayer, but the slight hand he held
Had ceased its pressure, and he could not hear,
In the dead, utter silence, that a breath
Came through her nostrils, and her temples gave
To his nice touch no pulse, and at her mouth
He held the lightest curl that on her neck
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze
Ached with its deathly stillness.

It was night,
And softly o'er the Sea of Galilee
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,
Tipped with the silver sparkles of the moon.
The breaking waves played low upon the beach
Their constant music, but the air beside
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,
In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,
Seemed like some just-born harmony in the air,
Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,
With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,
He stood and taught the people. At his feet
Lay his small scrip and pilgrim's scallop-shell
And staff, for they had waited by the sea
Till he came o'er from Gadarene, and prayed
For his wont teachings as he came to land.
His hair was parted meekly on his brow,
And the long curls from off his shoulders fell
As he leaned forward earnestly, and still
The same calm cadence, passionless and deep,
And in his looks the same mild majesty,

And in his mien the sadness mixed with
power,
Filled them with love and wonder. Suddenly,
As on his words entrancedly they hung,
The crowd divided, and among them stood
Jairus, the ruler. With his flowing robe
Gathered in haste about his loins, he came,
And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew
The twelve disciples to their Master's side,
And silently the people shrunk away
And left the haughty ruler in the midst,
Alone. A moment longer on the face
Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,
And, as the twelve looked on him, by the
light
Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear
Steal to his silver beard; and, drawing nigh
Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem
Of his coarse mantle and with trembling
hands
Pressed it upon his lips, and murmured low,
"Master, my daughter!"

The same silvery light
That shone upon the lone rock by the sea
Slept on the ruler's lofty capitals
As at the door he stood and welcomed in
Jesus and his disciples. All was still;
The echoing vestibule gave back the slide
Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam
Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,
Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms
As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps
He trod the winding stair, but ere he touched
The latchet from within a whisper came:
"Trouble the Master not, for she is dead!"
And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,
And his steps faltered, and his broken voice
Choked in its utterance; but a gentle hand
Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low:
"She is not dead, but sleepeth."

They passed in.
The spice-lamps in the alabaster urns
Burned dimly, and the white and fragrant
smoke
Curled indolently on the chamber walls;
The silken curtains slumbered in their folds,
Not even a tassel stirring in the air,
And as the Saviour stood beside the bed
And prayed inaudibly the ruler heard
The quickening division of his breath
As he grew earnest inwardly. There came
A gradual brightness o'er his calm, sad face,
And, drawing nearer to the bed, he moved
The silken curtains silently apart
And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form
Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay,
The linen vesture folded on her breast
And over it her white transparent hands,
The blood still rosy in their tapering nails;
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like life,
And round beneath the faintly-tinted skin
Ran the light branches of the azure veins,
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,
Matching the arches pencilled on her brow.
Her hair had been unbound, and, falling
loose
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
In curls of glossy blackness, and about
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they
hung,
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.
'Twas heavenly beautiful. The Saviour raised
Her hand from off her bosom and spread out

The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,
"Maiden, arise!" and suddenly a flush
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
And through her cheek the rallied color ran,
And the still outline of her graceful form
Stirred in the linen vesture, and she clasped
The Saviour's hand, and, fixing her dark eyes
Full on his beaming countenance, arose.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

THE PARROT OF BAGDAD.

FROM THE ARABIC.

IN far-famed Bagdad, in a druggist's shop,
There lived a parrot—such a clever bird
That passengers in the bazaar would stop
To hear him. He could utter every word
Of the "First Chapter." I have even heard
That the imam was seriously vexed
Because the parrot's reading was preferred
To his own services, on this pretext—
That Polly threw so much more feeling in the text.

One day a cat, intent upon a mouse,
Caused the poor parrot a tremendous fright
By dashing unawares into the house.
Extremely disconcerted at the sight,
Our parrot spreads its wings, and, taking flight
Upward toward the ceiling, straight proposes,
Aloft and out of danger, to alight
Upon a shelf where stood some oil of roses,
Destined for beys' and pashas' plutocratic noses.

He gained the shelf, but in his haste, alas!
Upset the bottles with a dreadful crash;
His master turned and saw the gilded glass,
With all its precious contents, gone to smash,
And, being a man by nature rather rash
And apt to be by quick impulses led,
He seized his pipe-stem, made a sudden dash
At the offender, struck him on the head,
And stretched him on the ground—to all appearance, dead.

He was not killed, but from that very day
A change came over the unlucky brute:
His crest and topmost feathers fell away,
Leaving him bald as the proverbial coot.
But, worse than that, he had become quite mute:
That pious language for which heretofore
The folks had held him in such high repute,
His quips and jokes, were silenced, and no more
Attracted crowds of buyers round the druggist's door.

Alike in vain the wretched druggist tries
To make him speak by foul means and by fair;
Even a mirror held before his eyes
Elicits nothing but a vacant stare.
When all else failed, the druggist took to prayer,
And then to cursing; but it did no good,
For Heaven refused to meddle in the affair.
'Tis strange that men should act as though they could
Cajole or frighten Heaven into a yielding mood.

At length, when he had given the matter up,
There came an old man in a Dervish cloak,
With head as bare as any china cup;
Whereon the bird, who always liked a joke,
Chuckled aloud, his sulky silence broke
For the first time since the untoward event,
And thus in sympathizing accents spoke,
Though with an air of ill-disguised content:
"Holloa, old boy! have you upset your master's scent?"

He carried his analogy too far,
And so do more than half the world beside:
That say that such things are not or they are,
And on experience alone decide.
Thus the immortal Abdals who preside
Over the spheres can be perceived of few,
Yet their existence cannot be denied;
And, of two things submitted to their view,
Men still receive the false one and reject the true.

Two insects on the selfsame blossom thrive,
Equal in form and hue and strength of wing,
Yet this one brings home honey to the hive,
While that one carries nothing but a sting;
So from one bank two beds of rushes spring,
Drawing their moisture from the selfsame rill,
Yet, as the months the alternate seasons bring,
The stalks of one kind will with sugar fill,
The other kind will be but hollow rushes still.

Soil, whether rich or poor, is one to see;
Two men may be alike in outward show,
Yet one an angel and a friend may be,
And one a devil and a mortal foe;
Two streams may in the selfsame valley flow,
With equal clearness may their waters run,
But he who tastes of them alone may know
Which is the sweet and which the bitter one;
For naught is what it seems, of all things 'neath the sun.

A prophet's miracles, when brought to test,
Will conquer the magician's vain pretence,
And yet alike the claims of either rest
On contravening our experience
And foiling our imperfect human sense.
Behold! when Israel's freedom is at stake,
Moses throws down his rod in their defence;
Their rods, too, Pharaoh's skilled magicians take,
Nor is the difference seen till his becomes a snake.

See how the tricksy ape will imitate
Each human being he may chance to see,
And fancy, in his self-conceited pate,
"I do this action quite as well as he."
Thus does the sinner ofttimes bend the knee
And in the mosque prefer his sad complaint,
Till in his own eyes he appears to be

No whit less pious than the humble saint;
Ay, and the world believes his sanctimonious feint.

You call him "saint," and he is well content
To be a hardened sinner all the same;
But call him "sinner," he will straight resent
The insult and repudiate the name,
As though 'twere in the word that lay the shame,
And not in him to whom the name applies.
The senseless pitcher should not bear the blame
When in the well itself the foulness lies;
But man still seeks to cheat his own and others' eyes.

I saw a man who laid him down to sleep
Beside a fire one cold and wintry night,
When, lo! a burning cinder chanced to leap
Out of the hearth and on his lips alight,
Whereat he started up in sudden fright,
And spat it out, and roared aloud with pain.
Without perceiving them, that luckless wight
Had swallowed cinders o'er and o'er again,
But the first one that burnt him made its presence plain.

To save the body from what harms or kills,
Wise Providence this sense of pain employs;
So, too, the spirit's various griefs and ills
May prove at last a stepping-stone to joys.
In earthly pain this hope the sufferer buoys—
That skilful leeches make the body whole;
But when some overpow'ring grief destroys
Our peace, we fly to Him who heals the soul—
Who holds both life and death in his supreme control.

Physicians mend whate'er has gone amiss
To give sick men relief from present woe:
He overturns the crumbling edifice
That he may build it up again, as though
A man his dwelling-place might overthrow
And find a treasure where the cottage stood
With which to build a palace. Even so
To cleanse the river-bed you dam the flood—
To heal the wound you pare the flesh that taints the blood.

But how shall we define the Infinite?
How shall we fix each fresh and varying phase
That flits for aye across our baffled sight
And makes us faint and giddy as we gaze?
Yet with his call the fowler oft essays
To bring the errant hawk within his reach;
So when men wander in life's devious ways,
The Dervish too may utter human speech,
And in mere mortal words immortal truths may teach.

Ye who would search into the truth, beware
Of false instructors who assume the name
Of Dervish, and the woollen garment wear
Only to hide their inward sin and shame,
Like false Museilima, who dared to claim

The honors due to Ahmed's self alone,
Till in God's time the retribution came.
Good wine and bad are by their perfume known,
And only in results are truth and falsehood shown.

Translation of E. H. PALMER
(Professor of Arabic, Cambridge).

GUL U BULBUL; OR, THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HUSSEIN VA'IZ KASHIFI.

WHERE murmuring Rukna rolls his silvery stream
Beneath the azure of a cloudless sky;
Where gilded spires that in the sunlight gleam

'Midst tow'ring palm trees charm the lingering eye;
Where every zephyr on its balmy wings
To blushing roses wafts the Bulbul's sigh;

Where Nature's choir in notes harmonious sings,
Making sweet music to the rustling grove,
And not a sight and not a sound but brings

Its meed of beauty, melody and love,—
There bloomed a garden such as they behold
Who dwell by Silsabil's blest streams above.

Not lovelier Iram, which, as bards have told,
In far Arabia's scorching desert lies,
Where false Sheddád's imárets glare with gold,

Though mystery shrouds them now from mortal eyes,
Save when upon some lone lost wanderer's sight
Its diamond turrets like a day-dream rise.

Here, in a corner shrinking from the light,
A rosebud blossomed whose enchanting hue
Rivalled the cheeks of her whose beauty bright

O'er earth's great conqueror such enchantment threw.
Each morn, when, rising from his ocean-bed,
Bright Phœbus, beaming, burst upon the view

And o'er the awakening world his radiance shed,
The garden's guardian left his humble room
And paced the parterres by the path that led

To that calm nook which saw the floweret bloom.
As some fond lover to an arbor creeps,
Where, lulled to rest by eve's encircling gloom,

The maid he loves in guileless beauty sleeps,
And, lingering, looks till at his soft sigh's sound
Her startled eye from out its curtain peeps,

So gazed the gardener as the days wore round.
And watched the bud its opening charms disclose,
And breathed the perfume it diffused around.

But, lo! one luckless morn, beside the rose,
A mournful nightingale with grief o'erpressed
In wistful warblings wailed his wearying woes

And sought in song to soothe his saddened breast,
And in the wantonness of wild despair
Still plucked the leaflets from their fragrant nest,

Till all the tree was desolate and bare;
The rose was ruined, but the thorn remained,
Stern sentry still though no fair charge was there.

With bitter sighs the gardener complained
And cursed the culprit in his maddening rage;
His passion's steed no gentle patience reined,

And naught but vengeance could his wrath assuage:
With treacherous traps the hapless bird he lured,
And kept him captive in a cruel cage,

Mocking the pangs his prisoner endured.
To whom the nightingale thus made his moan:
"Oh, wherefore, now within these bars immured,

Am I thus left to mourn and die alone?
Dost thou, then, fancy that my notes will ring
Here in this prison with a sweeter tone

Than 'midst the branches where I sit and sing?
Or is there nothing that can heal the smart
Of thy great loss but my poor breast to wring,

From all I love thus dooming me to part?
If one rose ruined costs so dear to me,
What shalt thou suffer for a broken heart?"

The plaintive prisoner by this piteous plea
So moved his captor that the selfsame hour
He loosed his fetters and dismissed him, free
To flutter fearless 'midst each favorite flower.
Then sung the Bulbul from the tangled wood:
"The great archangel on the night of power

Revealed that good must be repaid with good;
So for thy kindness will I make return.
Beneath the tree whereon at first I stood

There lies a treasure in a hidden urn."
The gardener, digging, found the precious prize,
And thus responded: "I would gladly learn
How thou divinedst what thus buried lies,
Yet dust spread lightly o'er a clumsy snare
Should be sufficient to deceive thine eyes."
To whom the Bulbul: "Thou shouldst be aware
That when from heaven the high decrees descend
'Tis vain to struggle: man his fate must bear,
For God shapes all things to some useful end."

Translation of E. H. PALMER
(Professor of Arabic, Cambridge).

THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTER.

YESTERNIGHT, as I sat with an old friend of mine,
In his library, cozily over our wine,
Looking out on the guests in the parlor, I said,
Of a lady whose shoe showed some ripping of thread,
"Frank, she looks like a shoemaker's daughter."

"Yes," said Frank—"yes; her shoe has a rip to the side—
The mishap of the moment: the lady's a bride.

That reminds me of something, and here as we sit,
If you'll listen with patience, I'll spin you a bit
Of a yarn of a shoemaker's daughter.

"When I was a boy, half a century since—
How one's frame, as one numbers the years, seems to wince!—
A dear little girl went to school with me then.
As I sit in my arm-chair I see her again,
Kitty Mallet, the shoemaker's daughter.

"Whence the wonderful ease in her manner she had?
Not from termagant mother nor hardworking dad.
Yet no doubt that, besides a most beautiful face,
The child had decorum, refinement and grace,
Not at all like a shoemaker's daughter.

"Her dress was of sixpenny print, but 'twas clean;
Her shoes, like all shoemakers' children's, were mean;
Her bonnet, a wreck; but, whatever she wore,
The air of a damsel of breeding she bore,
Not that of a shoemaker's daughter.

"The girls of the school, when she entered the place,
Pinched each other, then tittered and stared in her face;
She heeded no insult, no notice she took;
But quietly settled herself to her book:
She meant business, that shoemaker's daughter.

"Still jeered at by idler and dullhead and fool,
A hermitess she in the crowd of the school,
There was wonder indeed when it soon came to pass
That 'Calico Kitty' was head of the class.
'What! Kitty? That shoemaker's daughter?'

"Still wearing the same faded calico dress,
And calm, as before, in the pride of success,
Her manner the same, easy, soft and refined,
'Twas she seemed an heiress, while each left behind
In the race was a shoemaker's daughter.

"Bit by bit all her schoolmates she won to her side
To rejoice in her triumph, be proud in her pride,
And I with the rest. I felt elderly then,
For I was sixteen, while the lass was but ten;
So I petted the shoemaker's danghter.

"Do you see that old lady with calm placid face?
Time touches her beauty, but leaves all her grace.
Do you notice the murmurs that hush when she stirs,
And the honors and homage so pointedly hers?
That's my wife, sir, the shoemaker's daughter." THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS.

BUT little is known of this author. He is said to have flourished in the fourth century, and he tells us himself that he was a native of Smyrna. He received the surname of "Calabar," by which he is generally known, from the place where the copy of his poem was discovered. It was found by Cardinal Bessarion in a monastery of Calabria, near Otranto.

DEATH OF ACHILLES.

From the Greek of Quintus Smyrnæus.

This said, he left the god and went for Troy;
The Trojans fled before their city walls,
And he pursued. But then the indignant god
Burned in his spirit, and within himself
He spake: "O powers of heaven! how still unchanged
The fury of that mind! But him no more
Shall Jove himself or other power of heaven
Uphold who in his frenzy strives with gods."
So saying, he grew invisible in clouds;
Dark mist was wrapt around him; forth he sent
A dreadful shaft, and swift through the ankle-bone
Transpierced Achilles. Instantaneous pangs
Crept to his heart; he prostrate to the earth
Fell like a tower which by some hurricane
Tumbles with sudden crash, while all the ground
Quakes far and near. So fell at once to earth
The strong-limbed body of Æacides.
Rolling his eyes around him, loud he cried
In bitter threatening words: "Who privily
Hath sent this deadly arrow? Let him stand
Before me and come forth in open sight,
That his dark blood and entrails may be poured
On my spear's point and he may find his death.
For well I know that hand to hand not one
Of earth-born heroes with the sword may hope
To hew me down, though in his breast he bear
A heart undaunted—yea, a dauntless heart—
And though his nerves be brass. But evermore
The weak in secret circumvent with snares
The brave and noble. Let him now come forth
And meet me, though he boast himself a god
Incensed against the Greeks; for I have hope
That Phœbus pierced me from his veiling cloud.
This my loved mother's voice once prophesied—
That I should perish by his galling shaft
E'en at the Scæan gate, nor was the voice
In vain." He said, and with unsparing hands
Tore from the cureless wound the shaft. Forth gushed
The life-blood, and he felt his spirits faint
With anguish, and the mortal agony
Quell his great heart, and with indignant wrath
He threw the dart at distance o'er the plain.

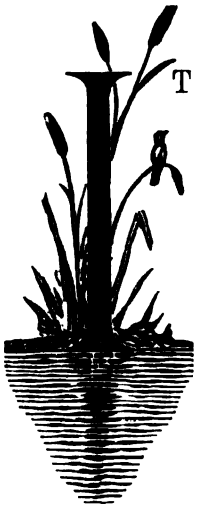
Translation of C. A. Elton.

THE DYING ACHILLES.

MARBLE STATUE BY ERNEST HERTER.

NON-INTERVENTION.

SELECTED FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED IN CONGRESS ON A RESOLUTION IN FAVOR OF THE GREEKS IN THEIR STRUGGLE WITH THE TURKS FOR INDEPENDENCE.



IT is with serious concern and alarm that I have heard doctrines broached in this debate fraught with consequences more disastrous to the best interests of this people than any that I have ever heard advanced during the five and twenty years since I have been honored with a seat on this floor. They imply, to my apprehension, a total and fundamental change of the policy pursued by this government from the foundation of the republic to the present day. Are we, sir, to go on a crusade in another hemisphere for the propagation of two objects as dear and delightful to my heart as to that of any gentleman in this or any other amicably—liberty and religion? And in the name of these holy words, by this powerful spell, is this nation to be conjured and beguiled out of the highway of heaven—out of its present comparatively happy state into all the disastrous conflicts arising from the policy of European powers, with all the consequences which flow from them? Liberty and religion, sir—things that are yet dear, in spite of all the mischief that has been perpetrated in their name. I believe that nothing similar to this proposition is to be found in modern history, unless in the famous decree of the French National Assembly which brought combined Europe against them with its united strength, and after repeated struggles finally effected the downfall of the French power.

I will respectfully ask the gentleman from Massachusetts whether in his very able and masterly argument—and he has said all that could be said on the subject, and much more than I supposed could have been said by any man in favor of his resolution—whether he himself has not furnished an answer to his speech. I had not the happiness myself to hear his speech, but a friend has read it to me. In one of the arguments of that speech, toward the conclusion, I think, the gentleman lays down from Puffendorf, in reference to the honeyed words and pious professions of the Holy Alliance, that these are all surplusage, because nations are always supposed to be ready to do what justice and the national law require. Well, sir, if this be so, why may not the Greeks presume—why are they not, in this principle, bound to presume—that this government is disposed to do all in reference to them that they ought to do, without any formal resolutions to that effect?

Sir, I am afraid that along with some most excellent attributes and qualities—the love of liberty, jury trial, the writ of habeas corpus, and all the blessings of free government we have derived from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors—we have got not a little of their John Bull, or rather John Bull-dog, spirit, their readiness to fight for anybody and on any occasion. Sir, England has been for

centuries the gamecock of Europe. It is impossible to specify the wars in which she has been engaged for contrary purposes, and she will with great pleasure see us take off her shoulders the labor of preserving the balance of power. We find her fighting, now for the queen of Hungary, then for her inveterate foe the king of Prussia; now at war for the restoration of the Bourbons, and now on the eve of war with them for the liberties of Spain.

These lines on the subject were never more applicable than they have now become:

> "Now Europe's balanced; neither side prevails,
> For nothing's left in either of the scales."

If we pursue the same policy, we must travel the same road and endure the same burdens under which England now groans. But, glorious as such a design might be, a President of the United States would, in my apprehension, occupy a prouder place in history who when he retires from office can say to the people who elected him, "I leave you without a debt," than if he had fought as many pitched battles as Cæsar or achieved as many naval victories as Nelson. And what, sir, is debt? In an individual it is slavery. It is slavery of the worst sort, surpassing that of the West India islands, for it enslaves the mind as well as it enslaves the body; and the creature who can be abject enough to incur and submit to it receives, in that condition of his being, perhaps an adequate punishment. Of course, I speak of debt with the exception of unavoidable misfortune. I speak of debt caused by mismanagement, by unwarrantable generosity, by being generous before being just. I am aware that this sentiment was ridiculed by Sheridan, whose lamentable end was the best commentary upon its truth. No, sir! Let us abandon these projects; let us say to those seven millions of Greeks, "We defended ourselves; we were but three millions against a power in comparison with which the Turk is but a lamb. Go and do thou likewise." And so with the governments of South America. If, after having achieved their independence, they have not valor enough to maintain it, I would not commit the safety and independence of this country in such a cause. I will in both these pursue the same line of conduct which I have ever pursued from the day I took a seat in this House, in 1799, from which, without boasting, I can challenge any gentleman to fix upon me any colorable change of departure.

Let us adhere to the policy laid down by the second as well as the first founder of our republic, by him who was the Camillus as well as the Romulus of the infant state: to the policy of peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; for to entangling alliances we must come if you once embark in such a policy as this. And, with all my British predilections, I suspect I shall, whenever that question shall present itself, resist as strongly an alliance with Great Britain as with other power. We are sent here to attend to the preservation of the peace of this country, and not to be ready on all occasions to go to war whenever anything like what in common parlance is termed "a turn-up" takes place in Europe.

What, sir, is our condition? We are absolutely combating shadows. The gentleman would have us believe his resolution is all but nothing; yet, again, it is to prove omnipotent and fill the whole globe with its influence.

Either it is nothing or it is something. If it be nothing, let it return to its original nothingness; let us lay it on the table and have done with it at once; but if it is that something which it has been on the other hand represented to be, let us beware how we touch it. For my part, I would sooner put the shirt of Nessus on my back than sanction these doctrines—doctrines such as I never heard from my boyhood till now. They go the whole length. If they prevail, there are no longer any Pyrenees: every bulwark and barrier of the Constitution is broken down; it is become a *carte blanche* for every one to scribble on it what he pleases.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

SHALL OUR REPUBLIC ENDURE?

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY, AT GETTYSBURG, NOVEMBER 19, 1863.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation conceived in Liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

NOT THERE.

WE gathered round the festive board,
The crackling fagot blazed,
But few would taste the wine that poured
Or join the song we raised;
For there was now a glass unfilled,
A favored place to spare;
All eyes were dull, all hearts were chilled:
The loved one was not there.

No happy laugh was heard to ring,
No form would lead the dance;
A smothered sorrow seemed to fling
A gloom in every glance.
The grave had closed upon a brow,
The honest, bright, and fair;
We missed our mate, we mourned the blow:
The loved one was not there.

ELIZA COOK.

A SONG OF WINTER.

HIS gathering mantle of fleecy snow
The winter-king wrapped around him,
And flashing with ice-wrought gems below
Was the regal zone that bound him.
He went abroad in his kingly state,
By the poor man's door, by the palace-gate.

Then his minstrel winds on either hand
The music of frost-days humming,
Flew fast before him through all the land,
Crying, "Winter! Winter is coming!"
And they sang a song in their deep, loud voice
That made the heart of their king rejoice;

For it spake of strength and it told of power
And the mighty will that moved him,
Of all the joys of the fireside hour
And the gentle hearts that loved him,
Of affections sweetly interwrought
With the play of wit and the flow of thought.

He has left his home in the starry North
On a mission high and holy,
And now in his pride he is going forth
To strengthen the weak and lowly,
While his vigorous breath is on the breeze,
And he lifts up health from wan disease.

We bow to his sceptre's supreme behest:
He is rough, but never unfeeling,
And a voice comes up from his icy breast,
To our kindness ever appealing;
By the comfortless hut on the desolate moor
He is pleading earnestly for the poor,

While deep in his bosom the heart lies warm
And there the future life he cherisheth,
Nor clinging root nor seedling form
Its genial depths embracing perisheth,
But safely and tenderly he will keep
The delicate flower-gems while they sleep.

The mountain heard the sounding blast
Of the winds from their wild horn blowing,
And his rough cheek paled as on they passed,
And the river checked his flowing;
Then, with ringing laugh and echoing shout,
The merry schoolboys all came out.

And see them now as away they go,
With the long, bright plain before them,
In its sparkling girdle of silvery snow,
And the blue arch bending o'er them,
While every bright cheek brighter grows,
Blooming with health, our winter rose.

The shrub looked up and the tree looked down,
For with ice-gems each was crested,
And flashing diamonds lit the crown
That on the old oak rested,
And the forest shone in gorgeous array,
For the spirits of winter kept holiday.

So on the joyous skaters fly,
With no thought of the coming sorrow,
For never a brightly-beaming eye
Has dreamed of the tears of to-morrow.
Be free and be happy, then, while ye may,
And rejoice in the blessing of to-day.

FRANCES H. GREEN.

JOHN JONES AND I.

WE had a tiff. "John Jones," said I,
"You should not leave your cow at large!"—
"You mend your fence!" was his reply;
And so ran charge and counter-charge.

A trifling thing—the cow had cropped
Some blades of grass, some heads of grain;
And yet for this a friend I dropped,
And wrought for both a lasting pain.

I knew that I had played the fool,
Yet thrust my better thought aside,
And when my blood had time to cool
Became a greater fool through pride.

Upon two homes a shadow sate;
Two cordial wives grew shy and cool;
Two broods of children learned to hate;
Two parties grew in church and school.

John Jones's pew was next to mine;
What pleasant greeting passed between!
As sacred as the bread and wine
Had our communing friendship been.

Oft had our voices swelled the song,
Oft had we bowed in common prayer
And shared the worship of the throng
Who sat in heavenly places there.

But how shall souls in exile sing
The Lord's sweet song? The holy notes
Of fellowship, and joy, and peace,
And pardon, stuck in both our throats.

Some lessened relish for all good
Made life for both to deaden down;
So Nature darkened to our mood,
And answered back our settled frown.

One summer eve I sat and smoked;
Good Dr. Dean came riding by;
He said, in voice a little choked,
"John Jones is hurt, and like to die."

A sudden fire shot through my brain
And burned like tow the sophist lies,
And on my heart a sudden pain
Fell like a bolt from hidden skies.

I stumbled o'er the threshold where
My shadow had not passed for years;
I felt a shudder in the hand
A woman gave me through her tears.

When he no more the pulse could feel,
I saw the doctor turn away;
Some mighty impulse made me kneel
Beside the bed, as if to pray.

Yet not the Maker's name I called:
As one who plunges 'neath the wave—
A swimmer strong and unappalled—
Intent a sinking life to save,

So all my soul's up-gathered powers,
In anguish of desire intense,
Sent that departing one a cry
That leaped the abyss of broken sense.

To dim the eye came back a ray;
O'er the white face a faint smile shone:
I felt, as 'twere a spirit's touch,
The stiffened fingers press my own.

O resurrection power of God,
That wrought that miracle of pain,
From buried hearts tore off the shroud
And made dead friendship live again!

Beside one grave two households stood,
And, weeping, heard the pastor say
That out of death He bringeth life,
And out of darkness cometh day.

Was I chief mourner in the train?
Ah! who could guess, of all the throng,
The strange, sweet comfort in the pain
Of one who mourns forgiven wrong?

CHARLES G. AMES.

POETRY AND FICTION.

FROM "FESTUS."

POETRY is itself a thing of God:
He made his prophets poets, and the more
We feel of poesie do we become
Like God in love and power—under-makers.
All great lays, equals to the minds of men,
Deal more or less with the divine, and have
For end some good of mind or soul of man.
The mind is this world's, but the soul is God's;
The wise man joins them here all in his power.
The high and holy works amid lesser lays
Stand up like churches among village cots,
And it is joy to think that in every age,
However much the world was wrong therein,
The greatest works of mind or hand have been
Done unto God. So may they ever be!
It shows the strength of wish we have to be great,
And the sublime humility of might.

•

True fiction hath in it a higher end
Than fact: it is the possible compared
With what is merely positive, and gives
To the conceptive soul an inner world—
A higher, ampler heaven than that wherein
The nations sun themselves. In the bright state
Are met the mental creatures of the men
Whose names are writ highest on the rounded crown
Of Fame's triumphal arch, the shining shapes
Which star the skies of that invisible land,
Which, whosoe'er would enter, let him learn
'Tis not enough to draw forms fair and lively:
Their conduct likewise must be beautiful;
A hearty holiness must crown the work,
As a gold cross the minster-dome, and show,
Like that instonement of divinity,
That the whole building doth belong to God.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF OMAR EL KHEIYAM.

KAABAH or joss-house, 'tis his house of prayer;
E'en jangling bells invite us to his shrine;
Mosque or cathedral, he is present there;
Crescent or crucifix, 'tis Allah's sign.

Translation of E. H. PALMER
(Professor of Arabic, Cambridge).

VIRGINIA.

APPIUS CLAUDIUS had stayed behind from the war to take care of the city. He saw a beautiful maiden named Virginia, the daughter of L. Virginius, who was now serving as a centurion in the army sent against the Æquians, and her father had betrothed her to L. Icilius, who had been tribune some time since, and had carried the famous law for assigning out the Aventine to the commons. One day, as the maiden, attended by her nurse, was going to the Forum to school (for the schools were then kept in booths or stalls round the market-place), Marcus Claudius, a client of Appius, laid hands on her and claimed her as his slave. Her nurse cried out for help, and a crowd gathered round her; and when they heard who was her father and to whom she was betrothed, they were the more earnest to defend her from wrong. But M. Claudius said that he meant no violence—he would try his right at law; and he summoned the maiden before the judgment-seat of Appius. So they went before the decemvir, and then Claudius said that the maiden's real mother had been his slave, and that the wife of Virginius, having no children, had gotten this child from its mother and had presented it to Virginius as her own. This he would prove to Virginius himself as soon as he should return to Rome; meanwhile, it was just and reasonable that the master should in the interval keep possession of his slave.

The friends of the maiden answered that her father was now absent in the commonwealth's service; they would send him word, and within two days he would be in Rome.

"Let the cause," they said, "wait only so long. The law declares expressly that in all cases like this every one shall be considered free till he be proved a slave. Therefore the maiden ought to be left with her friends till the day of trial. Put not her fair fame in peril by giving up a free-born maiden into the hands of a man whom she knows not."

But Appius said,

"Truly, I know the law of which you speak, and I hold it just and good, for it was I myself who enacted it. But this maiden cannot in any case be free: she belongs either to her father or to her master. Now, as her father is not here, who but her master can have any title to her? Wherefore let M. Claudius keep her till L. Virginius come, and let him give sureties that he will bring her forth before my judgment-seat when the cause shall be tried between them."

But then there came forward the maiden's uncle, P. Numitorius, and Icilius, to whom she was betrothed, and they spoke so loudly against the sentence that the multitude began to be roused, and Appius feared a tumult. So he said that for the sake of L. Virginius and of the rights of fathers over their children he would let the cause wait till the next

day; "but then," he said, "if Virginius does not appear, I tell Icilius and his fellows that I will support the laws which I have made, and their violence shall not prevail over justice."

Thus the maiden was saved for the time, and her friends sent off in haste to her father to bid him come with all speed to Rome; and they gave security to Claudius that she should appear before Appius the next day, and then they took her home in safety.

The messenger reached the camp that same evening, and Virginius obtained leave of absence on the instant and set out for Rome at the first watch of the night. Appius had sent off also to his colleagues, praying them not to let Virginius go; but his message came too late.

Early in the morning Virginius, in mean attire like a suppliant, led his daughter down to the Forum, and some Roman matrons and a great company of friends went with him. He appealed to all the people for their aid; "for this," said he, "is not my cause only, but the cause of all." So also spoke Icilius, and the mothers who followed Virginius stood and wept, and their tears moved the people even more than his words. But Appius heeded nothing but his own wicked passion, and before Claudius had done speaking, without suffering Virginius to reply, he hastened to give the sentence. That sentence adjudged the maiden to be considered as a slave till she should be proved to be free-born, and awarded the possession of her, in the mean while, to her master, Claudius. Men could scarcely believe that they heard aright when this monstrous defiance of all law, natural and civil, was uttered by the very man who had himself enacted the contrary. But when Claudius went to lay hold on the maiden, then the women who stood around her wept aloud, and her friends gathered round her and kept him off; and Virginius threatened the decemvir that he would not tamely endure so great a wrong. Appius, however, had brought down a band of armed patricians with him, and, strong in their support, he ordered his lictors to make the crowd give way.

Then the maiden was left alone before his judgment-seat till her father, seeing there was no other remedy, prayed to Appius that he might speak but one word with her nurse in the maiden's hearing, and might learn whether she were really his child or no: "If I am indeed not her father, I shall bear her loss the lighter." Leave was given him, and he drew them both aside with him to a spot called afterward the "new booths"—for tradition kept the place in memory—and there he snatched a knife from a butcher, and said, "This is the only way, my child, to keep thee free," and plunged it in his daughter's heart. Then, turning to Appius, "On thee and on thy head," he cried, "be the curse of this blood!" In vain did Appius call out to seize him: he forced his way through the multitude, and, still holding the bloody knife in his hand, he made for the gates, and hastened out of the city and rode to the camp by Tusculum.

The rest may be told more briefly. Icilius and Numitorius held up the maiden's body to the people, and bade them see the bloody work of the decemvir's passion. A tumult arose, and the people gathered in such strength that the patrician friends of their cause, L. Valerius and M. Horatius, thought that the time for action was come, and put

VIRGINIUS.

FROM THE GROUP BY P. MAC DOWELL, R. A.

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themselves at the head of the multitude. Appius and his lictors and his patrician satellites were overborne by force, and Appius, fearing for his life, covered his face with his robe and fled into a house that was hard by. In vain did his colleague, Oppius, hasten to the forum to support him; he found the people already triumphant, and had nothing else to do but to call together the Senate. The senators met, with little feeling for the decemvirs, but with an extreme dread of a new secession of the commons and a restoration of the sacred laws and of the hated tribuneship.

The secession, however, could not be prevented. Virginius had arrived at the camp, followed by a multitude of citizens in their ordinary dress. His bloody knife, the blood on his own face and body and the strange sight of so many unarmed citizens in the midst of the camp instantly drew a crowd about him; he told his story and called on his fellow-soldiers to avenge him. One common feeling possessed them all: they called to arms, pulled up their standards and began to march to Rome. The authority of the decemvirs was wholly at an end. The army entered the city; as they passed along the streets they called upon the commons to assert their liberties and create their tribunes. They then ascended the Aventine, and there, in their own proper home and city, they established themselves in arms. When deputies from the Senate were sent to ask them what they wanted, the soldiers shouted that they would give no answer to any one but to L. Valerius and M. Horatius. Meanwhile, Virginius persuaded them to elect ten tribunes to act as their leaders; and accordingly ten were created, who took the name of tribunes of the soldiers, but designed to change it ere long for that of tribunes of the commons.

The army near Fidenæ was also in motion. Icilius and Numitorius had excited it by going to the camp and spreading the story of the miserable fate of Virginia. The soldiers rose, put aside the decemvirs who commanded them, and were ready to follow Icilius. He advised them to create ten tribunes, as had been done by the other army; and, this having been effected, they marched to Rome and joined their brethren on the Aventine. The twenty tribunes then deputed two of their number to act for the rest, and waited a while for the message of the Senate.

Delays, however, were interposed by the jealousy of the patricians. Had the Senate chosen, it might, no doubt, in the fulness of its power, have deposed the decemvirs, whether their term of office was expired or no, as long afterward it declared all the laws of M. Drusus to be null and void and by its mere decree took away from L. Cinna his consulship and caused another to be appointed in his room. But the patricians were unwilling to violate the majesty of the imperium merely to give a triumph to the plebeians, and the decemvirs, encouraged by this feeling, refused themselves to resign. The commons, however, were thoroughly in earnest; and, finding that nothing was done to satisfy them, they quitted the Aventine on the suggestion of M. Duilius—not, however, we may presume, without leaving it guarded by a sufficient garrison—marched in military array through the city, passed out of it by the Colline gate and established themselves once more on the Sacred Hill. Men, women and children, all of the plebeians who could find

any means to follow them, left Rome also and joined their countrymen. Again the dissolution of the Roman nation was threatened; again the patricians, their clients and their slaves were on the point of becoming the whole Roman people.

Then the patricians yielded, and the decemvirs agreed to resign. Valerius and Horatius went to the Sacred Hill and listened to the demands of the commons. These were the restoration of the tribuneship and of the right of appeal, together with a full indemnity for the authors and instigators of the secession. All this, the deputies acknowledged, should have been granted even without the asking; but there was one demand of a fiercer sort. "These decemvirs," said Icilius in the name of the commons, "are public enemies, and we will have them die the death of such. Give them up to us, that they may be burnt with fire." The friends of the commons had met this fate within the memory of men still living, and certainly not for greater crimes; but a people, if violent, is seldom unrelenting. Twenty-four hours brought the Athenians to repent of their cruel decree against the Mytilenæans, and a few words from Valerius and Horatius—men whom they could fully trust—made the Roman commons forego their thirst for sudden and extraordinary vengeance. The demand for the blood of the decemvirs was withdrawn, so the Senate acceded to all that was required; the decemvirs solemnly resigned their power and the commons returned to Rome. They occupied the Aventine, as before, and thither the pontifex maximus was sent by the Senate to hold the comitia for the election of the tribunes; but they occupied more than the Aventine: they required some security that the terms of the peace should be duly kept with them; and accordingly, now, as in the disputes about the Publilian law, they were allowed also to take possession of the Capitol.

The result of the election sufficiently showed that it was a free one. The new magistrates—the first two consuls, properly speaking, of Roman history—were L. Valerius and M. Horatius; and the executive government, for the first time since the days of Brutus and Poplicola, was wholly in the hands of men devoted to the rights of their country rather than to the ascendency of their order.

THOMAS ARNOLD.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

IN the period of his reputation, Cowley, as well as Butler, precedes Milton: he died in the year of the publication of *Paradise Lost*. He was the son of a grocer in London. The death of his father before his birth entailed on his mother a struggle to procure him a classical education. He was ultimately enabled to enter the University of Cambridge. The perusal of Spencer's *Fairy Queen* in his childhood, he says himself, made him irrecoverably a poet. At the age of fifteen he published a volume of pieces, containing "Pyramus and Thisbe," written when he was ten years old, and "Constantia and Philetus," composed two years afterward; both are productions of miraculous precocity. After the commencement of the Civil War, he was ejected from Cambridge by the Par-

liamentary visitors; he sheltered himself amid the loyalty of Oxford. On the surrender of that city to the Parliament he joined the court of the exiled queen in France, and was for several years employed as a confidential secretary, and in the execution of his office had the important and laborious duty of deciphering the correspondence of that princess with her husband and his party in England. Cowley returned to England in 1656, with the view, it has been said, of rendering himself useful to the exiled king; he was discovered and seized, but was ultimately released. He assumed the apparent profession of a physician, and procured from the University of Oxford the degree of M. D. This circumstance gave rise to his Latin work on plants, in six books, partly in elegiac, partly in heroic, verse.

At the Restoration, Cowley found himself, like many others whose services and sacrifices for the king had been great, neglected and unrewarded. Ultimately, however, by the kindness of powerful friends, he obtained a favorable lease of some of the queen's lands, and had before him the prospect of retirement, which he ardently desired, and of a competence equal to his unambitious wants. His solitude appears not to have yielded him the satisfaction he expected. He died at his house in Chertsey, in 1667, of a disease of the lungs caught through means of a neglected cold. He was interred with great magnificence in Westminster between Spenser and Chaucer. "King Charles pronounced 'that Mr. Cowley had not left behind him a better man in England.'" Cowley's "countenance and deportment were sweet and amiable, a real index of his mind; in his manners and person there was nothing singular or affected; he had the modesty of a man of genius and the humility of a Christian."

His poetical works consist of miscellanies, many of the pieces being composed in his early youth; epistles, elegies, etc.; the *Mistress*, a collection of cold metaphysical love-poems; translations of Pindaric odes; odes in the style of Pindar (imitations of these compositions became a rage for half a century after); the Latin books of plants; Anacreontics; and the *Davideis*, a heroic poem in rhyming couplets, which was to have been in twelve books, but the poet completed only four. The greater portion was composed while he was at the university. The *Davideis* evinces prodigious learning, but it is condemned as heavy and uninteresting and loaded with the ornaments of a false taste.

Cowley is the greatest of the class of poets in the seventeenth century whom Johnson terms the metaphysical school, of which Donne was the father. The chief characteristic of this "metaphysical" style is the affectation of remote and uncommon imagery, often drawn from scientific sources and anatomized with a hair-splitting minuteness. Cowley's writings are so deeply imbued with this spirit that he sometimes, apparently unconsciously, borrows the very words and images of Donne. His style is unequal, rising frequently to nervous grandeur, sinking often to the simplicity of puniness. His vast learning, however, renders his works an exhaustless well of instruction. His prose writing in his prefaces and essays is remarkable for purity and unaffected elegance.

DANIEL SCRYMGEOUR.

JOHN TYNDALL.

PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL, who stands, perhaps, foremost among the eminent physicists of the present period, was born among very humble surroundings at Leighton-Bridge, near Carlow, Ireland, on the 21st of August, 1820. He, however, received a preliminary education which, thanks to his own cleverness and exertions, was far better than that of other lads of his class. When he was nineteen, he received an appointment on "the Ordnance Survey," a station of which was at Carlow. This practice in civil engineering caused him to be employed in 1844 by a Manchester firm engaged in railway engineering. In 1847 he became a tutor at Queenwood College—a school in which the lower pupils received preparatory instruction; and the higher, instruction in agriculture and engineering. It was while at this school that he begun, with Dr. Frankland, professor of chemistry in the institution, those physical studies which gave him a glimpse of the great future before him. From that time he was an ardent seeker for new knowledge. In 1848 he went with Dr. Frankland to the University of Marburg to study under the celebrated Bunsen, and later he repaired to Berlin, where he received instruction from Magnus in chemistry and physics. His principal investigations were in diamagnetism, the polarization of light, the magnetoptic properties of crystals and molecular theories. His written articles on these subjects caused him to be elected in 1853 a fellow of the Royal Society, and also professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in which he soon succeeded the eminent Faraday as superintendent. In 1856 he went, in company with Huxley, to Switzerland, to study the glaciers; and the two published in combination a paper on "The Structure and Motion of Glaciers." Being extremely interested in this investigation, he visited Switzerland again in 1857, 1858 and 1859. He spent a part of the winter of the last year there, amid great exposure and hardship, that he might determine the winter motion of the *Mer de Glace*. In that year too he began his inquiries upon radiant heat, which, as published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, excited great attention.

In 1872, Tyndall visited the United States and gave thirty-five lectures on physics, beautifully illustrated by new experiments. The course was very successful, and his reception exceedingly cordial. He increased the high esteem in which he was held by an act of generosity as pleasing as it was unexpected: after paying his expenses from the proceeds of the lectures, he gave the rest—about thirteen thousand dollars—into the hands of a committee, to aid students engaged in original research. In 1873 he received the degree of D. C. L. from the University of Oxford—not, however, without the protest of Dr. Heurtley, the professor of divinity, on account of his religious opinions. In 1874 he presided at the meeting of the British Association held in Belfast, and in 1877 he was elected president of the Birmingham and Midland Institute. His publications exhibit his discoveries and investigations, and are his best biography. In 1860 appeared his *Glaciers of the Alps;* in 1861, *Mountaineering;* 1862, *A Vacation Tour;* 1863 (his greatest work), *Heat Considered as a*

Mode of Motion. Besides these he wrote *Faraday as a Discoverer* and many smaller monographs, essays, addresses and reviews, all of which are valuable contributions to science. He is a Rumford medallist of the Royal Society, a member of many foreign societies, LL.D. of Cambridge, 1855, and of Edinburgh, 1866. He married, in 1876, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE particulars of the life of the author of *Hudibras* are scanty and obscure. He was the son of a farmer in Worcestershire. It is doubtful whether he received a university education; for, though alleged to have resided some years at Cambridge, he is not known to have matriculated in any college. He is afterward found in the family of the countess of Kent and enjoying the friendship of the learned Selden. He appears again, probably in the capacity of tutor, in the service of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's officers, who is considered to be the prototype of Hudibras. The Restoration brought to his fortunes a gleam of hope. He obtained employment as secretary to the earl of Carbery. Having lost his wife's fortune through bad securities, he became an author, and published in 1663 the first part of his satire. It was received with unbounded popularity, and was made known at court through the kindness of the earl of Dorset. The author, however, was unrewarded, except by an occasional present of three hundred pounds from the king. In the subsequent years he published the second and third parts of his poem, and died in indigence in 1680.

The neglect of the king is the more criminal since the satire must be viewed as a valuable piece of good service to the royalist cause. Broad caricature and miraculous force of wit exert their united strength to hold up the Puritan party to contempt and ridicule. The idea of the piece is, of course, borrowed from Cervantes, but there is no resemblance between the two works. *Hudibras* is thoroughly English. The whole poem is a continual sparkle of brilliancy adorned by the resources of immense learning; language, character and imagery are moulded at the author's will. No rhyme is so complicated that he wants words to form its counterpart; no image so remote that his hand cannot compel it into his service. The work is unfinished, and, from the range of years over which it was published, the plan is desultory and incompact. The perusal of *Hudibras* is diet so solid that it should be taken by little at a time. It is one of those works whose epigrammatic practical wisdom has woven itself into the phraseology of the language.

The popularity of *Hudibras* caused forgeries of the author's style after his death. "Genuine remains," in prose and verse, were published in 1759, by Mr. Thyer, from manuscripts left in possession of Butler's friend Mr. Longueville. DANIEL SCRYMGEOUR.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

SWIFT was born in Dublin, in 1667, amid poverty and difficulties, seven months after the death of his father. Under the protection of his uncle, Godwin Swift, he was admitted a student of Trinity College, Dublin, where by his application to books of history and poetry and neglect of academic studies he lost

his Bachelor's degree, to which he was admitted at last *speciali gratiâ*. In 1688 he put himself under the protection of Sir William Temple, to whom his mother was related, and who became much attached to him and introduced him to King William, who on the death of Sir William treated him with neglect.

Swift was henceforward disappointed in a variety of ways, and to that circumstance may perhaps be attributed the singularity of his temper. In 1713 he was made dean of St. Patrick's, and, though on first taking possession of his stall he received many mortifications, he continued to support his rank with elegance and decorum, his household being under the management of a person whose extraordinary history is interwoven with that of his own life, and whom he celebrates under the name of "Stella." Her charms both of person and mind were extraordinary; but, notwithstanding, after sixteen years of attachment (during which every sacrifice except that of virtue was made by the lady), when he married her, they continued to live separately. After her death the austerity of his temper increased and frequent returns of a periodical illness undermined his health and faculties. For one whole year he continued in a state of silent idiotcy, and not more than two or three times afterward, at different intervals, ever showed any consciousness of impression from external objects. His political works are perspicuous, manly and simple; as addresses to the people, his letters from the Drapier are models. His poetry was written only for the entertainment of himself or his friends. He died in the year 1745.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

THE family of Wyatt was of ancient Yorkshire origin. Sir Henry Wyatt, father of the poet, had been an adherent of the Lancastrian party during the Wars of the Roses, and was appointed by Henry VII. to be one of his privy councillors. He afterward held various offices in the household of Henry VIII. His eldest son, Thomas, was born at Allington Castle, near Maidstone, in Kent, in 1503. He graduated at Cambridge when he was seventeen, and married in the same year Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Lord Cobham. Their son, known in later years as "Sir Thomas Wyatt the younger," who was beheaded for taking part in the Lady Jane Grey conspiracy, was born in 1521, when his father was only eighteen years of age.

Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet, was one of the most accomplished courtiers of Henry VIII. and the foremost in a group of young poets who acknowledged no adherence to the satirical school of Skelton, but sought their models in the more graceful and cultured poetry of the Italians. Wyatt's sonnets, with those of the earl of Surrey, may be said to have introduced a new and favorite form into English verse, and these two men —close friends and fellow-workers—were for a considerable period the idols of the early literary Elizabethans. Wyatt was twice employed abroad toward the end of his life in diplomatic service for the king. On the second occasion he fell into trouble, and was committed upon his return, in 1539, to the Tower for offences alleged to have been committed by him during his ambassadorship. He was tried and acquitted with

honor in 1540, after which he retired from court-life and went to live upon his Kentish estates. There he wrote his latest works, consisting of some *Satires* and a *Translation of the Penitential Psalms of David.* In 1542, at the age of thirty-nine, he died of fever, at Sherborne, whilst travelling to Falmouth by command of the king to meet and conduct to London an embassy from the emperor Charles V. One of the most interesting traditions concerning Wyatt's private history is that of his love for Anne Boleyn. Some of his poems seem to lend authority to this tradition, and it is said that during her imprisonment in the Tower before her execution, in 1535, the queen occupied her time in reading Wyatt's poetry. A prayer-book which she presented in her last moments to the poet's sister was kept for a long time as a relic in the Wyatt family.

Hitherto the chief lyrists had been Scotchmen, but it must not on this account be supposed that the English lyric, as exemplified in the writings of Wyatt and Surrey, had its origin in Scotland, nor that Henryson and Dunbar were the first Scottish lyrists. In the poetry of our oldest writers, both English and Scotch, we meet continually with the names of still older songs and snatches of popular minstrelsy. In these names and refrains may be discerned the last surviving fragments of an unwritten literature of lyric song which at one time existed in these islands. In the history of the lyric Sir Thomas Wyatt's name, although English, follows in strict order of succession those of the Scottish poets of the fifteenth century. In his songs there is a dignified thoughtfulness which reminds us of Dunbar's most graceful strains, but there is an emotional richness, a power of tears, that distinguishes Wyatt not only from the Scottish lyrists who preceded him, but also from the English lyrists of his own time.

Wyatt was an enthusiastic student of Italian poetry, and especially of the sonnets of Petrarch, many of which he translated. Like his foreign models, he devoted his genius almost wholly to describing the joys, woes and whimsies of the lover, and his followers imitated him in this respect. The aspects of nature, the varied passions, sorrows and adventures of men, were all made subservient to the one theme of sentimental love and courtship. A habit of severe literary culture was introduced among our poets by this close study of foreign verse, and many of the most lovesick productions of our first sonneteers appear on examination to have been written, not in a lovesick mood at all, but by way of exercises inflicted by the poet on himself in perfectly cold blood. Wyatt's best sonnets are, however, much more than mere literary exercises; while, at the same time, his unequalled grace and ease, his apparent recklessness in breaking through old rules of sing-song metre, the human glow that seemed to warm into passion even the most rigid sonnet form when he took it in hand, were doubtless the result of a more perfect art than was attained by any other poet in the same school of sonneteers.

As a thinker, statesman and moralist Wyatt won for himself a high reputation among his contemporaries. His prose letter, addressed from the Tower of London in 1541 to the lords of the privy council, and also his defence of himself delivered during his

trial before the same body of judges, are extant, and exhibit consummate literary skill, clear-headedness and practical ability.

ROSALINE ORME MASSON.

BEN JONSON.

BEN JONSON was ten years younger than Shakespeare, and survived him twenty-one years, living on almost into the troubled close of Charles I.'s reign. He was born in the North of England A. D. 1574, the posthumous son of a minister or preacher in London who came originally of a Scottish family in Annandale. Jonson's widowed mother was married a second time, to a bricklayer, and her son, after a period of soldier-life in the Low Countries, settled in London, married and took to literature and the stage as a means of livelihood. The main bulk of his works consisted of dramas and masks, of which he produced in all more than fifty, but he wrote also a considerable quantity of non-dramatic verse in the form of epigrams, elegies, songs, epistles and miscellaneous pieces. The massive force and the versatility of his genius were extraordinary. When the world had had enough of his plays, he flung off a succession of brilliant revelries for the court; he assailed beauty with a ponderous homage and in songs as graceful as the spray on a wave; he could write witty epistles to his great friends and tender little epitaphs on dead children; he added another to the glorious memories of Penshurst and left the best contemporary criticism of Shakespeare that we have.

In 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, Jonson was at the height of his fame. In that year he received a life-pension of a hundred marks from King James; he also collected his own works and published them in two volumes, grouping his non-dramatic verse in two series under the heads *The Forests* and *Underwoods*. It was at this date, also, that he ceased writing for the theatres, intending henceforward to produce only entertainments for the court, but in the early part of Charles I.'s reign he was compelled by poverty to resume the old kind of work. In 1630, Charles ratified Jonson's pension, raising it from marks to pounds and adding thereto "one tierce of Canary Spanish wine yearly" from the cellars of Whitehall. Nevertheless, in spite of Charles's kindness, Jonson's last years were sad ones; and when the old lion died, in 1637, the latest survivor of an immortal group of poets, he was solitary and poor. His grave is in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey. England was too busy in those years to build him a monument, but a young squire from Oxfordshire, visiting the spot, gave eighteenpence to a workman to engrave upon the flagstone that covered him this epitaph: "O Rare Ben Jonson!"

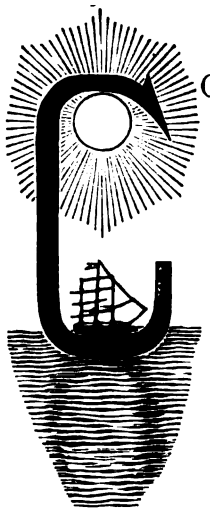
ROSALINE ORME MASSON.

CHERRY RIPE.

"CHERRY ripe, ripe, ripe," I cry,
"Full and fair ones; come and buy."
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer, "There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile."
There's the land or cherry-isle
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow!

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE NIGHT-SMELLING FLOWER.



I.

COME, look at this plant, with its narrow pale leaves,
And its tall slim, delicate stem
Thinly studded with flowers —yes, with flowers:
There they are.
Don't you see at each joint there's a little brown star?
But, in truth, there's no beauty in them.

So you ask why I keep it, the little mean thing!
Why I stick it up here just in sight.
'Tis a fancy of mine. "A strange fancy!" you say;
"No accounting for tastes!" In this instance you may,
For the flower— But I'll tell you to-night.

Some six hours hence, when the Lady Moon
Looks down on that bastioned wall,
When the twinkling stars dance silently
On the rippling surface of the sea,
And the heavy night-dews fall,—

Then meet me again in this casement-niche,
On the spot where we're standing now.
Nay, question not wherefore. Perhaps with me
To look out on the night and the broad, bright sea,
And to hear its majestic flow.

II.

Well, we're met here again, and the moonlight sleeps
On the sea and the bastioned wall,
And the flowers there below—how the night-wind brings
Their delicious breath on its dewy wings!
"But there's one," say you, "sweeter than all."

"Which is it? The myrtle or jessamine,
Or their sovereign lady the rose?
Or the heliotrope? or the virgin's bower?
What! neither?"—Oh no; 'tis some other flower,
Far sweeter than either of those—

Far sweeter. And where, think you, groweth the plant
That exhaleth such perfume rare?
Look about, up and down; but take care, or you'll break
With your elbow that poor little thing that's so weak.—
"Why, 'tis that smells so sweet, I declare!"

Ah ha! is it that? Have you found out now
Why I cherish that odd little fright?
"All is not gold that glitters," you know,
And it is not all worth makes the greatest show
In the glare of the strongest light.

There are human flowers full many, I trow,
As unlovely as that by your side,

That a common observer passeth by
With a scornful lip and a careless eye
In the heyday of pleasure and pride.

But move one of those to some quiet spot,
From the midday sun's broad glare,
Where domestic peace broods with dovelike wing,
And try if the homely, despisèd thing
May not yield sweet fragrance there.

Or wait till the days of trial come—
The dark days of trouble and woe:
When they shrink and shut up late so bright in the sun,
Then turn to the little despisèd one
And see if 'twill serve you so.

And judge not again at a single glance,
Nor pass sentence hastily:
There are many things in this world of ours,
Many sweet things and rare—weeds that prove precious flowers—
Little dreamt of by you or me.

CAROLINE A BOWLES
(Mrs. Southey).

THE BROKEN HEART.

NOW lock my chamber door, father,
And say you left me sleeping,
But never tell my stepmother
Of all this bitter weeping.
No earthly sleep can ease my smart,
Or even a while reprieve it,
For there's a pang at my young heart
That nevermore can leave it!

Oh, let me lie and weep my fill
O'er wounds that heal can never;
And, O kind Heaven! were it thy will
To close these eyes for ever!
For how can maid's affections dear
Recall her love unshaken?
Or how can heart of maiden bear
To know that heart forsaken?

Oh, why should vows so fondly made
Be broken ere the morrow
To one who loved as never maid
Loved in this world of sorrow?
The look of scorn I cannot brave,
Nor pity's eye more dreary;
A quiet sleep within the grave
Is all for which I weary.

Farewell, dear Yarrow's mountains green,
And banks of broom so yellow;
Too happy has this bosom been
Within your arbors mellow.
That happiness is fled for aye,
And all is dark desponding
Save in the opening gates of day
And the dear home beyond them.

JAMES HOGG.

THE AGES.

HOW swiftly pass a thousand years!
And, lo! they all have flowed away,
And o'er the hardening earth appears
Green pasture mixed with rocks of gray;
And there huge monsters roll and feed,
Each frame a mass of sullen life;
Through slimy wastes and woods of reed
They crawl and tramp and blend in strife.

How swiftly pass a thousand years!
And o'er the wide and grassy plain

A human form the prospect cheers,
The new-sprung lord of earth's domain.
Half clad in skins, he builds the cell
Where wife and child create a home;
To heaven he feels his spirit swell,
And owns a might beyond the dome.

How swiftly pass a thousand years!
And, lo! a city and a realm;
Its weighty pile a temple rears,
And walls are bright with sword and helm.
Each man is lost amid a crowd;
Each power unknown now bears a name;
And laws and feasts and songs are loud,
And myriads hail their monarch's fame.

How swiftly pass a thousand years!
And now beside the rolling sea,
Where many a sailor nimbly steers,
The ready tribes are bold and free.
The graceful shrine adorns the hill;
The square of council spreads below;
Their theatres a people fill,
And list to thought's impassioned flow.

How swiftly pass a thousand years!
We live amid a sterner land,
Where laws ordained by ancient seers
Have trained the soul to self-command.
The pride and policy and war
With haughty fronts are gazing slow,
And bound at their trumphal car
O'ermastered kings to darkness go.

How swiftly pass a thousand years!
And chivalry and faith are strong,
And through devotion's humble tears
Is seen high help for earthly wrong:
Fair gleams the cross with mystic light
Beneath an arch of woven gloom—
The burgher's pledge of civil right,
The sign that marks the monarch's tomb.

How swift the years! how great the chain
That drags along our slight to-day!
Before that sound returns again
The present will have streamed away;
And all our world of busy strength
Will dwell in calmer halls of time,
And then with joy will own at length
Its course is fixed, its end sublime.

JOHN STIRLING.

THE BANDIT'S BURIAL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

SIX men through the forest-lair,
In weariness and fear,
A corpse upon their shoulders bear,
Stretched on a bloody bier;
Six dark men with raven hair,
Attired in iron mail,
Their gory load in silence bear
Athwart the pine-clad vale.

Two muskets form the litter,
Their barrels long, I ween;
Athwart the muskets glitter
Two swords of metal keen:
The steel that once in glory
He wielded is his bed;
Unutterably gory
Hangs back his drooping head.

Ruddy o'er the last pale sleep
Gapeth the ghastly wound,
Marking where the bullet deep
Its deadly rest has found;
The mountain-wind has bound them,
The red drops from his hair,

And in crimson wreaths has wound them,
Round neck and forehead bare.

Eyes are sealed in red eclipse;
Livid the dark-brown cheek;
Bitterly the hard-closed lips
Of scorn and hatred speak;
The sword in battle ever
His hand was wont to grasp
The living cannot sever
From out the stiffened clasp.

In traitor's blood it wallowed,
The weapon of his heart;
In his wake it ever followed,
Of the warrior a part;
The blood its brightness dimming
In cataract of red
Was like thick teardrops swimming
O'er ashes of the dead.

Within the left hand's hollow sunk,
The girdle-scarf is fast,
What time the stiffening fibres shrunk
In agony at last;
The rended collar widely
From neck and breast is flung;
The sharp stiletto idly
From belted sash is swung.

So the gladiator lieth
In the shadow of the pines;
So the gladiator hieth
Through the gloomy Apennines.
Where the forest depths are deepest,
Afar from human ken,
Where the rocky paths are steepest,
The leader halts his men.

The bier clashed as the bearers stooped
To lower down the brave,
And with their swords his comrades scooped
Their brother's mountain-grave.
Nor shroud nor coffin bound him:
Unshackled he was laid,
With Mother Earth around him,
In blood and steel arrayed.

The burial rites are ended;
Bleak lies the lonely grave;
In silence deep descended
The handful of the brave.
They load their weapons deftly;
There sounds a bugle shrill;
Then through the shadows swiftly
They glide, and all is still—
All is still.

Translation of HENRY INGLIS.

LIFE'S EVENING.

THE world to me is growing gray and old,
My friends are dropping one by one away;
Some live in far-off lands, some in the clay
Rest quietly, their mortal moments told.
My sire departed ere his locks were gray;
My mother wept, and soon beside him lay;
My elder kin have long since gone, and I
Am left, a leaf upon an autumn tree,
Among whose branches chilling breezes steal,
The sure precursors of the winter nigh;
And when my offspring at our altar kneel
To worship God and sing our morning psalm,
Their rising stature whispers unto me
My life is gently waning to its evening calm.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

PHEBE.

MY time, O ye Muses, was happily spent
When Phebe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast;
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest.
But now she is gone and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the spring; but, alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play or to lie down and sleep,
I was so good-humored, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day;
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy, as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drowned,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou knowest, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear;
But now she is absent I walk by its side,
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide.
Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And Phebe and I were as joyful as they;
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When spring, love and beauty were all in their prime!
But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass;
"Be still," then I cry, "for it makes me quite mad
To see you so merry, while I am so sad."

My dog I was ever well pleasèd to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me,
And Phebe was pleased too, and to my dog said,
"Come hither, poor fellow!" and patted his head;
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry "Sirrah!" and give him a blow with my crook;
And I'll give him another, for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master when Phebe's away?

When walking with Phebe, what sights have I seen!
How fair was the flower how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and everything, made!
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'Twas naught but the magic, I find, of her eyes
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through—
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whispered, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet;
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave everything else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies—why do they not smile?
Ah, rivals! I see what it was that you drest
And made yourselves fine for: a place in her breast;
You put on your colors to pleasure her eye,
To be plucked by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps till my Phebe return!
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn;
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes; bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.—
Ah, Colin! old Time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain
Or cure my disquiet or soften my pain?—
To be cured, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love?—
No, deity; bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair.
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your fair.

JOHN BYROM.

YOUTH.

YOUTH is the gay and pleasant spring of life,
When joy is stirring in the dancing blood
And Nature calls us with a thousand songs
To share her general feast.

JOSEPH RIDGWAY.

INTROSPECTION.

HAVE you sent her back her letters? have you given her back her ring?
Have you tried to forget the haunting songs that you loved to hear her sing?
Have you cursed the day you met her first, thanked God that you were free,
And said in your inmost heart, as you thought, "She never was dear to me"?

You have cast her off; your pride is touched; you fancy that all is done—
That for you the world is bright again and bravely shines the sun;
You have washed your hands of passion; you have whistled her down the wind.
Oh, Tom, old friend, this goes before: the sharpest comes behind.

Yes, the sharpest is yet to come, for love is a plant that never dies;
Its roots are deep as the earth itself, its branches wide as the skies;
And whenever once it has taken hold, it flourishes evermore,
Bearing a fruit that is fair outside, but bitter ashes at core.

You will learn this, Tom, hereafter; when anger has cooled, and you
Have time for introspection, you will find my words are true.
You will sit and gaze in your fire alone and fancy that you can see
Her face with its classic oval, her ringlets fluttering free,
Her soft blue eyes wide opened, her sweet red lips apart,
As she used to look in the golden days when you fancied she had a heart:
Whatever you do, wherever you turn, you will see that glorious face
Coming with shadowy beauty to haunt all time and space;
Those songs you wrote for her singing will sing themselves into your brain
Till your life seems set to their rhythm and your thoughts to their refrain—
Their old, old burden of love and grief, the passion you have forsworn:
I tell you, Tom, it is not thrown off so well as you think this morn.

But the worst—perhaps the worst of all—will be when the day has flown,
When darkness favors reflection and your comrades leave you alone;
You will try to sleep, but the memories of unforgotten years
Will come with a storm of wild regret—mayhap with a storm of tears;
Each look, each word, each playful tone, each timid little caress,
The golden gleam of her ringlets, the rustling of her dress,

The delicate touch of her ungloved hand,
that woke such an exquisite thrill,
The flowers she gave you the night of the
ball: I think you treasure them still,—
All these will come till you slumber, worn
out by sheer despair,
And then you will hear vague echoes of song
on the darkened air—
Vague echoes, rising and falling, of the voice
you know so well,
Like the songs that were sung by the Lurlei
maids, sweet with a deadly spell.

In dreams her heart will ever again be yours,
and you will see
Fair glimpses of what might have been—
what now can never be;
And as she comes to meet you, with a sud-
den wild unrest
You will stretch your arms forth lovingly to
fold her to your breast;
But the Lurlei song will fade and die, and
with its fading tone
You will wake to find you clasp the thin and
empty air alone,
While the fire-bells' clanging dissonance, on
the gusty night-wind borne,
Will seem an iron-tongued demon's voice
laughing your grief to scorn.
Oh, Tom, you say it is over—you talk of
letters and rings:
Do you think that Love's mighty spirit, then,
is held by such trifling things?
No! If you once have truly loved, you will
still love on, I know,
Till the churchyard myrtles blossom above
and you lie mute below.

How is it, I wonder, hereafter? Faith
teaches us little, here,
Of the ones we have loved and lost on earth.
Do you think they will still be dear?
Shall we live the lives we might have led?
Will those who are severed now
Remember the pledge of a lower sphere and
renew the broken vow?
It almost drives me wild to think of the
gifts we throw away,
Unthinking whether or no we lose life's
honey and wine for aye.
But then, again, 'tis a mighty joy—greater
than I can tell—
To trust that the parted may some time meet,
that all may again be well.
However it be, I hold that all the evil we
know on earth
Finds in this violence done to love its true
and legitimate birth,
And the agonies we suffer when the heart is
left alone
For every sin of humanity should fully and
well atone.

I see that you marvel greatly, Tom, to hear
such words from me;
But if you knew my inmost heart, 'twould
be no mystery.
Experience is bitter, but its teachings we
retain;
It has taught me this: who once has loved
loves never on earth again.
And I too have my closet with a ghastly
form inside
The skeleton of a perished love, killed by a
cruel pride;
I sit by the fire at evening—as you will some
time sit—
And watch in the roseate half light the
ghosts of happiness flit;

I too awaken at midnight and stretch my arms to enfold
A vague and shadowy image with tresses of brown and gold.
Experience is bitter indeed; I have learned at a heavy cost
The secret of love's persistency: I too have loved and lost.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

STAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake:
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride
And my brave father's hope and joy,
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought:
She could not bear to see my joy,
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud:
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd:
My mother answered with her tears.
"Why are you crying thus," said I,
"While others laugh and shout with joy?"
She kiss'd me and—with such a sigh!—
She called me her poor orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I cried
As in her face I looked and smiled;
My mother through her tears replied,
"You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!"
And now they've tolled my mother's knell,
And I'm no more a parent's joy:
Oh, lady, I have learned too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy.

Oh, were I by your bounty fed!
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread:
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep. Ah! this to me?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents—look and see
Your happy, happy orphan boy!

AMELIA OPIE.

SPRING.

WRITTEN WHILE A PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

THE Time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind and rain and icy chill,
And dons a rich embroidery
Of sunlight poured on lake and hill.

No beast or bird in earth or sky
Whose voice doth not with gladness thrill,
For time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind and rain and icy chill.

River and fountain, brook and rill,
Bespangled o'er with livery gay
Of silver droplets, wind their way.
All in their new apparel vie,
For time hath laid his mantle by.

CHARLES OF ORLEANS.

MUSÆUS.

MUSÆUS is the name of an ancient Greek poet and priest of Ceres. He is said to have been the pupil of Orpheus, and to have flourished about 1180 B. C. Julius Scaliger and others attribute to him the poem of "Hero and Leander," but this idea is not favorably received by scholars generally. That poem, it is claimed, was written by another Greek poet of the same name who is said to have lived about the fifth century. The following is a selection from the poem.

HERO.

FROM THE GREEK OF MUSÆUS.

The graceful virgin, of a noble strain,
As priestess ministered in Venus' fane;
From wedlock strange, within a sea-beat tower,
Far from her parents, in her bashful flower,
She chastely dwelt, herself so lovely seen,
Another Venus and a heavenly queen.
But mixed not with the blithe-assembling fair,
Nor 'midst the youthful dancers skimmed in air,
She shunned the curious glance of female eyes,
And women's beauty-kindled jealousies,
Still to propitiate Venus fondly strove,
And soothed with frankincense the power of Love.
She feared his quivered flames, his mother's arts,
Yet could not so escape his fiery darts.
Now Hero walked the fane with virgin grace,
A shining beauty lightening from her face.
As white the moon emerges to the view
With her clear visage of transparent hue,
Such Hero's cheek, but on those cheeks of snow
Were two vermilion circles seen to glow:
The scarlet and the milky rose appeared
As from the velvet sheath their buds they reared,
And he that looked on Hero's limbs had said
That meads of roses there their colors spread.
Soft blushed her tinted limbs; her ankles glowed
With roses as the robe's white drapery flowed,
Light-wafted with her step; soft Graces skim
Round all her form and float from every limb;
Three Graces live in legendary lies:
A thousand spring from Hero's laughing eyes.
Duly to her fair Venus' priesthood fell
Whose charms could thus her charming sex excel;
She wore the priestess' lowly garb in vain
Who was herself the Venus of the fane.
Each youth of tender soul infected sighed,
Nor one but wished to clasp her for his bride;
As o'er the temple's marble floor she moved,
Men's eyes, hearts, souls, with all her motions roved.

ROMAN SHEPHERD.

THE shepherds of the Abruzzi have long formed a small but very distinct class that may almost be considered in the light of a caste among the people of the Italian peninsula. In generations not long ago they very frequently combined with the vocation of shepherds the less peaceful but more remunerative profession of brigandage, and many a romance has been woven, in fiction and in reality, wherein these bucolic knights of the road have figured.

ROMAN SHEPHERD.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY FREDERIC DÜRCK.

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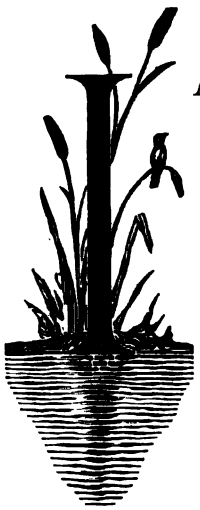

THE OLD APPLE TREE.

I AM thinking of the homestead
With its low and sloping roof,
And the maple boughs that shadowed it
With a green and leafy woof;
I am thinking of the lilac trees
That shook their purple plumes,
And when the sash was open
Shed fragrance through the rooms.

I am thinking of the rivulet
With its cool and silvery flow,
Of the old gray rock that shadowed it,
And the peppermint below.
I am not sad nor sorrowful,
But memories will come;
So leave me to my solitude,
And let me think of home.

There was not around my birthplace
A thicket or a flower
But childish game or friendly face
Has given it a power
To haunt me in my after-life
And be with me again,
A sweet and pleasant memory
Of mingled joy and pain.

But the old and knotted apple tree
That stood beneath the hill—
My heart can never turn to it
But with a pleasant thrill.

Oh what a dreamy life I led
Beneath its old green shade,
Where the daisies and the buttercups
A pleasant carpet made!

'Twas a rough old tree in spring-time,
When with a blustering sound
The wind came hoarsely sweeping
Along the frosty ground;
But when there rose a rivalry
'Tween clouds and pleasant weather,
Till the sunshine and the raindrops
Came laughing down together,

That patriarch old apple tree
Enjoyed the lovely strife:
The sap sprang lightly through its veins
And circled into life;
A cloud of pale and tender buds
Burst o'er each rugged bough,
And amid the starting verdure
The robins made their vow.

That tree was very beautiful
When all its leaves were green
And rosy buds lay opening
Amid their tender sheen—
When the bright translucent dewdrops
Shed blossoms as they fell,
And melted in their fragrance
Like music in a shell.

It was greenest in the summer-time,
When cheerful sunlight wove
Amid its thrifty leafiness
A warm and glowing love—

When swelling fruit blushed ruddily
To summer's balmy breath,
And the laden boughs drooped heavily
To the greensward underneath.

'Twas brightest in a rainy day,
When all the purple west
Was piled with fleecy storm-clouds
That never seemed at rest—
When a cool and lulling melody
Fell from the dripping eaves,
And soft, warm drops came pattering
Upon the restless leaves.

But oh, the scene was glorious
When clouds were lightly riven,
And there, above my valley-home,
Came out the bow of heaven,
And in its fitful brilliancy
Hung quivering on high
Like a jewelled arch of paradise
Reflected through the sky.

I am thinking of the footpath
My constant visits made
Between the dear old homestead
And that leafy apple shade,
Where the flow of distant waters
Came with a tinkling sound,
Like the revels of a fairy-band
Beneath the fragrant ground.

I haunted it at eventide,
And dreamily would lie
And watch the crimson twilight
Come stealing o'er the sky;
'Twas sweet to see its dying gold
Wake up the dusky leaves,
To hear the swallows twittering
Beneath the distant eaves.

I have listened to the music—
A low, sweet minstrelsy—
Breathed by a lonely night-bird
That haunted that old tree,
Till my heart has swelled with feelings
For which it had no name—
A yearning love of poesy,
A thirsting after fame.

I have gazed up through the foliage
With dim and tearful eyes,
And with a holy reverence
Dwelt on the changing skies,
Till the burning stars were peopled
With forms of spirit-birth,
And I've almost heard their harp-strings
Reverberate on earth.

ANN S. STEPHENS.

ISAAC ASHFORD.

A NOBLE peasant, Isaac Ashford, died:
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene;
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed;
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth—simple truth—was written in his face;
Yet, while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed and gentleness he loved;
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest had the fondest mind.

Were others joyful, he looked smiling on
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;

A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed
(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind
To miss one favor which their neighbor's find);
Yet far was he from stoic-pride removed;
He felt humanely and he warmly loved.
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbor for offence was tried;
The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.

If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride
Who in their base contempt the great deride,
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior and his equals few:
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace—
A pride in honest fame by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labors trained;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied;
In fact, a noble passion misnamed pride.

GEORGE CRABBE.

THE LOVE-PLEDGE.

WHAT beauty lives
In the pure sentiment from lips beloved!
What trifles make love's wealth! A faded flower,
A tress of hair, a seal, a common book
With the dear name inscribed, or, holier yet,
A ring, the constant heart's prophetic pledge,—
How sacredly such treasures are preserved,
How highly prized! The miser o'er his gold,
Adding fresh gains to swell the hoarded heap
And counting for the thousandth time the sum,
Feels not the rapture of enduring wealth
Which the true lover knows when he regards
With trusting faith the simplest pledge that speaks
Of mutual love.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

UP! QUIT THY BOWER.

UP! quit thy bower! Late wears the hour;
Long have the rooks cawed round the tower;
O'er flower and tree loud hums the bee,
And the wild kid sports merrily.
The sun is bright, the sky is clear;
Wake, lady, wake, and hasten here.

Up, maiden fair, and bind thy hair,
And rouse thee in the breezy air:
The lulling stream that soothed thy dream
Is dancing in the sunny beam.
Waste not these hours so fresh, so gay;
Leave thy soft couch and haste away.

Up! Time will tell the morning-bell
Its service-sound has chimèd well;
The aged crone keeps house alone,
The reapers to the fields are gone.
Lose not these hours so cool, so gay;
Lo! while thou sleepest they haste away.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

ISMAIL PACHA.

FROM "A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER IN EGYPT."

SAÏD PACHA assumed the viceroyalty of Egypt amid the rejoicings of his people. They had been crushed under the cruel and imbecile Abbas Pacha, his nephew. Saïd was in the vigor of manhood and full of confidence. He projected many grand schemes, but few of which were consummated during his reign of ten years. He died friendless and insolvent. Though vastly superior to his predecessor in personal qualities, still his government was a failure and bankrupted the country. Sanguine of something better, the Egyptian people welcomed Ismail Pacha to the viceregal throne with rejoicings greater than had welcomed any previous ruler. They knew that he had been schooled under the best instructors of the day, that he was a planter and merchant-prince and one of the most accomplished Egyptians who had ever been called to rule over them. They were aware that while those nearest the throne were toying away their time in the salons of Paris, or hunting the gazelle upon the deserts of Africa, he was a tiller of the soil, who, avoiding the fascinations and extravagances of the court of Saïd, had devoted himself to cultivating cotton and cane. Spending his surplus money while a prince in beautifying Egypt with costly buildings and palaces, for which he had always a weakness, he gave early promise of beneficence and progress. The people, seeing for the first time a man of sense and a successful working prince at the head of their government, seemed to have great reason for cordially welcoming the new ruler.

Ismail ascended the throne during the time of the civil war in America, and, early perceiving from the vast proportions of the struggle that cotton-growing, in which he was so successful, would receive a severe check in the United States, turned his energies and great capital to its more extensive culture. From this and the cultivation of cane he added enormously to his already colossal fortune. Saïd having already pledged Egypt to the cutting of the Suez Canal, it remained for Ismail to redeem the pledge.

A brief historical sketch of this great work is in place here. Necho, that wise old Pharaoh who lived six hundred years before the Christian era, connected the Bitter Lakes and Lake Timsah, on the Isthmus of Suez, midway between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, by a canal with the Nile. Similar canals existed from a very early period contiguous to it and running through what is now called the Land of Goshen. By some convulsion of nature, or possibly the neglect of the government, these works entirely disappeared, the lakes dried up, the Land of Goshen became an arid waste, and much of it remains so to this day. During his reign Ismail constructed a broad, deep canal connecting the Suez Canal in a direct line from Ismailia with the Nile, and these barren

wastes are beginning to bloom with vegetation, while trade and travel begin again to make the land of the Israelites look as it did in the olden time. The Pharaoh of the day of which we speak was urged to connect the two seas, but, his country having been marvellously blessed for uncounted centuries with a dense and thriving population, he concluded that they could only lose by too daring attempts at progress. It was held, with some reason, that other nations would be inevitably precipitated upon the country in their anxiety for the commerce of the East, and that Egypt would be swallowed up in the whirlpool of ambitious competition. Policy at that time prevented the connection of the two seas. Two thousand years afterward history repeated itself. Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present dynasty, an untutored fisherman, but a man of extraordinary sense, was hurried by speculators and consuls-general for the concession of men and money to connect the seas. Unaware that a remote predecessor had decided against it, the new Pharaoh gave nearly the same reasons for steadily rejecting their overtures, incredulous of the great benefit to Egypt so generously promised. Many years elapsed, and Saïd, his son, became viceroy. When a prince he had been the friend of De Lesseps, and he now lent his ear to the able and wily Frenchman. Lesseps succeeded in despite of England, for England steadily opposed the project with all her influence. Time rolled on, money failed, and the great work was lingering when Ismail Pacha became khedive. Though he knew it would be fatal to the immediate interests of his country by taking the great Indian travel directly through the canal and making Egypt simply a toll-gate for that and its commerce, yet he believed that in the distant future it would not only add lustre to his name, but confer great benefits upon Egypt. The concession had been granted, and sooner or later the great work must be completed; therefore it was worse than folly to stop its progress, and through him, his money and his people the Suez Canal was opened to the nations of the world. The downfall of his great friend and supporter Napoleon III., and the ill-fortune of France in her war with Germany, left him to the crafty policy of England. The money-lenders of France, whose original enormous loans to Egypt had to be buoyed up to prevent a total collapse, saw bankruptcy staring them in the face, and prudently called upon England, whose people were equally interested in the bonds, to help them out of the difficulty. Waddington, having succeeded in his schemes for temporary security, was no doubt pleased to let England take the lion's share of influence and spoils without protest. Poor Egypt was the victim of wanton cupidity, and the khedive was forced to a compromise which included his own abdication. Bismarck's "kick at the dead lion" in this affair is, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary diplomatic freaks of the far-seeing chancellor.

The results but too plainly justify the wonderful prevision of the "grim old soldier" Mehemet Ali when pointing out to his successors their true policy. It would have been well had they been guided by him in this and in other vital matters, or at least have exacted some guarantee of the great powers for their security. That the work was inevitable there is no doubt. Ismail understood this, and, thinking that he had

gone far enough in engrafting modern ideas on his policy to ensure him against outrage, entered heartily into the scheme for the completion of the canal. Subsequent events handed him over, bound hand and foot, to the designing Western powers. The policy denounced by Mehemet Ali led to his ruin. It may suit the bondholders to say that Ismail clung to the principles of the founder of his dynasty, which worked well so long as there was a stern despot to apply them, that subsequently all had changed, and that Ismail had neither the ability nor the strength of character to carry out a policy suited to the requirements of the times. The fact is that Egypt ran the risk that is always incurred by a weaker power over whose inheritance two stronger powers are ready to come to blows. Ismail attempted the impossible task of modernizing everything in Egypt in thirteen years. In this endeavor the state revenues and his own private fortune became involved beyond hope. The Rothschilds now enjoy millions, the wreck of his estates, and Englishmen boast of the splendid investment Disraeli made in buying the Suez Canal bonds for which Egypt had given her security.

Ismail may well regret that his good sense was blinded by his ambition, and that he too, like Saïd Pacha, listened to the fatal eloquence of De Lesseps. The latter was only too willing, as president of the 1878 commission, to turn upon his victim after fattening on the spoils wrung from Ismail's credulity. Situated, as Egypt is, in the north-east angle of Africa, which may be said to divide Europe and Asia like a wedge, nothing can happen in either without being felt in Egypt. Though ever prominent as the highway to the East, this great route has become more so now that the whole of Europe's commerce with the Indies is carried on through the canal. The Arab prefers despotism at the hands of one of his own faith to a liberal government at the hands of the foreigner. Ismail understood this hatred of European interference, and invited Americans to assist him in organizing his army. Politically they represented nothing, and were acceptable to his people. He also appointed Arabs to high official position, and desired that the people should be heard through the Notables. This was a novelty. They had never before questioned their rulers, and nobody was anxious to "bell the cat." Before voting they inquired which way the government leaned, and then they all went in a body that way. Their recent outbreak did not arise from a wish to repudiate their enormous debt; they were willing that their laborious people and rich lands should pay it. But young and progressive Egypt had been elevated in the last decade and made to feel that, however just and honest their present khedive might be, still his government under the new arrangements made with the bondholders was entirely in the hands of those appointed to suit the interests of their European creditors. The instincts which Ismail had stimulated by his policy of respect for his people were offended by the submission of Tewfik to European dictation.

Ismail Pacha, who was the first to hold the title of "khedive," purchased the rank with a large sum from the sultan of Turkey.

It is well to state that the reflections on Ismail in his political and social relations, as well as the description of his personal appearance, were written when he was one of

the most notable men of his day and the writer was fresh from contact with him in the relations of a general of high rank to his commander-in-chief.

The khedive is past the meridian of life, under medium height, compactly built; dark-brown hair, swarthy complexion and keen black eyes, whose penetrating glances shoot from under half-closed lids. When in repose and his eye is partly shut, no man has a more sphinx-like expression; but the strongly-marked face conceals behind it constant thought and indicates that the cares of state weigh heavily upon him. Habitual slowness of speech gives him the air of great self-possession, and he impresses every one as a man of strong convictions. In his hours of ease his conversation is very agreeable. Speaking French slowly and deliberately, with a finely-modulated voice and a countenance lit up with the characteristic smile of his family, he gives one the impression that he would make a good boon-companion. His large family and the great numbers of people who have served under him bear willing testimony to his kindly heart. After his accession, when all the terrible punishments and confiscations of his predecessor had ceased, numerous instances of arbitrary and unjust outrage of which I was informed came to his knowledge, and his interference was immediate. The use of the *kourbash* without the authority of law was severely punished. He made earnest endeavors to abolish slavery in his dominions, and, notwithstanding statements to the contrary, he was anxious to do this in the harems themselves, where every woman is a slave. One of his means to that end was the education of women. If there was nothing else to be placed to his credit, he has erected for himself, in the education of women and in the abolition of slavery, a monument which will endure after all the errors of his administration have faded out of history.

The forcing of a Parliament upon an unwilling people who lived in a dreamy philosophy and preferred the iron hand of one man is another evidence of the enlightened humanity of Ismail. He was one of those who believed that no real advance can be made in the Arab race until the outcrop of Islam's wrongs is corrected, none of them being greater than the violation of nature in depriving woman of her legitimate sphere of action and influence.

In its interior economy the harem of the khedive and his numerous family and the harems of those among the higher dignitaries whose association they claim have in their approximation to Western custom undergone vast changes. The substitution of European dress for the Oriental may not be a gain in picturesqueness, but it is a long stride in the direction of adopting modern customs. The sitting on chairs and on the divan, which their new costume compels, is a great innovation upon the time-honored squat, though it is said, when the change took place, the ladies found it difficult to dispose of their tiny feet, it being convenient to place one on the chair and leave the other dangling. When crinoline was in fashion, this graceful position retained some of the quaint picturesqueness of their discarded habits.

Ladies of rank now sit at a modern table with knives and forks and eat like Europeans, instead of dipping the fingers into their dishes, as was the case a few years ago. Instead of lying on divans and sleeping on the floor,

putting everything into great leather bags and hiding these in closets, or stringing their fine dresses on cords hung across their chambers, modern inventions have been introduced; even trunks and bureaus are now in common use.

The ladies now ride out in carriages openly and with the thinnest possible veils. They are accompanied, as formerly, by their sable guardians, but the latter are now more for show than for use. While it is etiquette not to look at these ladies of the harem, they look at the stranger as though they courted the furtive glance of admiration. When it is said that a high princess walked unveiled at the springs near Cairo, we may easily believe that the Egyptian women are beginning to feel their freedom. It is not to be understood, however, that the women have generally favored this change from Oriental to European customs. Indeed, its most violent opponents have been found among them, and, so far from envying, they have always pitied their Western sisters.

But the elevation of woman by education has given many Egyptian ladies a proper idea of their dignity, and customs and superstitions which conflict with it are contemned by this new generation. Though the class is not numerous, still their influence is felt, and the close observer can see that the worst features of Mohammedanism are being seriously shaken. This fact was fully appreciated by Ismail, and it was his endeavor in the refinement of women to elevate the family, educate the sons by enlightened mothers, and prepare Egypt for a better future by a means which thus went to the very root of things.

GENERAL W. W. LORING.

HAVE PITY.

HAVE pity on the poor, good gentlefolks,
For they are cold and hungry. Starving pain
Is hard to bear, and oftentimes provokes
The deed of infamy and crime t'obtain
The bread that honest labor fails to earn.
Have pity on the poor, nor coldly turn
The ear away from their distressful sighs.
Spurn not too rudely e'en the beggar: he
Has fallen far, yet let his misery
Plead with your heart and dew your tender eyes.
Oh, pity him! Perchance 'twas strong temptation
That drew him to this fate; perchance 'twas grief
For loss of all. Deep is the desolation
Of an unfriendly heart. Vouchsafe him some relief.

Have pity on the poor—the hidden ones
Who shut their sorrows in their hearts, the worn
And weary man, the widow and her sons
And daughters fatherless, the overborne.
Have pity on the hapless slave of toil—
The patient, gentle, fragile sewing-girl
Whose thin and sunken cheek is pale as pearl,
Whose slender fingers constantly must moil
To wring from masters the small weekly dole
That barely binds the body and the soul.
And ye, fine ladies, beautiful and proud,
Whose delicate forms are clad in rich array,

Remember those whose sister-heads are bowed
With toil for you, endured by night and day.

Ye strutters in the gilded halls of fashion
Who idly brush the humble man aside,
Ye exquisites too dainty for compassion,
Ye pinching, hard, unfeeling sons of pride,
Ye who increase upon the poor man's labor,
Who reap the harvest ye have never sown,
Who eat the fruit that other men have grown,—
The Lord has said, "The wretched is your neighbor."
Your brother too. And in the Father's heart—
Who holds the world within his love, and gives
Its daily food to everything that lives—
Perchance he has a large and loving part.
Be kind and pitiful while yet ye may,
And sweep somewhat of human woe away.

The world is dark, and who for Jesus' sake
Do good to man are like the city lamps:
Their genial rays through yielding darkness break
And cheer the wanderer in the midnight damps.
They pale at breaking of the morn, but soon
The sun majestic shall arise and pour
A flood of radiance from the skies' mid-noon:
Their little lamps are needed then no more;
But, all enwrapt in heaven's own light and glory,
These sons of mercy hear the Saviour say,
"Ye did it to the suffering sons of clay,
And so 'twas done to me." The immortal story
O'er the wide plains of Paradise shall fly,
And crowds descend to welcome them on high.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

OH, LAY THY HAND IN MINE, DEAR!

OH, lay thy hand in mine, dear!
We're growing old,
But Time hath brought no sign, dear,
That hearts grow cold.
'Tis long, long since our new love
Made life divine,
But age enricheth true love,
Like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,
And take thy rest;
Mine arms around thee twine, dear,
And make thy nest.
A-many cares are pressing
On this dear head,
But Sorrow's hands in blessing
Are surely laid.

Oh, lean thy life on mine, dear!
'Twill shelter thee:
Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,
On my young tree,
And so, till boughs are leafless
And songbirds flown,
We'll twine, then lay us, griefless,
Together down.

GERALD MASSEY.

THEBÆUS COLUTHUS.

COLUTHUS has been usually considered as a native of Lycopolis, in Egypt, where the poem was discovered in the fifteenth century by Cardinal Bessarion, but the prefix of "Thebæus" would imply that he was born at Egyptian Thebes. He is supposed to have flourished under the emperor Anastasius, in the sixth century.

VENUS WINS THE APPLE.

From the Greek of Thebæus Coluthus.

So Discord ranged, with sharpest envy gored,
And mused how best to mar the social board.
Now with deep stratagem within her wrought:
Her brooding memory on those apples rolled
That in Hesperia's gardens bloomed with gold.
She plucked a branch, the harbinger of woe;
Saw troubles from the burnished apple grow;
Sowed wars and tumults with her tossing hand,
And cast the fruit amid the festive band.
Quick rose the goddesses. The wife of Jove,
Proud-glorying in the Thunderer's wedded love,
Stood in mute rapture gazing on the spray,
And stooped to snatch the fruit, and bear away;
Venus opposed, as fairest-born of all,
And for her Cupids claimed the bloomy ball.
Jove saw the wrestling goddesses, and cried
To youthful Hermes, beckoned to his side:
"Son, hast thou heard of Paris—him who tends
His flock where Xanthus' winding current bends
At Ida's foot, fair, ruddy to behold?
Go place within his hands the fruit of gold;
Let him decide what goddess fairest shows
In her round visage and her meeting brows,
And her adjudged most famed in charm of face—
Her let the golden fruit of preference grace."
He spoke, and Hermes hastened to obey,
Ushered the goddesses and led the way.
Each, as she went, improved her charming air
And strove to look more elegantly fair.
Venus with artful grace in many a fold
Her veil's light drapery to the gales unrolled;
With bodkin scented from her fragrant hair
She wound her tresses, parted here and there;
Braids of thin gold her locks entwisted bind,
And each crisped ringlet is with gold entwined.
Then, looking on her Loves, "Come, children dear!
Embrace your nurse: the contest now is near.
This day my forehead's beauty must decide;
By my fair looks are my pretensions tried.
Oh how I tremble lest the apple be
Given by the shepherd's hand, and not to me!
Juno the Graces nursed, immortals say,
Second in empire, proud in sceptred sway;
Minerva queen of wars immortals call,
And I alone am helpless 'midst them all.
No regal sway is mine, no sword or spear;
But why thus sink in fond excess of fear?
Keen as the rapid spear my cestus darts
A honeyed poison into human hearts:
The Loves within its fettering fold are bound;
There lurks a sting within its silken round;
My cestus is my weapon and my bow,
And women well my goading frenzy know—
Oft die away in languishings of pain,
And oft from sweetest death revive again.
I know not war: has Venus need of arms?
No! Women's weapons are their dazzling charms."

THE YOUNG GRAY HEAD.

GRIEF hath been known to turn the young head gray—
To silver over in a single day
The bright locks of the beautiful, their prime
Scarcely o'erpast, as in the fearful time
Of Gallia's madness that discrownèd head
Serene that on the accursed altar bled
Miscalled of Liberty. O martyred queen!
What must the sufferings of that night have been—
That one—that sprinkled thy fair tresses o'er
With Time's untimely snow! But, now no more,
Lovely, august, unhappy one, of thee
I have to tell an humbler history—
A village tale, whose only charm, in sooth,
If any, will be sad and simple truth.

"Mother," quoth Ambrose to his thrifty dame—
So oft our peasant's use his wife to name,
"Father" and "Master" to himself applied,
As life's grave duties matronize the bride—
"Mother," quoth Ambrose as he faced the north,
With hard-set teeth, before he issued forth
To his day labor from the cottage door,
"I'm thinking that to-night, if not before,
There'll be wild work. Dost hear old Chewton roar?
It's brewing up down westward; and look there:
One of those sea-gulls. Ay, there goes a pair.
And such a sudden thaw! If rain comes on,
As threats, the waters will be out anon.
That path by the ford's a nasty bit of way:
Best let the young ones bide from school to-day."

"Do, mother, do!" the quick-eared urchins cried—
Two little lasses to the father's side
Close clinging—as they looked from him to spy
The answering language of the mother's eye.
There was denial, and she shook her head.
"Nay, nay! no harm will come to them," she said;
"The mistress lets them off these short dark days
An hour the earlier, and our Liz, she says,
May quite be trusted—and I know 'tis true—
To take care of herself and Jenny too.
And so she ought—she, seven come first of May—
Two years the oldest; and they give away
The Christmas bounty at the school to-day."

The mother's will was law (alas for her
That hapless day, poor soul!). She could not err,
Thought Ambrose; and his little fair-haired Jane—
Her namesake—to his heart he hugged again

When each had had her turn, she clinging so
As if that day she could not let him go.
But Labor's sons must snatch a hasty bliss
In Nature's tend'rest mood. One last fond kiss,
"God bless my little maids!" the father said,
And cheerily went his way to win their bread.
Then might be seen, the playmate-parent gone,
What looks demure the sister-pair put on—
Not of the mother as afraid or shy,
Or questioning the love that could deny,
But simply, as their simple training taught,
In quiet, plain straightforwardness of thought,
Submissively resigned the hope of play
Toward the serious business of the day.

To me there's something touching, I confess,
In the grave look of early thoughtfulness
Seen often in some little childish face
Among the poor. Not that wherein we trace—
Shame to our land, our rulers and our race!—
The unnatural sufferings of the factory-child,
But a staid quietness, reflective, mild,
Betokening in the depths of those young eyes
Sense of life's cares without its miseries.

So to the mother's charge, with thoughtful brow,
The docile Lizzy stood attentive now,
Proud of her years and of imputed sense,
And prudence justifying confidence;
And little Jenny more demurely still
Beside her waited the maternal will.
So standing hand in hand, a lovelier twain
Gainsb'rough ne'er painted; no, nor he of Spain—
Glorious Murillo—and by contrast shown
More beautiful, the younger little one,
With large blue eyes and silken ringlets fair,
By nut-brown Lizzy, with smooth-parted hair
Sable and glossy as the raven's wing,
And lustrous eyes as dark.

"Now, mind and bring
Jenny safe home," the mother said; "don't stay
To pull a bough or berry by the way.
And when you come to cross the ford, hold fast
Your little sister's hand till you're quite past:
That plank's so crazy; and so slippery,
If not o'erflowed, the stepping-stones will be.
But you're good children—steady as old folk;
I'd trust ye anywhere." Then Lizzy's cloak,
A good gray duffle, lovingly she tied,
And amply little Jenny's lack supplied
With her own warmest shawl. "Be sure," said she,
"To wrap it round and knot it carefully—
Like this—when you come home, just leaving free
One hand to hold by. Now, make haste away:
Good will to school, and then good right to play."

Was there no sinking at the mother's heart
When, all-equipt, they turned them to depart?

When down the lane she watched them as they went
Till out of sight, was no forefeeling sent
Of coming ill? In truth, I cannot tell:
Such warnings have been sent, we know full well,
And must believe, believing that they are
In mercy, then, to rouse, restrain, prepare.

And, now I mind me, something of the kind
Did surely haunt that day the mother's mind,
Making it irksome to bide all alone
By her own quiet hearth. Though never known
For idle gossipry was Jenny Gray,
Yet so it was that morn she could not stay
At home with her own thoughts, but took her way
To her next neighbor's half a loaf to borrow,
Yet might her store have lasted out the morrow;
And, with the loan obtained, she lingered still.
Said she: "My master, if he'd had his will,
Would have kept back our little ones from school
This dreadful morning, and I'm such a fool,
Since they've been gone, I've wished them back. But then
It won't do in such things to humor men—
Our Ambrose especially. If let alone,
He'd spoil those wenches. But it's coming on,
That storm he said was brewing, sure enough.
Well, what of that? To think what idle stuff
Will come into one's head! And here with you
I stop as if I'd nothing else to do,
And they'll come home drowned rats. I must be gone
To get dry things and set the kettle on."

His day's work done, three mortal miles and more
Lay between Ambrose and his cottage-door,
A weary way, God wot, for weary wight!
But yet far off the curling smoke's in sight,
From his own chimney, and his heart feels light.
How pleasantly the humble homestead stood
Down the green lane by sheltering Shirley Wood!
How sweet the wafting of the evening breeze
In springtime from his two old cherry trees
Sheeted with blossom! And in hot July,
From the brown moor-track, shadowless and dry,
How grateful the cool covert to regain
Of his own avenue—that shady lane,
With the white cottage, in a slanting glow
Of sunset glory, gleaming bright below,
And jasmine porch, his rustic portico!

With what a thankful gladness in his face
Silent heart-homage, plant of special grace—
At the lane's entrance slackening oft his pace,
Would Ambrose send a loving look before,
Conceiting the caged blackbird at the door,
The very blackbird, strained its little throat
In welcome with a more rejoicing note!
And honest Tinker, dog of doubtful breed,
All bristle, back and tail, but "good at need"—
Pleasant his greeting to the accustomed ear;
But of all welcomes pleasantest, most dear,
The ringing voices, like sweet silver bells,
Of his two little ones. How fondly swells

The father's heart as, dancing up the lane,
Each clasps a hand in her small hand again!
And each must tell her tale and "say her say,"
Impeding, as she leads, with sweet delay—
Childhood's blest thoughtlessness—his onward way.

And when the winter day closed in so fast,
Scarce for his task would dreary daylight last;
And in all weathers—driving sleet and snow—
Home by that bare, bleak moor-track must he go,
Darkling and lonely. Oh, the blessed sight—
His pole-star—of that little twinkling light
From one small window, through the leafless trees
Glimmering so fitfully no eye but his
Had spied it so far off. And sure was he,
Entering the lane, a steadier beam to see,
Ruddy and broad as peat-fed hearth could pour,
Streaming to meet him from the open door.
Then, though the blackbird's welcome was unheard—
Silenced by winter—note of summer bird
Still hailed him, from no mortal fowl alive,
But from the cuckoo-clock just striking five.
And Tinker's ear and Tinker's nose were keen:
Off started he, and then a form was seen
Darkening the doorway, and a smaller sprite,
And then another, peered into the night,
Ready to follow free on Tinker's track
But for the mother's hand that held her back;
And yet a moment, a few steps, and there,
Pulled o'er the threshold by that eager pair,
He sits by his own hearth in his own chair.
Tinker takes post beside with eyes that say,
"Master, we've done our business for the day."
The kettle sings, the cat in chorus purrs,
The busy housewife with her tea-things stirs;
The door's made fast, the old stuff curtain drawn.
How the hail clatters! Let it clatter on.
How the wind raves and rattles! What cares he,
Safe-housed and warm beneath his own roof-tree,
With a wee lassie prattling on each knee?

Such was the hour—hour sacred and apart—
Warmed in expectancy the poor man's heart.
Summer and winter, as his toil he plied,
To him and his the literal doom applied,
Pronounced on Adam. But the bread was sweet
So earned for such dear mouths. The weary feet,
Hope-shod, stept lightly on the homeward way.
So specially it fared with Ambrose Gray
That time I tell of. He had worked all day
At a great clearing, vig'rous stroke on stroke
Striking, till, when he stopt, his back seemed broke
And the strong arm dropt nerveless. What of that?
There was a treasure hidden in his hat—
A plaything for the young ones. He had found
A dormouse nest, the living ball coiled round
For his long winter sleep; and all his thought,
As he trudged stoutly homeward, was of naught

But the glad wonderment in Jenny's eyes,
And graver Lizzy's quieter surprise,
When he should yield, by guess and kiss and prayer
Hard won, the frozen captive to their care.

'Twas a wild evening—wild and rough. "I knew,"
Thought Ambrose, "those unlucky gulls spoke true,
And Gaffer Chewton never growls for naught.
I should be mortal 'mazed now if I thought
My little maids were not safe housed before
That blinding hail-storm—ay, this hour and more—
Unless, by that old crazy bit of board,
They've not passed dry-foot over Shallow-ford;
That I'll be found for, swollen as it must be.
Well, if my mistress had been ruled by me—"
But, checking the half thought as heresy,
He looked out for the home-star. There it shone,
And with a gladdened heart he hastened on.

He's in the lane again, and there below
Streams from the open doorway that red glow
Which warms him but to look at. For his prize
Cautious he feels: all safe and snug it lies.
"Down, Tinker! Down, old boy! Not quite so free:
The thing thou sniffest is no game for thee.
But what's the meaning? No lookout to-night?
No living soul astir? Pray God all's right.
Who's flittering round the peat-stack in such weather?
Mother!" You might have felled him with a feather
When the short answer to his loud "Hillo!"
And hurried question, "Are they come?" was "No."

To throw his tools down, hastily unhook
The old cracked lantern from its dusty nook,
And while he lit it speak a cheering word
That almost choked him and was scarcely heard,
Was but a moment's act, and he was gone
To where a fearful foresight led him on.
Passing a neighbor's cottage in his way—
Mark Fenton's—him he took with short delay
To bear him company; for who could say
What need might be? They struck into the track
The children should have taken coming back
From school that day, and many a call and shout
Into the pitchy darkness they sent out,
And by the lantern-light peered all about,
In every roadside thicket, hole and nook,
Till suddenly, as nearing now the brook,
Something brushed past them. That was Tinker's bark:
Unheeded he had followed in the dark,
Close at his master's heels, but swift as light
Darted before them now. "Be sure he's right—
He's on the track," cried Ambrose. "Hold the light
Low down; he's making for the water. Hark!
I know that whine: the old dog's found them, Mark."

So speaking, breathlessly he hurried on
Toward the old crazy foot-bridge. It was gone!
And all his dull contracted light could show
Was the black void and dark swollen stream below.
"Yet there's life somewhere, more than Tinker's whine,
That's sure," said Mark. "So let the lantern shine
Down yonder. There's the dog. And hark!"
"Oh dear!"
And a low sob came faintly on the ear,
Mocked by the sobbing gust. Down, quick as thought,
Into the stream leapt Ambrose, where he caught
Fast hold of something—a dark huddled heap
Half in the water where 'twas scarce knee-deep
For a tall man, and half above it, propped
By some old ragged side-piles that had stopt
Endways the broken plank when it gave way
With the two little ones that luckless day.
"My babes! my lambkins!" was the father's cry.
One little voice made answer: "Here am I."
'Twas Lizzy's. There she crouched with face as white,
More ghastly by the flickering lantern-light
Than sheeted corpse, the pale blue lips, drawn tight,
Wide parted, showing all the pearly teeth,
And eyes on some dark object underneath,
Washed by the turbid water, fixed like stone,
One arm and hand stretched out and rigid grown,
Grasping as in the death-gripe Jenny's frock.
There she lay drowned. Could *he* sustain that shock,
The doting father? Where's the unriven rock
Can bide such blasting in its flintiest part
As that soft sentient thing the human heart?

They lifted her from out her wat'ry bed:
Its covering gone, the lovely little head
Hung like a broken snowdrop all aside,
And one small hand. The mother's shawl was tied,
Leaving that free, about the child's small form,
As was her last injunction—"*fast* and warm."
Too well obeyed—too fast, a fatal hold
Affording to the scrag by a thick fold
That caught and pinned her in the river's bed,
While through the reckless water overhead
Her life-breath bubbled up.
"She might have lived,
Struggling like Lizzy," was the thought that rived
The wretched mother's heart when she knew all,
"But for my foolishness about that shawl.
And master would have kept them back the day,
But I was wilful, driving them away
In such wild weather."
Thus the tortured heart
Unnaturally against itself takes part,
Driving the sharp edge deeper of a woe
Too deep already. They had raised her now,
And, parting the wet ringlets from her brow,
To that and the cold cheek, and lips as cold,
The father glued his warm ones ere they rolled

Once more the fatal shawl—her winding-sheet—
About the precious clay. One heart still beat,
Warmed by his heart's blood. To his only child
He turned him, but her piteous moaning mild
Pierced him afresh. And now she knew him not,
"Mother," she murmured, "who says I forgot?
Mother, indeed, indeed, I kept fast hold,
And tied the shawl quite close. She can't be cold,
But she won't move. We slipt—I don't know how—
But I held on. And I'm so weary now,
And it's so dark and cold! Oh dear! oh dear!
And she won't move. If daddy was but here!"
Poor lamb! she wandered in her mind, 'twas clear.
But soon the piteous murmur died away,
And quiet in her father's arms she lay:
They their dead burthen had resigned, to take
The living so near lost. For her dear sake,
And one at home, he armed himself to bear
His misery like a man. With tender care
Doffing his coat her shivering form to fold—
His neighbor bearing that which felt no cold—
He clasped her close; and so, with little said,
Homeward they bore the living and the dead.

From Ambrose Gray's poor cottage all that night
Shone fitfully a little shifting light,
Above, below; for all were watchers there
Save one sound sleeper. Her, parental care,
Parental watchfulness, availed not now,
But in the young survivor's throbbing brow
And wandering eyes delirious fever burned,
And all night long from side to side she turned,
Piteously plaining like a wounded dove,
With now and then the murmur, "She won't move."
And, lo! when morning, as in mockery, bright,
Shone on that pillow, passing strange the sight:
That young head's raven hair was streaked with white.
No idle fiction this. Such things have been,
We know; and now I tell what I have seen.

Life struggled long with death in that small frame,
But it was strong, and conquered. All became
As it had been with the poor family—
All saving that which nevermore might be:
There was an empty place—they were but three.

CAROLINE A. BOWLES (Mrs. Southey).

LIFE A DUTY.

I SLEPT, and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
Was thy dream, then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A truth and noonday light to thee.

ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER.

SAMSON.

From the Ancient Danish.

OUNG SAMSON at court in service stood,
And there he his king's fair daughter wooed:

"Oh, Kirstin, now listen, fair maid, to me,
And tell me, will you my true love be?"

"Dear Samson, thy bride I gladly were,
But thwart my father I do not dare."

The maid he wrapped in his mantle blue,
And up on his charger gently threw.

He held her fast on his gallant gray,
And off to his home with her rode his way.

His hat he joyfully waved on high:
"And now, then, king of the Danes, good-bye!"

The news to the king was quickly sped:
"Your daughter has e'en with Samson fled."

The king bade over his castle call:
"Up, troopers, and don your harness all!

"Up, up, my men, up! To horse! to horse!
My daughter is carried away by force.

"Up, troopers! up, all! Take spear and bow:
In Samson ye'll find a dauntless foe.

"Ride! follow up hard on the villain's track
Till dead or living ye bring him back."

Nor were they tardy, his guardsmen leal,
But armed and buckled their spurs on heel.

They rode, and as soon as they reached the mead
Their horses urged to their utmost speed.

They rode, and they came to Samson's gate,
Where Metté, his stately mother, sate.

"Speak, Metté, lady so fine and fair:
Where's Samson, thy son? Oh, tell us where."

"My Samson yesterday rode away,
And will not be back till Christmas day."

"We'll give thee heaps of the ruddy gold
To tell us where Samson has his hold."

"Right pleasant the sight of gold in store,
But Samson is now at home no more.

"As gay as in chest are gold's bright hues,
'Tis painful an only son to lose."

They down on the grass a mantle spread,
And poured upon it the gold so red.

"A house is on yonder northward side,
And Samson is there, and his royal bride."

So false was his mother she basely sold
Her only son for a heap of gold.

The troopers they rode to Samson's yard,
Were thinking to win a rich reward.

They battered the door with spear and shield:
"Out, Samson, and meet us upon the field!"

Young Samson he back the casement threw:
"Ye count so many, and we so few!

"But wait, good troopers; sit down and rest
Till I for the combat am duly drest."

To help him his lady did not fail,
But buckled about him his coat of mail.

Well armed, he sprang from his chamber door,
And thinned their ranks, so close before.

He first slew four of them, then slew five;
Of thirty he left not one alive.

He hewed them till hew he could no more;
He trampled in thirty troopers' gore.

"And now from his stall my charger bring;
I'll mount him and ride to see the king."

He stopped as he passed the homestead gate,
Where waiting his traitress mother sate.

He drew from his scabbard the reeking steel:
"My mother art thou, or its edge shouldst feel."

He drew from the sheath his glittering knife:
"My mother art thou, or it cost thy life.

"The cruellest mother thou hast been—
Hast sold my life to my foes yest'reen.

"For yonder glittering heap of gold
A mother her own son's life has sold!"

As Samson rode to the palace gate,
There stood the king in a robe of state:

"Hark, Samson my man, and answer me:
Where tarry the troopers I sent for thee?"

"Your troopers are all on my courtyard spread—
Are wounded, some of them; some are dead;

"Some sick, some likely enough to die,
And some on the bier as corpses lie.

"So tell me, my king, so brave and fine,
When send you to fetch your mast-fed swine?

"Let five of your baggage-wagons come,
And load them and bring the slaughtered home."

His sword from the scabbard Samson drew:
"And were you not king, this should you rue."

"Nay, gallant Samson, put up thy blade;
Thou provest thee worthy a royal maid.

"E'en take my daughter and sheathe thy knife;
I give her to thee to be thy wife."

He turned him about and homeward hied
To visit in peace his royal bride.

He turned him and gave his horse the rein,
And rode to his lovely bride again.

Translation of R. C. Alexander Prior.

LOKMAN THE SAGE.

LOKMAN the sage (or Abu Aman) is said to have flourished in Arabia 1015 B. C., but this date is uncertain. By some Arabian writers he is called a nephew of Job, while others place him at varying dates. Some critics make him a fabulous person, but the fables bearing his name are very ancient, and the fact remains that some one, by whatever name, has sent them down from a very early period. According to the Arabian writers, to Lokman, as the ideal of wisdom, the kingdom of the world was offered, but was by him declined—provided this was no offence against piety—because he felt much happier as he was; and when asked what was the secret of the goodness and wisdom of his deeds, he replied, "It is this; I always adhere to the truth. I always keep my word, and I never mix myself with other people's affairs." A book containing more than a thousand parables, maxims, etc., said to have been written by Lokman, has never been discovered. His supposed grave is shown at Ramleh, near Jerusalem. There appears to be no English translation of his parables, but they have been translated into Greek, Syriac, Latin, French, Spanish, Danish and German. They still hold rank as an elementary book for Arabian students.

FABLES FROM LOKMAN.

THE LION AND THE TWO BULLS.

One day a lion attacked two bulls, but the two joined their forces and struck him with their horns; they thus prevented him from separating them. He then addressed one of them, and deceived him by promising that he would never undertake anything against him. He thus succeeded in separating him from his companion. Deceived by this promise, the two bulls left each other; whereupon the lion tore them in pieces, one after the other.

Moral.—When people of two adjoining towns unite in opinion and purpose, their enemies' efforts against them are vain; but when discord divides them, they both perish.

THE LION AND THE BULL.

A lion one day wanted to devour a bull, but not daring to attack him, on account of his great strength, he came up, and, having recourse to a stratagem, he said to him, "Let me tell you that I have just cut the throat of a very fat lamb; I want you to come and dine with me this evening." The bull accepted, and repaired to his house, but, observing there a great deal of wood and an immense cooking-pot, he took flight. The lion, seeing him go away in haste, cried out, "Why is it, then, that, having come to my house, you go away at once?"—"Because," answered the bull, "I know that all those preparations have been made for something larger than a lamb."

Moral.—A man should never trust his enemy or become intimate with him.

THE MAN AND THE PIG.

A man once upon a time carried on a beast of burden a sheep, a goat and a pig, which he was taking to the city to sell. The sheep and the goat were quiet, but the pig was very restive, and was continually beating upon the back of the beast which carried him. "O most wicked of animals," exclaimed the man, "why is it that, while the sheep and the goat are silent and quiet, you do not for a moment give over your struggles?"—"Each person acts as seems good to him," responded the pig. "I know that men procure sheep for their wool, and goats for their milk; but, unlucky me! who have neither wool nor milk, just as soon as I reach

the journey's end I shall be sent immediately to the shambles."

Moral.—Those who are overwhelmed by the crimes and misdemeanors they have committed should know the fatal destiny reserved for them.

THE BRAMBLE.

The bramble said one day to the gardener, "If I had somebody who would take care of me, who would plant me in the middle of the garden, who would water and cultivate me, of a truth even kings would seek me, and would highly esteem my flowers and my fruit;" whereupon the gardener took it and planted it in the best soil in the midst of the garden. Every day he watered it twice. Then the thorns of the bramble increased greatly in number, covering it with impenetrable armor. Its branches towered above all the trees in its vicinity; its roots ran rapidly through the ground, until the entire garden was filled with them, and no one could approach it because of the weeds and the thorns.

Moral.—This fable refers to those who associate with the wicked. Communication with the wicked increases the evil, and all attempts to make the wicked better they requite with evil. Translation of EDITOR.

ŒDIPUS IN COLONEUS.*

FROM THE GREEK OF SOPHOCLES (B. C. 495).

THOU hast come, O stranger, to the seats of this land, renowned for the steed—to seats the fairest on earth, the chalky Colonus, where the vocal nightingale, chief abounding, trills her plaintive note in the green vales, tenanting the dark-hued ivy, and the leafy grove of the god, untrodden [by mortal foot], teeming with fruits, impervious to the sun and unshaken by the winds of every storm; where Bacchus ever roams in revelry companioning his divine nurses. And ever, day by day, the narcissus, with its beauteous clusters, bursts into bloom by heaven's dew, the ancient coronet of the mighty goddesses, and the saffron with golden ray; nor do the sleepless founts that feed the channels of Cephisus fail, but ever, each day, it rushes o'er the plains with its stainless wave, fertilizing the bosom of the earth; nor have the choirs of the Muses spurned this clime; nor Venus, too, of the golden rein. And there is a tree, such as I hear not to have ever sprung in the land of Asia, nor in the mighty Doric island of Pelops—a tree unplanted by hand, of spontaneous growth, terror of the hostile spear, which flourishes chiefly in this region, the leaf of the azure olive that nourishes our young. This shall neither any one in youth nor in old age, marking for destruction, and having laid it waste with his hand, set its divinity at naught; for the eye that never closes of Morian Jove regards it, and the blue-eyed Minerva. And I have other praise for this mother-city to tell, the noblest gift of the mighty divinity, the highest vaunt, that she is the nurse of Chivalry, renowned for the steed and unrivalled on the main; for thou, O sovereign Neptune, son of Saturn, hast raised her to this glory, having first, in these fields, founded the bit to tame the horse; and the well-pulled oar, dashed forth by the hand, bounds marvellously through the brine, tracking on the hundred-footed daughters of Nereus. OXFORD TRANSLATION.

* Sophocles in his old age was charged by one of his sons with being incapable of attending to his own affairs. He defended himself before the judges, and was acquitted by reciting to them this beautiful chorus from his tragedy *Œdipus Coloneus.*

JULIETTE.

HERE the rough crags lift and the sea-mews call,
Yet stands Earl Hubert's castle tall;
Close at the base of its western wall
The chafed waves stand at bay,
And the May-rose twined in its banquet-hall
Dips to the circling spray;
For the May-rose springs and the ivy clings,
And the wall-flower flaunts in the ruined bower,
And the sea-bird foldeth her weary wings
Up on the stone-gray tower.
Scaling an arch of the postern rude,
A wild vine dips to the ocean's flow;
Deep in the niches the blind owls brood,
And the fringing moss hangs low
Where stout Earl Hubert's banner stood
Five hundred years ago.

Out from the castle's western wall
Jutteth a tower round and tall,
And, leading up to the parapet
By a winding turret-stair,
Over the sea there looketh yet
A chamber small and square
Where the faint daylight comes in alone
Through a narrow slit in the solid stone;
And here, old records say,
Earl Hubert bore his wayward child
From courts and gallants gay,
That, guarded by the billows wild
And cloistered from her lover's arms,
Here might she mourn her wasted charms,
Here weep her youth away.

"One! two!" said the sentinel,
Pacing his rounds by the eastern tower:
Up in the turret a solemn knell
Tolled for the parting hour;
Over the ocean its echo fell,
"One! two!" like a silver bell
Chiming afar in the sea-nymph's bower.
Shrill and loud was the sea-bird's cry,
The watch-dog bayed as the moon rose high,
The great waves swelled below;
And the measured plash of a dipping oar
Broke softly through their constant roar,
And paused beneath the shade
Flung westward by that turret hoar
Where slept the prisoned maid.

The sentinel paced to and fro
Under the castle parapet;
But in her chamber Juliette
Heard not the tramp of his clanging foot,
Nor the watch-dog baying near:
Only the sound of a low-toned lute
Stole to her dreaming ear.
The moon rode up as the night wore on,
Looking down with a blinding glare
Into that chamber still and lone,
Touching the rough-hewn cross of stone
And the prayer-beads glittering there,
The loosened waves of the sleeper's hair,
And the curve of her shoulder white and bare.

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ASTOR, LENOX

The Castle.

She dreamed! she dreamed! That dreary keep
Melted away in the calm moonbeams;
The deep bell's call and the waves' hoarse sweep
Changed for the lull of a forest deep
And the pleasant voice of streams.
She seemed to sit by a mossy stone
To watch the blood-red sun go down
And hang on the verge of the horizon
Like a ruby set in a golden ring;
To hear the wild-birds sing
Up in the larch-boughs loud and sweet,
Over a surf where the soft waves beat
With a sound like a naiad's dancing feet;
For here and there on its winding way
Down by dingle and shady nook,
Under the white thorn's dropping spray,
Glittered the thread of a slender brook;
And, scarce a roebuck's leap beyond,
Close at the brink of its grassy bound
She heard her lover's chiding hound,
His bugle's merry play.
Oh, it was sweet again to be
Under the free blue skies!
She turned on her pillow restlessly,
And the tears to her sleeping eyes
Came welling up as the full drops start
With Spring's first smile from a fountain's heart.

Up rose the maid in her dreamy rest
And flung a robe o'er her shoulders bare,
And gathered the threads of her floating hair,
Ere with a foot on the turret stair
She paused, then onward pressed
As the tones of a soft lute broke again
Through the deeper chords of the voiceful main.

Steep and rude was the perilous way;
Through loopholes square and small
The night looked into the turret gray,
And over the massive wall
In blocks of light the moonbeams lay;
But the changeful ghosts of the showering spray
And the mirrored play of the waters dim
Rippled and glanced on the ceiling grim.

The moon looked into her sleeping eyes,
The night-wind stirred her hair,
And, wandering blindly, Juliette,
Close on the verge of the parapet,
Stood without in the open air.
Under the blue arch of the skies,
Save for the pacing sentinel,
Save for the ocean's constant swell,
There seemed astir no earthly thing.
Below, the great waves rose and fell,
Scaling ever their craggy bound,
But scarce a zephyr's dipping wing
Broke the silver crust of the sea beyond;
And in her lifelike dream
The maiden now had wandered on
To the brink of the slender stream,
Then, pausing, stayed her eager foot;
For with the brook's sweet monotone
Mingled the soft voice of a lute,
And where the levelled moonbeams played
Over the lap of a turfy glade
A hound lay sleeping in the shade.

Rocked by the light waves to and fro,
Scarcely an arrow's flight from shore,
Her lover in his bark below
Paused, resting on the oar,
Watching the foam-wreaths bead and fall
Like shattered stars from the castle wall.

And higher yet he raised his eyes:
  Jesu! he started with affright,
For painted on the dusky skies
  Seemed hovering, in the tremulous light,
  A figure small and angel-white;
Against the last lay far and dim,
  Touched by the moon's uncertain ray,
The airy form of the turret grim.
Doubtful he gazed a moment's space,
Then rowed toward the castle's base,
  But checked his oar midway,
And, gazing up at the parapet,
Shouted the one word, "Juliette!"

Lute, baying hound and restless deep,
  Each gave the clue bewildered Thought
Had followed through the maze of sleep,
  And, by her lulled ear faintly caught,
  Her lover's voice its echo wrought.
She heard him call, she saw him stand
With smiling lip and beckoning hand,
And closer pressed, and, dreaming yet,
  From the green border of the stream,
From the o'erhanging parapet,
  Sprang forward with a scream.
Then once again the deep bell tolled
Up in the turret gray and old,
And, mingled with its lingering knell,
  The echoed cry, half won, half lost,
Startled the weary sentinel,
  Now slumbering at his post;
Yet, wakened from his dreamful rest,
  He deemed the sound some wandering ghost
  Haunting the caves of Sleep,
For like a bird upon its nest
  The hushed air brooded o'er the deep,
And to his drowsy ear there crept
  Only the voice of the choral waves,
Only the drip of the spray that wept
  And the ripples that sang through the weedy caves.
Nor marked he ere again he slept
The muffled stroke of a hasty oar,
A steed's quick tramp along the shore.

When morning came, a shallop's keel
  Grated the edge of the pebbly strand;
A maid's small foot and a knight's armed heel
  Lay traced upon the sand.

ANNA DRINKER
(Edith May).

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

THERE stood a goldsmith at the fair,
  By gems of precious water:
"The best of all the jewels there
My Helene is, beyond compare—
  My darling little daughter."

A knight came to the entrance door:
  "Welcome, O maiden fair!
Make me, O man of golden ore,
The rarest wreath within thy store
  For my beloved to wear."

And when the bright and finished zone,
  All sparkling in its gladness,
O'er Helene's slender arm was thrown,
She gazed upon each glittering stone
  In solitary sadness:

"Ah! how supremely blest is she
  For whom these jewels shine!

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The Flight.

Alas! if he but sent to me
One blossom of the orange tree,
What happiness were mine!"

The knight came to the entrance door
And scanned the chaplet rare:
"Now make me, man of golden ore,
The choicest ring within thy store,
For my betrothed to wear."

And when the ring with diamonds bright,
All sparkling in its gladness,
Was drawn on Helene's finger slight,
She gazed upon its glittering light
In solitary sadness:

"Ah! how supremely blest is she
Who shall this jewel wear!
Alas! how joyful should I be
If the dear knight but sent to me
One curling lock of hair!"

The knight came through the entrance door
And scanned the ring so rare:
"Thou hast, O man of golden ore,
Brought forth the choicest of thy store
For my betrothed to wear,—

"That I may judge their fitness, pray,
Dear maiden, on thy brow
Permit that I for once display
My well-beloved bride's array:
She is as fair as thou."

It was the Sabbath of the fair,
And so the lovely maid,
With all a woman's Sabbath care,
For purposes of praise and prayer,
Was in her best arrayed.

The maiden, blushing rosy red,
Before the knight did stand;
He wound the chaplet round her head—
Endowed her with the ring, he said—
Then clasped her by the hand:

"Oh, Helena, my sweet, my love!
My secret stands betrayed:
Thou art the bride—all brides above—
For whom the golden wreath was wove,
For whom the ring was made.

"The wreath of many a costly stone,
The ring of costly gem—
Consider them as symbols shown
That thou shalt ever be my own,
My only diadem."

Translation of HENRY INGLIS.

TO-MORROW.

"TO-MORROW," didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say, "To-morrow."
Go to! I will not hear of it! To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty, who takes thy ready cash
And pays thee naught but wishes, hopes and promises,
The currency of idiots—injurious bankrupt
That gulls the easy creditor To-morrow!
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio;
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father—
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.

But soft, my friend; arrest the present moment;
For be assured they all are arrant telltales,
And, though their flight be silent and their path
Trackless as the winged couriers of the air,
They post to heaven and there record thy folly,
Because, though stationed on the important watch,
Thou like a sleeping, faithless sentinel
Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved.
And know for that thou slumberest on the guard
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hoodwinked Justice, who shall tell thy audit?

Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms—far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
Oh, let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

MORNING AND NIGHT BLOOM.

A STAR and a rosebud white
In the morning twilight gray,
The latest blossom of the night,
The earliest of the day;
The star to vanish in the light,
The rose to stay.

A star and a rosebud white
In the evening twilight gray,
The earliest blossom of the night,
The latest of the day;
One in the darkness finding light,
One lost for aye.

JOHN B. TABB

THE PIRATE.

TWELVE years are gone since Matthew Lee
Held in this isle unquestioned sway;
A dark, low, brawny man was he;
His law, "It is my way."
Beneath his thick-set brows a sharp light broke
From small gray eyes; his laugh a triumph spoke.

Cruel of heart and strong of arm,
Loud in his sport and keen for spoil,
He little recked of good or harm,
Fierce both in mirth and toil,
Yet like a dog could fawn if need there were,
Speak mildly when he would, or look in fear.

Amid the uproar of the storm,
And by the lightning's sharp red glare
Were seen Lee's face and sturdy form;
His axe glanced quick in air.
Whose corpse at morn is floating in the sedge?
There's blood and hair, Mat, on thy axe's edge.

RICHARD H. DANA.

CHEMICAL COMBINATION, DECOMPOSITION AND AFFINITY.

IN order to obtain a clear and vivid comprehension of the almost miraculous order and regularity in which bodies enter into combination with each other, we must bear in mind the meaning which the chemist attaches to the terms "combination" and "decomposition." The rusting of iron, the bleaching of colored stuffs when exposed to the air, the extraction of metals from their ores, the preparation of innumerable objects of industry and commerce and of medicines—in short, all new forms of phenomena which present themselves to our senses when bodies of different properties are brought into contact,—all, with a very few exceptions, depend upon combination or decomposition. The ultimate causes of these new forms and phenomena are chemical forces, and these differ from all other forces, inasmuch as we perceive their existence only by their manifestations when bodies come into immediate contact with each other. As long as they remain at any measurable distances these forces have no action whatever. The domain of chemistry is confined to this class of phenomena. Gravity, the electrical and magnetic forces and heat exercise an influence upon chemical processes, but as powers which act at a distance, which produce motion, or change of place, in bodies—in short, as causes of natural phenomena—the determination of their nature and their laws, in the narrower sense, belongs to physics.

Iron rusts when exposed to the air. Sulphur and mercury combine, forming cinnabar. It is the chemical force which is active between a constituent of the atmosphere—oxygen—and the particles of the iron, between the particles of the sulphur and the particles of the mercury, and by which the change of their properties is effected. This chemical force is the cause of the formation of a new body with altered properties—that is, of a chemical compound.

We obtain, again, the mercury from cinnabar by heating it with iron, and we obtain metallic iron from iron-rust by heating the latter to redness with charcoal. We decompose the cinnabar by iron, and iron-rust by charcoal. The cause is, invariably, chemical force; the result invariably rests upon the formation of a compound. The iron which separates the mercury combines with sulphur. We had sulphide of mercury; we now obtain sulphide of iron. The charcoal which reproduces metallic iron from iron-rust enters into combination with that constituent of the atmosphere—oxygen—which the iron had imbibed, and which has caused the rust.

The infinitely numerous chemical decompositions of compound bodies, the separation of one of their constituents, invariably depends upon this—that a newly-added sub-

stance enters into combination with the remaining constituents. It is quite evident that these substances, under the given conditions, would not experience any change of properties unless the cause which we designate "chemical force" were active between their particles. This chemical force, or influence, has been styled "affinity," in total defiance of the vernacular acceptation of the word. It is said that two substances have an affinity when in contact with each other they exhibit the faculty of combining together. This term—"affinity"—is decidedly fallacious if it be intended to convey the meaning that such substances are related to each other.

Were we to place the sixty-six known elements promiscuously upon a table, a child would be able to divide them, by their external appearance, into two great classes—one class the individuals of which possess a metallic aspect, another class deficient in this appearance. The first comprehends the metals; the latter class of bodies, the metalloids. These principal classes, according to the similarity of several individuals in other properties, may again be divided into smaller groups in which those most closely resembling each other shall stand together. In the very same manner compound bodies manifest similarities or dissimilarities in their properties; and if we arrange them into families, and thus bring those together which originate from the same elements, it will be found that the members of one and the same family have but very little, and frequently not even the slightest, tendency to combine with each other. They are related, or, in the usual sense of the word, possess affinity, in their properties, but they have no attraction, no affinity, in the chemical sense of that term, for each other; whilst the members of two different families which have most dissimilar properties have always the most powerful attraction for each other.

Thus, the compounds formed by two members of the same family possess all the more apparent qualities and defects of that family in an undiminished, and frequently in an increased, degree; but if two substances of quite opposite families enter into alliance, a new body is invariably formed in which we cannot recognize the original parents. Thus, iron and mercury—two metals—stand infinitely more closely related to each other than iron and sulphur or mercury and sulphur—a metal and a metalloid; in a compound of the two former we immediately recognize its origin; but who, looking at cinnabar, would guess that this substance contains the silver-white fluid metal and the yellow inflammable sulphur? Hence result, in the compounds themselves, various degrees of affinity, by which term we always designate the unequal tendency or faculty of their atoms to combine with each other; and it is upon these various degrees of attraction that all decompositions depend.

It has been already stated that it is indispensably necessary to the manifestation of chemical affinity that the atoms of substances should be in immediate contact with each other or at immeasurably small distances. Now, every one knows the effect which heat exercises upon bodies. However firmly you may drive an iron nail into the wall, it will gradually become loose, and at last fall out. In summer the iron is more heated than during winter; it therefore expands in summer and with great power forces wood and stone

asunder, whilst in winter the iron contracts in a greater degree than stone or wood. Expansion by heat implies that the atoms of which a substance is composed separate to a certain distance from each other, and that they again approach each other through contraction by cold. Now, since a certain contiguity of atoms is a necessary condition for the action of chemical affinity, it is obvious that by the mere effect of heat a number of chemical combinations must be resolved into their constituents, and this, indeed, always in cases where the influence of heat causes the distance between the ultimate particles to extend beyond the sphere of their chemical attraction. This necessarily causes a separation. When the heat decreases, the atoms again approach each other; and at a certain point of proximity combination again ensues. We may imagine that at a temperature immeasurably high to us substances can exist in one and the same space without combining, although they may possess the very strongest affinity for each other, precisely because this high temperature neutralizes their affinity—opposes an insurmountable resistance to its operation. So, undoubtedly, the constituents of the earth, when they possessed an exceedingly high temperature, were arranged in quite a different manner from that in which we find them at present. Nay, it is not impossible that they should have floated through each other as in a chaos, and that this chaos formed itself into our present minerals and rocks only when this temperature was greatly lowered.

Let us suppose all the elements composing the earth, by the influence of a great heat, to be brought into the same state in which oxygen and hydrogen gas exist at the common temperature of the atmosphere; the earth would be an enormous ball of nothing but gases, which everywhere would uniformly mix without entering into combination, just as is the case with oxygen and hydrogen, despite their exceedingly great affinity. At three hundred and fifty degrees Centigrade mercury combines with the oxygen of the atmosphere, forming a red crystalline powder, and at four hundred degrees this powder is again decomposed into oxygen gas and mercurial vapor.

If we fuse a mixture of iron and lead together with sulphur in a crucible, the iron separates from the lead and combines with the sulphur; as long as there remains any trace of iron in the lead not a particle of sulphur combines with the lead, but only with the iron. When all the iron has combined with sulphur, that sulphur which still remains free combines with the lead. Both metals have an affinity for sulphur, but the affinity of the iron is far greater than that of the lead. Hence it happens, when iron is fused with sulphide-of-lead ore—galena—as is done largely in metallurgy, that the lead separates in a pure metallic state, whilst the iron combines with the sulphur, for which it possesses a far greater affinity than lead has. In like manner, at a red heat iron decomposes cinnabar and expels the mercury by combining with the sulphur; but in this case the affinity of iron for sulphur is not the only cause of decomposition. No one has ever seen mercury red hot, like iron, for instance, in the smith's forge, for, whilst iron remains compact and solid at this heat, mercury is converted into an invisible vapor; its particles obtain by heat the property of assuming the gaseous form. Now, this prop-

erty depends upon the tendency of the atoms of a substance to repel each other—to withdraw from each other; and substances retain this tendency in their chemical combinations. Mercury evaporates even at the common temperature; a drop gradually passes into the atmosphere when exposed. It requires, certainly, a longer time than a drop of water; nevertheless; it will gradually disappear. Cinnabar does not evaporate at the common temperature. This manifestly depends upon the circumstance that the tendency of the mercury to assume an aërial state and to separate from the sulphur meets with resistance. This resistance is the affinity of the sulphur, which is not to be overcome at the common temperature. Now, if the cinnabar be heated to that point at which the mercury assumes the gaseous state, not only does the affinity between the mercury and the sulphur become weakened, but, moreover, the tendency of the mercury to separate from the sulphur becomes strengthened. If any affinity, although only a very weak one, come at this juncture to the assistance of the heat—that, for instance, of iron for the sulphur—the sulphur separates from the mercury, which would not have happened without the concurrence of these several causes. Thus, the tendency of a substance to assume an aërial form at a certain temperature acts an important part in all chemical processes of combination and decomposition. It modifies, increases or diminishes the manifestations of affinity. In precisely a similar manner, cohesive attraction—the power which the particles of a substance possess of maintaining their cohesion against all influences which tend to destroy it—has a share in the play of the affinities. We may by the application of heat melt sugar and common salt, render their particles movable in all directions, destroy and annihilate their solid state. We may do the same by means of water, but in the water in which sugar and common salt dissolve it is not heat, but the chemical affinity of the water, which overcomes their cohesion. A fragment of bone calcined white is insoluble in water and alkaline fluids; the tendency of its particles to maintain their state—or, as it is termed in this case, their power—of cohesion is greater than the affinity of the fluid for them. Each constituent of bone is, however, by itself soluble in water, and both are readily soluble in a number of acid fluids; as, for example, in vinegar. It is consequently obvious that if we bring the constituents of this fragment of bone—phosphoric acid and lime—into an acid fluid, we do not observe any kind of alteration to take place, because both the constituents of the bone are soluble in the acid fluid no matter in what form they may exist. But if these constituents are brought together in solution in water, which opposes no obstacle to their combination into a solid substance, we shall see the bone-earth fall to the bottom as a white powder, a precipitate, as it is termed, being formed.

In this manner the chemist uses the different degrees of solubility of substances in various liquids, and their deportment at a high temperature, as a powerful means of separation—of analysis. All minerals, without exception, may be dissolved in liquids by a proper choice of solvents. By altering the nature of the liquid, by the addition of other matters, the chemist modifies the solubility of the constituents of the minerals in this liquid; and in this manner he succeeds in

separating all its constituents one by one. This is one method of analysis; the other consists in adding to the solution of a compound, consisting of five, six or more constituents, successively, other substances, which enter into combination with one or other of those constituents, forming insoluble compounds. This is done in a certain definite order, just as if each constituent was contained in a different drawer, the opening of which required a particular key appropriated to itself. JUSTUS VON LIEBIG.

BELIAL'S ADDRESS TO THE FALLEN ANGELS, OPPOSING WAR.

I SHOULD be much for open war, O peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged—
Main reason to persuade immediate war—
Did not dissuade me most and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success,
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels,
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution as the scope
Of all his aim after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of heaven are filled
With armèd watch that render all access
Impregnable. Oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great Enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair. We must exasperate
The almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us—that must be our cure.
To be no more! Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? How he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will hé, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger whom his anger saves
To punish endless? "Wherefore cease we, then?"
Say they who counsel war. "We are decreed,
Reserved and destined to eternal woe:
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?" Is this, then, worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What! when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With Heaven's afflicting thunder and besought
The deep to shelter us? This hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay

Chained on the burning lake? That, sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into seven-fold rage
And plunge us in the flames, or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads, while we, perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapped in chains,
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War, therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades. JOHN MILTON.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

THE old mayor climbed the belfry-tower,
The ringers rang by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde:
The Lord that sent it, he knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall;
And there was naught of strange beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore;
My thread brake off: I raised myne eyes;
The level sun like ruddy ore
Lay sinking in the barren skies,
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling;
Farre away I heard her song—
"Cusha! Cusha!"—all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking-song.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soon be falling;
Leave your meadow-grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow.
Come uppe, Whitefoot; come uppe, Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe, Jetty; rise and follow;
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe, Whitefoot; come uppe, Lightfoot;
Come uppe, Jetty; rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long—ay, long ago;
  When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
  Swift as an arrowe, sharp and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth me,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
  And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
  The steeple towered from out the greene.
And, lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country-side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges are
  Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
  And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky;
  And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
  And where the lordly steeple shows,
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
  Of pyrate galleys warping down,
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
  They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and, lo! my sonne
  Came riding downe with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
  Till all the welkin rang again:
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea-wall (he cried) is downe,
  The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
  Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death;
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith.
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
  With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
  Afar I heard her milking-song."
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left. "Ho, Enderby!"
They rang, "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
  For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
  And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud,
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
  Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
  Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout.
Then beaten foam flew round about,
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast, the eygre drave
  The heart had hardly time to beat
Before the shallow seething wave
  Sobbed in the grasses at our feet;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night;
  The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon-light
  Stream from the church-tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor-lads to guide
  From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
  And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"Oh, come in life, or come in death,
O lost my love, Elizabeth!"

And didst thou visit him no more?
  Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare!
The waters laid thee at his doore
  Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
The pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
  That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea—
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
  To manye more than myne and me;
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore
"Cusha, Cusha, Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha, Cusha!" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
  Goeth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
  Shiver, quiver,
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
To the sandy lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow-grasses mellow;
  Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe, Whitefoot; come uppe, Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
  Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe, Lightfoot; rise and follow.
  Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe, Jetty; follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

JEAN INGELOW.

LIZZIE.

THERE'S a charm about thee, Lizzie,
  That I cannot well define,
And I sometimes think it lieth
  In that soft blue eye of thine;

And yet, though pleasant is thine eye,
And beautiful thy lip
As a rose-leaf bathed in honey-dews
A bee might love to sip,
Yet I think it is nor lip nor eye
Which binds me with its spell,
But a something dearer far than these,
Though undefinable.

When I meet thee, dearest Lizzie,
When I hear thy gentle tone,
When my hand is pressed so tenderly,
So warmly, in thine own,
Why then I think it is thy voice
Whose music like a bird's
Can soothe me with the melody
Of sweetly-spoken words.
Perchance the pressure of thy hand
This hidden charm may be,
Or the magic, Lizzie, of a sigh
That lures my heart to thee.

Perchance it is thy gentleness,
Perchance thy winning smile,
Which lurketh in such dimples
As might easily beguile,
Or perchance the music of thy laugh
Hath a bewildering flow;
Yet I cannot tell, my Lizzie,
If it be thy laugh or no,
For mirth as musical as thine
Hath met my ear before,
But its memory faded from my heart
When once the strain was o'er.

Oh for the wand of fairy
To dissolve the withering spell,
And teach me, dearest Lizzie,
What it is I love so well.

Thy simple truth and earnestness—
Perchance it may be this,
Or the gentle kindness breathing
In thy morn or evening kiss;
Thy care for others' weal or woe,
Thy quickly-springing tears,
Or at times a quiet thoughtfulness
Unmeet for thy brief years.

Well, be it either look or tone,
Or smile or soft caress,
I know not, Lizzie, yet I feel
I could not love thee less.
And something happy there may be,
"Like light within a vase,"
Which, from the soul-depths gleaming forth,
Flings o'er thee such a grace.
Perchance the hidden charm I seek,
That words may not impart,
Is but the warm affection
Of a kind and loving heart.

MARY N. BLEECKER
(Mrs. M. N. McDonald)

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster-bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming;
They've hushed the minster-bell;
The organ 'gins to swell;
She's coming! she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And, hastening thither,
With modest eyes downcast,
She comes, she's here, she's past.
May Heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom-cronies:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me; I must not see her:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend: a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly—
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me: all are departed—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE WORLD A BURIAL-FIELD UNWALLED.

ON this side and on that men see their friends
Drop off like leaves in autumn, yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for. Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time, as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours! Oh, more than sottish
For creatures of a day in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink

Unapprehensive, when, for aught we know,
The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in!
Think we, or think we not, Time hurries on
With a resistless, unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow
And carries off his prize? What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwalled,
Strewed with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?
The very turf on which we tread once lived,
And we that live must lend our carcases
To cover our own offspring; in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet—
The shivering Icelander and sunburnt Moor,
Men of all climes that never met before,
And of all creeds, the Jew and Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favorite yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abashed
The great negotiators of the earth
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts;
Now vain their treaty skill: Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his galled shoulders, and when the cruel tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and, quick as thought, escapes
Where tyrants vex not and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The telltale echo and the babbling stream—
Time out of mind the favorite seats of love—
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-robed prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limbed peasant, here the child;
Here is the mother with her sons and daughters,
The barren wife, the long-demurring maid;
Here are the prude severe and gay coquette,
The sober widow and the young green virgin,
Cropped like a rose before 'tis fully blown
Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale,
And jovial youth of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose every day was made melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth. The shrill-tongued shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous and the brave,
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane,
The downright clown and perfectly well bred,
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel and the mean,
The supple statesman and the patriot stern,
The wrecks of nations and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

ROBERT BLAIR.

CLEANTHES.

CLEANTHES was born at Vassus, in the Troad, in Lesser Asia, about 300 B. C. He was originally a wrestler, but, conceiving an ardor of knowledge, he provided for his sustenance by drawing water during the night, that he might devote the day to study. Dr. Doddridge has declared of his hymn to Jupiter that "it is perhaps the finest piece of unadulterated natural religion to be found in the whole ancient world."

HYMN TO JUPITER.

From the Greek of Cleanthes.

Most glorious of the immortal powers above!
O thou of many names! mysterious Jove!
For evermore almighty! Nature's source!
That govern'st all things in their ordered course!
All hail to thee! since, innocent of blame,
E'en mortal creatures may address thy name,
For all that breathe and creep the lowly earth
Echo thy being with reflected birth.
Thee will I sing, thy strength for aye resound:
The universe, that rolls this globe around,
Moves wheresoe'er thy plastic influence guides,
And, ductile, owns the god whose arm presides.
The lightnings are thy ministers of ire—
The double-forked and ever-living fire;
In thy unconquerable hands they glow,
And at the flash all nature quakes below.
Thus, thunder-armed, thou dost creation draw
To one immense, inevitable law,
And with the various mass of breathing souls
Thy power is mingled and thy spirit rolls.
Dread genius of creation! all things bow
To thee, the universal monarch thou!
Nor aught is done without thy wise control
On earth or sea or round the ethereal pole,
Save when the wicked, in their frenzy blind,
Act o'er the follies of a senseless mind.
Thou curbest the excess; confusion to thy sight
Moves regular; the unlovely scene is bright.
Thy hand, educing good from evil, brings
To one apt harmony the strife of things.
One ever-during law still binds the whole,
Though shunned, resisted, by the sinner's soul.
Wretches! While still they course, the glittering prize,
The law of God, eludes their ears and eyes.
Life then were virtue did they this obey,
But wide from life's chief good they headlong stray.
Now glory's arduous toils the breast inflame;
Now avarice thirsts, insensible of shame;
Now sloth unnerves them in voluptuous ease,
And the sweet pleasures of the body please.
With eager haste they rush the gulf within,
And their whole souls are centred in their sin.
But, O great Jove, by whom all good is given,
Dweller with lightnings and the clouds of heaven!
Save from their dreadful error lost mankind.
Father! disperse these shadows of the mind!
Give them thy pure and righteous law to know,
Wherewith thy justice governs all below.
Thus, honored by the knowledge of thy way,
Shall men that honor to thyself repay,
And bid thy mighty works in praises ring,
As well befits a mortal's lips to sing.
More blest nor men nor heavenly powers can be
Than when their songs are of their law and thee.

Translation of West.

COMMENTARIES ON ENGLISH LAW.

FROM "THE COMIC BLACKSTONE."

OF THE NATURE OF LAWS IN GENERAL.

THE term "law," in its general sense, signifies a rule of human action, whether animate or inanimate, rational or irrational; and perhaps there is nothing more inhuman or irrational than an action at law. We talk of the law of motion, as when one man springs toward another and knocks him down; or the law of gravitation, in obedience to which the person struck falls to the earth.

If we descend from animal to vegetable life, we shall find the latter acting in conformity with laws of its own. The ordinary cabbage, from its first entering an appearance on the bed to its being finally taken in execution and thrust into the pot for boiling, is governed by the common law of nature.

Man, as we are all aware, is a creature endowed with reason and free will; but when he goes to law as plaintiff, his reason seems to have deserted him; while if he stands in the position of defendant, it is generally against his free will; and thus that "noblest of animals," man, is in a very ignoble predicament.

Justinian has reduced the principle of law to three: 1st. That we should live honestly; 2dly. That we should hurt nobody; and 3dly. That we should give every one his due. These principles have, however, been for some time obsolete in ordinary legal practice. It used to be considered that justice and human felicity were intimately connected, but the partnership seems to have been long ago dissolved, though we cannot say at what particular period. That man should pursue his own true and substantial happiness is said to be the foundation of ethics, or natural law; but if any one plunges into artificial law with the view of "pursuing his own true and substantial happiness," he will find himself greatly mistaken.

It is said that no human laws are of any validity if they are contrary to the law of nature, but we do not mean to deny the validity of the poor law and some others that we could mention. The law of nature contributes to the general happiness of men, but it is in the nature of law to contribute only to the happiness of the attorney.

Natural law is much easier of comprehension than human law, for every man has within his own breast a *forum conscientiæ*, or court of conscience, telling him what is right and what is wrong. The judgments of that court of conscience are infallible and its decrees are never silent, for it is without an usher (which in this case means a husher) to preserve silence.

The law of nations is a peculiar kind of law, and it is generally settled by recourse to powder and shot; so that the law of na-

tions is in the long run much the same thing as the common law.

But we now come to the municipal or civil law, which is the subject of the present chapter, though we have not yet said a word regarding it. Municipal law is defined to be "a rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power in a state, commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong." Such was the definition of Puffendorf, whose name is probably a corruption of *Puffingoff*, for he puffs off the law most outrageously whenever he can find an opportunity of doing so.

It is called a "rule" to distinguish it from an agreement, for a rule must be complied with "willy nilly," according to Bacon, or "will ye nill ye," according to Coke.

It is a rule of "civil conduct," because the municipal law insists on civil conduct, particularly from omnibus cads and cabmen.

It is "prescribed," because one is bound to take it; and a very disagreeable pill it sometimes is to swallow. It is one of the beautiful provisions of the English law that not knowing it forms no excuse for not obeying it. It is an ingenious fiction of British policy that every person in the kingdom purchases every Act of Parliament and carefully reads it through; therefore there can be no possible excuse for being ignorant of the laws that are made every session.

It is reported of Caligula that he caused the laws of Rome to be written in small characters and stuck up so high that the citizens could not read them, though perhaps the higher classes—who, it is presumed, could afford to purchase opera-glasses—were enabled to make themselves acquainted with the edicts.

Municipal law is a rule prescribed by the "supreme power in the state;" and this brings us to the question of the origin of government. Some writers think that society in its original state chose the tallest man among them as king. If this had been the case, Carus Wilson might have disputed the English throne with Mr. Charles Freeman, the American giant. Perhaps the expression in the national anthem, "*Long* to reign over us," has given rise to this very extraordinary theory.

There are three forms of government—a democracy, where the mass takes such liberties in the lump that there is no liberty left for allotment among private individuals; an aristocracy, which we need not particularly describe; or a monarchy, where one individual is absolute within a certain space, like the square-keeper of a square, who is fortunately the only specimen of pure despotism that this free country possesses.

Cicero thought a mixture of these three the best, but Tacitus, who had better have been on this occasion tacitus indeed, and held his tongue, declared the idea to be a visionary whim; for he seems to have imagined that the oil of aristocracy and the vinegar of democracy never could have coalesced. Tacitus, however, was out; and, fortunately for us, the British constitution presents the mixture in its complete form, and we trust will long continue what it is—"a real blessing to mothers," fathers, daughters, sons and wives of Great Britain.

The House of Commons embodies the principle of goodness and purity, as a reference to the various election compromises and bribery cases will manifest; the House of Lords embraces the grand element of wis-

dom, as the reported speeches of various sagacious noblemen will at once prove; while the monarchy is the type of strength, the stability of the throne being provided for by Her Majesty's upholsterers. Here, then, in the British constitution is concentrated the milk of everything that is good, wise and powerful. Woe to the revolutionary hand that shall attempt to skim it!

We now come to analyze a law. In the first place, it is declaratory; in the second, it is directory; in the third, it is remedial; and in the fourth, it is vindicatory. The declaratory says, "So and so is wrong," and the directory immediately says it shall not be done; but it sometimes contrives to say so in such very civil and mysterious terms as to leave people in doubt whether they may do a thing or may not, until they find all of a sudden they are put in possession of its true meaning and punished for not having been able to understand it.

It is remedial, for it gives a remedy. Thus, if you are deprived of your right, you have the remedy of a law-suit, which is a great luxury, no doubt, though rather an expensive one.

It is also vindicatory, for it attaches a penalty; and such is the majesty of law that, whether right or wrong, he is sure to have to bear a portion of the penalty who presumes in any way to meddle with it.

Offences are either *mala in se* or *mala prohibita*, but the *mala prohibita* differ very materially from the *mala in se*, of which many instances could be given. Piracy is decidedly a *malum in se*(a), but a *malum prohibitum* is that which is only made criminal by the law. For example, it was attempted to make baking on Sunday a *malum prohibitum*, so that a good dinner would in fact have been a *bonum prohibitum* if the Anti-Baking-on-Sunday party had succeeded.

The rules for interpreting English law are extremely arbitrary. Words are to be taken in their popular sense, without regard to grammar, which is thought to have been always beneath the wisdom of Parliament. Grotius thought that the penalty on crime was a sort of tax on sin, which might be defined without regard to sin-tax. Puffendorf tells us that the law forbidding a layman to lay hands on a priest (observe the pun: "a *lay*man to *lay* hands") applied also to those who would hurt a priest with a weapon, or, in other words, "lay into him."

If words are still dubious after the lawyers are called in—and they have a knack of making matters more dubious than before—it is usual to refer to the context; but this is in many cases only to get out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Next, as to the subject-matter. The words are always supposed—though it requires a tolerable latitude in the way of supposition—to have reference to the subject-matter. Thus a law of Edward III. forbids all ecclesiastical persons to purchase provisions at Rome, which would seem to interdict clergymen from buying anything to eat within the Holy City. It seems, however, that this only has reference to the purchase of "bulls" from the pope, though it is not unlawful to procure portions of "bulls," such as rumpsteaks or sirloins of beef, from the papal butchers.

Next, as to the effect and consequences of words, if literally understood. "It has been held," says Puffendorf, "after a long debate," that when the words amount to utter nonsense they are not to be in all cases strictly

followed. Thus the Bolognian law enacting that punishment should be inflicted on any one who drew blood in the streets was at last held, after several medical men had been put to death, not to extend to surgeons who should bleed a man taken in the streets with a fainting-fit. But, lastly, the reason and spirit of the law must be looked at (when there happen to be any). The following case, put by Cicero, is so nice that we throw it into metre:

A law there was that in a water-trip
Those who should in a storm forsake a ship
All property should in the vessel lose.
It happened in a tempest all on board,
Excepting one, who was by sickness floored,
To leave the ship their utmost power did use.
The invalid, who could not get away,
Was with the wreck of course compelled to stay,
And with it he was into harbor washed.
The benefit of law he then did claim;
But when to sift the point the lawyers came,
His claim with great propriety was quashed.

The difficulty of saying what is the meaning of law led to the establishment of a perfectly distinct branch of jurisprudence, called equity. According to Grotius, equity "*non exacte definit sed arbitrio boni viri permittit.*" Among other *boni viri* to whose *arbitrum* equity has left matters was the late Lord Eldon, who was so exceedingly modest as to his judgments that he postponed them as long as he could; and even when he gave them, such was his delicacy that it was often quite impossible to understand and abide by them. It has, however, been said that law without equity is better than equity without law; and therefore, though in law there is very often no equity, nevertheless there is no equity that has not sufficient law to make its name of "equity" a pleasant fiction.

OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

We now come to treat of husband and wife, and shall inquire, first, how marriages may be made, which will be interesting to lovers; secondly, how marriages may be dissolved, which will be interesting to unhappy couples; and lastly, what are the legal effects of marriage, which will be interesting to those who have extravagant wives, for whose debts the husbands are liable.

To make a marriage three things are required: first, that the parties will marry; secondly, that they can; and thirdly, that they do, though to us it seems that if they do it matters little whether they will, and that if they will it is of little consequence whether they can; for if they do, they do; and if they will, they must; because where there is a will there is a way, and therefore they can if they choose; and if they don't, it is because they won't; which brings us to the conclusion that if they do it is absurd to speculate upon whether they will or can marry.

It has been laid down very clearly in all the books that in general all persons are able to marry unless they are unable, and the fine old constitutional maxim that "a man may not marry his grandmother" ought to be written in letters of gold over every domestic hearth in the British dominions. There are some legal disabilities to a marriage, such as the slight impediment of being married already, and one or two other obstacles which are too well known to require dwelling on.

If a father's heart should happen to be particularly flinty, a child under age has no remedy, but a stony guardian may be macadamized by the Court of Chancery; that

is to say, a marriage to which he objects may be ordered to take place, in spite of him. Another incapacity is want of reason in either of the parties; but if want of reason really prevented a marriage from taking place, there would be an end to half the matches that are entered into.

A considerable deal of the sentiment attaching to a love-affair has been smashed by the 6th and 7th of William IV., c. 85, explained by the 1st of Victoria, c. 22; for one act is always unintelligible until another act is passed to say what is the former's meaning. This statute enables a pair of ardent lovers to rush to the office of the superintendent-registrar instead of to Gretna Green; and there is no doubt that if Romeo could have availed himself of the wholesome section of the act alluded to, Juliet need not have paid a premature visit to the "tomb of all the Capulets."

Marriages could formerly only be dissolved by death or divorce, but the new poor law puts an end to the union between man and wife directly they enter into a parochial union. Divorce, except in the instance just alluded to, is a luxury confined only to those who can afford to pay for it; and a husband is compelled to allow money—called alimoney—to the wife he seeks to be divorced from. Marriages, it is said, are made in heaven; but unless the office of the registrar be a little paradise, we don't see how a marriage made before that functionary can come under the category alluded to.

A husband and wife are one in law, though there is often anything but unity in other matters. A man cannot enter into a legal agreement with his wife, but they often enter into disagreements which are thoroughly mutual. If the wife be in debt before marriage, the husband, in making love to the lady, has been actually courting the cognovits she may have entered into; and if the wife is under an obligation for which she might be legally attached, the husband finds himself the victim of an unfortunate attachment. A wife cannot be sued without the husband unless he is dead in law, and law is really enough to be the death of any one. A husband or a wife cannot be a witness for or against one another, though a wife sometimes gives evidence of the bad taste of the husband in selecting her.

A wife cannot execute a deed; which is perhaps the reason why Shakespeare, who was a first-rate lawyer, made Macbeth do the deed which Lady Macbeth would have done so much better had not a deed done by a woman been void to all intents and purposes.

By the old law a husband might give his wife moderate correction, but it is declared in black and white that he may not beat her black and blue, though the civil law allowed any man on whom a woman had bestowed her hand to bestow his fists upon her at his own discretion. The common people, who are much attached to the common law, still exert the privilege of beating their wives; and a woman in the lower ranks of life, if she falls in love with a man, is liable, after marriage, to be a good deal struck by him.

Such are the chief legal effects of marriage, from which it is evident, says Brown, that the law regards the fair sex with peculiar favor; but Smith maintains that such politeness on the part of the law is like amiability from a hyena—an animal that smiles benignantly on those whom it means mischief to.

OF LEGACIES AND PERSONAL PROPERTY.

The greatest injury that can be done to personal property is to take it unlawfully away; as, if A illegally distrains and insists on taking the distress away, by which he leaves much distress behind, and, refusing to be moved himself, determines on moving the furniture. An action of replevin is the remedy in this case, which gives the goods back and then tries the right, unless the original distrainer has eloigned or bolted with the goods, when it is useless to try the right, for the wrong has been accomplished. Detaining of goods may be illegal where the original taking was lawful; as, if a bull walks into my preserves, I may distrain him *damage feasant* while he is damaging my pheasants. Now, though it is lawful for me to take the bull by the horns, or even to seize him in tail, yet if his owner tenders me amends I have no right to detain the brute, but must throw him up or be liable to an action. If I lend a man a horse and gig which he will not restore, but continues to drive himself about, he drives me into an action of *detinue*, when, if it should turn out that the turn-out is legally mine, he will be obliged to give it back with damages for detaining it.

There is also an action of trover, which politely presumes that A has found what does not belong to him when he has goods belonging to some one else unlawfully in his possession. For injuries done to things personal in the owner's possession, such as spoiling his personal appearance by tearing his coat, the remedy is either an action of *trespass* or on the *case*, as the case may happen.

Besides injuries to personal property in possession, there are injuries to things which belong to a man when he gets them; such as debts, and a few other matters, which the law wishes he may get as early as possible.

A debt is a sum of money due; but, as we are not anxious to go very deeply into debt, we shall not attempt a minute description of what every one must be more or less acquainted with. An action of debt can only be brought for a specified sum; and if I claim thirty pounds, I must not prove a debt of twenty pounds, any more than I could recover an ox by an action of detinue if I claimed a horse, though it is certain that I might recover a pair of ducks if I claimed a pair of white trousers.

A covenant is an obligation contained in a deed to do or omit a certain act; as, if a man covenants to go to Bath, he must either go to Bath or be liable to a writ of covenant, which will plunge him into hot water. A promise is a sort of verbal covenant; as, if a builder undertakes to build Caius a pigsty by a certain day, and the pigs of Caius catch cold and die because the sty is not completed, then the law not only takes the sty into its eye, but the pigs also, and will give damages to Caius for the injury he has sustained by the neglect of the builder.

Besides express contracts, there are some that are implied by law, including the great original contract—an original, by the bye, of which we should be glad to see a copy—to pay whatever taxes the government may choose to impose, a contract which is very partial and one-sided in some respects. Again, if I employ a person to transact business for me—if, for example, I ask D to hold my horse—and then refuse to pay him, he may ask a jury of his countrymen how much he deserves to be paid, which is

called an action of *assumpsit* on a *quantum meruit*. There are other cases of implied contract for the breach of which there is a remedy; as, if a horse is warranted sound and turns out to be a roarer, though it may be true that he is all sound, *vox et prœterea nihil*, there will be a good action on the warranty. The case of a horse that is warranted a good goer, and will not go at all, is exactly the reverse of the case of a print the colors of which are warranted not to run, but which, nevertheless, do run on the first washing. With this graphic simile we conclude our inquiries into such wrongs as may be offered to personal property.

OF NUISANCE.

Nuisances are of various kinds. For instance, it is a dreadful nuisance to meet a mad bull in a *cul de sac;* and, indeed, this is a nuisance which might affect one's corporeal hereditaments. The three kinds of actionable nuisances are, however, overhanging a man's dwelling by building a roof that projects over his roof, so that water runs from the gutter of one to the top of the other; for, as Finch says, "pouring the liquids and gutterals from one roof to another is not consonant with the law, and is at variance with the strict letter." 2d. Stopping up ancient lights or building so near my window that I cannot see, though, if a wall is run up which merely interrupts my views and ruins my prospects, I have no remedy, for it is entirely my own look-out and I must make the best of it. 3d. Corrupting the air with noisome smells is also a nuisance; and Bracton, with that inveterate love of small punning which disfigures all his works, insists that "a noisome *smell* may proceed from a *smelting* house, which is, therefore, held to be a nuisance." There are other nuisances, which we need not enumerate, but it should be remembered that enjoyment of a right must be proved before its infringement by nuisance can be the subject of an action. Thus, if I complain of my neighbor blocking up my windows on one side, I must prove that I have enjoyed those panes in my side for twenty years uninterruptedly.

To erect a new ferry on a river near another ferry is a nuisance to the old one, and the erection of Hungerford suspension-bridge must be rather a nuisance for Waterloo. A school set up close to another is, however, not considered a nuisance in law, though if the boys at both are noisy and mischievous it is a sad nuisance to the neighborhood.

Any one may abate a nuisance by his own act, but he cannot have an action for damages also; therefore, if A carries on some trade which corrupts the air with a noisome smell, and B waters the roads with eau de cologne or purifies the air of the neighborhood by burning pastilles, he cannot afterward bring an action; for he has made choice of his remedy.

OF TRIAL AND CONVICTION.

Our Saxon ancestors had various methods of trial by purgation, such as poking people into the fire or plunging them into the water —an arrangement which was said to be preserving innocence from false witnesses. For our own parts, we had rather run the risk of hard swearing than incur the certainty of a severe roasting; and it is clear that if this mode of trial were in operation, no one would be found innocent but he who, like the celebrated Chabert, could keep a red-hot poker

in his mouth as coolly as if he were sucking a lollipop. In the water-ordeal alleged witches were thrown into pools, when, if they sunk, they got on swimmingly, for they were considered innocent; but if they happened to swim, it was said they were indebted to witchcraft for their preservation, and they were hanged accordingly.

Another species of purgation was trial by corsned, or morsel of execration, which was a large lump of cheese or bread that was to be swallowed entire by the suspected party; and if it went down without choking him, he was considered innocent. It is said that Godwin, earl of Kent, was suffocated by the morsel of execration; but the story does not go down with us, for we are utterly unable to swallow that which is in every sense of the word a crammer.

The trial by battle, or single combat, was a little more reasonable, though equally barbarous. Hawkins, who is constantly being betrayed by excessive vanity into an idle pun, says that the trial by battle was a striking scene. By the way, if in these trials a prisoner might have appeared by attorney, they would still be popular; for the practice of subjecting the lawyers to ordeals, and particularly that of being ducked in a horse-pond, would be quite in conformity with the vulgar and absurd prejudice existing against the whole legal profession.

The fourth method of trial in criminal cases is that by the peers, which is often a farce; and if "one trial will," as the grocers say, "prove the fact," it is the trial of the earl of Cardigan.

The trial by jury is, however, the grand boast of every Englishman, who enjoys the privilege from his birth, so that even the baby may consider trial by jury the bulwark of his little liberties. It is difficult to get up the steam of patriotism on this subject, but, with enthusiasm for our stoker, we will make the attempt to take a few more turns ahead on this inspiring topic. The effort is, however, vain, for our pen seems to stick in our throat, emotion chokes our inkstand and our pen quivers with sensibility. We therefore give up the sentiment as hopeless, and by plunging into the cold facts we give a damp to our patriotic ardor.

When the trial is called on, twelve jurymen are put into a box without a lid, and, their names being read over, the prisoner may challenge or call out those who are not likely to give him satisfaction. To prevent all this challenging ending, like many other challenges, in smoke and hindering the trial from proceeding, the number of challenges is limited to thirty-five in treason and twenty in cases of felony.

When the jury is sworn, the trial proceeds as in ordinary cases; and prisoners are now allowed counsel, but this is merely taking them into the frying-pan out of the fire.

After the examination of witnesses on both sides, and the speeches of counsel, the jury must give their verdict; but if they cannot agree, they are locked up, and thus become prisoners themselves, like the alleged culprit they have been trying. If the British jury —the British jury, the great palladium, etc., etc.—should give a verdict against the law or against the direction of the judges, a motion to set it aside will smash the palladium in a few minutes and batter the bulwark to pieces.

If the prisoner is acquitted, he is set at liberty without any fee; but though he has

not stood mute, he will usually stand liquid, in the shape of beer, to his friends who have come to congratulate him on his innocence.

If found guilty, either on his own confession or by verdict, he is brought up for judgment.

OF EXECUTION.

There now remains nothing but execution, which is a painful subject and happily requiring a very few words, for hanging is now rarely resorted to, though once the law of England seemed not to know where to stop; but we cannot add that it did not know where to draw the line.

The sheriff is bound to execute a criminal, but he may get a substitute; and in former times a substitute was such a catch—or, as some called it, ketch—that the executioner got the title of "Jack Ketch," by which he is still vulgarly known.

OF THE RISE, PROGRESS AND GRADUAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

We now propose to take a survey of the whole judicial history of England; and, boldly grasping the constitutional theodolite, we proceed to take the levels, mark out the gradients and observe the cuttings along the whole line of British law. The periods and intermediate stations through which we intend to pass are six: 1. From the earliest times to the Norman Conquest, a short and not a very easy stage; 2. From the Norman Conquest to the reign of King Edward I., which will be very up-hill work; 3. From thence to the Reformation, in which we shall observe that the gradients were somewhat rapid; 4. From the Reformation to the Restoration of Charles II., where the cuttings were very severe; 5. From thence to the Revolution in 1688, where the tunnelling must be heavy, considering what was gone through; and 6. From the Revolution to the present time, where we arrive at the terminus of our work.

1. And first let us look at the ancient Britons, who, we are told, "never committed their laws to writing, possibly for want of letters"—a reason that reminds us of the excuse of the angler who did not go out fishing because, in the first place, there were no fish. Though in our day we hear of French without a master, the Druids were not such clever fellows as to be able to achieve writing without letters or penmanship without an alphabet. Antiquarians tell us no trace of a letter is to be found among the British relics; and if they have been looking for some correspondence with the Druidical postmark, we are not surprised at the search for letters having proved vain.

When we consider the number of different nations that broke in upon Britain, we must not wonder at the hodge-podge they made of our early laws; for, what with the Romans thrashing the Britons, the Picts pitching into the Saxons and the Normans drubbing the Danes, it is impossible to say who gave its early judicial system to England, though it is clear that they gave it to one another in magnificent style.

The first attempt to model the constitution was by Alfred, who, having whacked his enemies, might be called a modeller in whacks, and who divided the whole country into hundreds, as we have since learned to divide our walnuts and our coals. He made himself the head-reservoir of justice, and laid it on—sometimes rather too thick—to every part of the nation. He was the first literary mon-

arch who ever sat upon the Saxon milestone which was the substitute in those days for the British throne; and we hail him as a brother-author, for he wrote the first law-book that England ever saw. Among the Saxon laws we find the constitution of Parliaments, the election of magistrates, the descent of the crown and other institutions preserved to the present day, and not only preserved, but potted and garnered up in the bosom of the British constitution, where we hope they will long remain.

2. The Norman Conquest made considerable alteration and introduced the forest laws, which threw the game into the king's hands, vesting every beast of the field and fowl of the air in the sovereign, as in one vast hamper, which hampered the people to the very last degree. William also introduced the trial by combat, for he wished the people to learn to lick each other, having taught them to lick the dust. During this period of our legal history feudal tenures came into full growth, and they at last had the effect of irritating the barons, in the reign of John, to demand that splendid piece of parchment which every one puffs, but nobody reads—as is sometimes the case with a well-advertised book—that enormous palladium of our liberties called "Magna Charta." We shall not describe the contents of this glorious specimen of penmanship, for every Briton of course has it at his fingers' ends, and, having learnt it at school, hangs it in his study at home, that he may remember that it regulates the time and place of holding a court leet, among other privileges even still more precious than the one to which we allude.

3. The third period commences with Edward I., our English Justinian—a title that savors of quackery, like the Irish Paganini, the American Braham and other foreign editions of distinguished men. Among other achievements, he first established a repository for the public records, which perhaps stood on the very ground now occupied by the horse-repository in St. Martin's Lane.

The laws went on improving until the time of Henry VII., when that monarch and his ministers, being hard up, resorted to every method of making money, and only considered what was "likely to pay."

4. Our fourth period brings us to Henry VIII., who introduced the bankrupt laws and several other legal measures, having imbibed a taste for law studies while lodging at Honey & Skelton's, the hair-dressers at the top of Inner Temple Lane; and it is said that the rival family came to be called the house of Tu-dor because there are two doors to the house alluded to—a piece of antiquarian affectation and learned foppishness in which we do not believe.

The children of Henry VIII. did little for the law, but Elizabeth extended the royal prerogative, which she seemed to consider as elastic as a piece of India-rubber, and she used it to rub out many of the dearest privileges of the people.

On the accession of James I. he found the sceptre too heavy for his hand—a discovery that was subsequently made by James II., who very prudently dropped it when he could no longer manage it, instead of holding on like Charles I., who was little better than half a sovereign, and ultimately paid the forfeit of a crown.

5. The fifth period brings us to the Restoration, and this reminds us that the British constitution is a good deal like Smith &

Faber's floor-cloth manufactory at Knightsbridge, which has been destroyed, restored, rebuilt, repaired, burnt down and raised up at least half a dozen different times. The British constitution seems, like a cat, to have nine lives, for it has received within our recollection several death-blows; but, no matter from what height it is thrown, it always comes upon its feet again. It was in the period after the Restoration that the *habeas corpus* act was passed, which is said to be a second Magna Charta, and must therefore be a good deal like butter upon bacon; for if Magna Charta was a bulwark and a palladium, we did not require another bulwark and another palladium before the first had been regularly worn out.

6. From the Revolution to the present time is the sixth and last division of our subject, and we are happy to say that this period has been fertile of really useful reforms.

Thus have we traced out rude plans and maps of our laws and liberties. We have endeavored to evince a proper admiration for the great monument of law which, in the capacity of showman, we have sought to exhibit in such a way as to render it attractive to the public at large. We have attempted to do for the law what Van Amburgh has done for the tiger, and it has been our effort to show that the law is not such a formidable monster, tearing to pieces every one that comes within its grasp, as is too generally supposed. We have been anxious to show that it may be approached playfully and without horror until a familiarity is established between the student and the law as pleasant as the understanding between the brute-tamer and the brute. Let us hope we have shown that Blackstone, like another black individual, is not so dingy as he is painted.

GILBERT ABBOTT A BECKETT.

INCONSTANCY REPROVED.

I DO confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets
Thy favors are but like the wind,
Which kisseth everything it meets;
And, since thou canst love more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The morning rose that untouched stands,
Armed with her briars, how sweet she smells!
But, plucked and strained through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells,
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been a while,
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside;
And thou shalt sigh when I shall smile
To see thy love to every one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN.

LINES ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine; thy own sweet smile I see—
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away."
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who biddst me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own,
And while that face renews my filial grief
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers "Yes."
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial-day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh and wept a last adieu.
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown:
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return:
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived,
By disappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more;
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin day by day
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm and velvet-capt,
'Tis now become a history little known
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there

Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand till fresh they shone and glowed,—
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humor interposed too often makes,
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin—
And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak and stroke my head and smile—
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart: the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no; what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,
The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed,
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay,—
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
"Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar,"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed,
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ript, seams opening wide and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet oh the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth,
But higher far my proud pretensions rise:
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now farewell! Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.

By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again—
To have renewed the joys that once were mine
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE BUCKET.

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view!—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The widespreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it;
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure—
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell!
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, that hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

WE ARE SPIRITS.

WE are spirits clad in veils:
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

A SUBURBAN ROMANCE.

FROM "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

WHEN I became an incumbent of the parochial district of St. Barnabas, Copenhagen Lanes, I lodged in Peppermint Place. Peppermint Place was then creeping its way into the fields, with the apparent determination not to stop till it had reached Highgate. The march of brick and mortar had pushed on two ranks of houses in all conditions from snug finish to cheerless rooflessness. I went to take rooms in No. 1 on a drizzling afternoon. My landlord assured me, while extending his arm out of a back window over a landscape in the last stage of damp decay, that the situation was "uncommon cheerful." It displayed a few dismantled garden allotments, a superannuated summer-house despondently lying against a deserted pig-sty, bunches of drooping hollyhocks broken down by the weight of their misfortunes, patches of cabbages and other greens sicklied o'er with the pale cast of lime, and tulips struggling up out of beds between brick-bats, in agonies of strangulation. This uncommonly cheerful situation was finished by a background of damp and ragged hedge, the next mouthful of the green and patient Country to be swallowed by the dense, insatiate Town. The chief attraction from my sitting-room in front of the house was a clayey slough in which a succession of brick-carts was continually stuck during all the working-hours of the day.

Yet the boundary to this prospect was far from uninviting. Several of the opposite houses were finished and inhabited. The neatest and prettiest of them was that immediately facing my room. If window-curtains were ever made of woven snow, that must have been the material of those at the first-floor window of the modest habitation. There was so much taste in the disposition of the crocuses and snowdrops in the window-sill, such pleasure taken in concealing the wires of the bird-cage in branches of geranium and intertwined primroses, that I was reminded of one of those charming little cottage windows which belong to a French landscape. Nor was this impression weakened when I occasionally espied—but very seldom—between the rows of bobfringe that dangled merrily from the curtains the face of a lovely brunette framed in bandeaux of jet hair and illumined by a pair of piercing black eyes.

What busy eyes they were! Though I seldom saw them, I could see what they were doing all day long; for, although everything being dark but the curtains, as if to correspond to them—their owner was in mourning—I could observe how the little lady in black employed herself behind the film of white muslin. She was incessantly bending over a frame, and I could guess from the motion of the arm nearest the window that she

embroidered or did something of that sort all day long. Now and then the hand appeared to move higher than the frame, and I supposed, from the angle of the elbow, that she was pressing it against her overwrought eyes. Poor girl! No wonder if they ached; for from morning till evening, every day except Sundays, during all that cold and cheerless spring, she was to be seen busily at work. Except on Sunday mornings—I suppose to go to church—she never went abroad, and no other living soul was ever observed in her room.

In the course of months my observations of the captivating Silhouette—so I had nicknamed the little black profile—were more frequent than polite. The little gauze of mystery which half veiled her piqued my curiosity, and I could safely indulge in it, as my draperies were much less aërial than hers. Though the east wind blew with continued intensity and it was quite an effort to leave one's fireside, she was never during daylight away from her window. Sometimes I could distinguish that she paused, leant her head on her hand and gazed earnestly directly under where I sat. Then, as if suddenly caught in the act, she would turn like lightning to her frame, and the little black arm would move up and down with greater rapidity. There was a curious coincidence connected with these fits of abstraction and starts of work: they happened inversely to the proceedings of my clever young landlord below (inlayer, carver and cabinet-maker); for during the moments of my Silhouette's fascination his saw, his chisel, his plane or hammer, was in full and noisy operation, and it was exactly at the instant that either of these tools was laid down and the sound ceased that my little lady resumed her work. I was convinced one morning that this coincidence was no mere fancy. Friend Bevil was making sharp, short, lively strokes with his plane; the damsel opposite was tracing an embroidery pattern against the glass. The tracing goes on well enough for a while, but presently the left hand is lifted to the little head, the tip of the elbow rests against the window-frame, the tracing no longer hangs against the glass by the point of the pencil, and the black eyes pour their rays straight into the window below me. The shavings are still being turned off merrily, but, hark! the plane suddenly stops, and, see, the piquant little artist has vanished from the window. Presently the planing is continued with a slow and pensive regularity that makes me feel quite low-spirited.

Although mine was a pastoral as well as an ecclesiastical charge of the St. Barnabas district and I was bound to watch over my flock, yet it may be said that such close scrutiny of my neighbors as that which I have confessed to was scarcely dignified; but it must be remembered that what I have here brought together in a short space was spread over several months. The arduous duties of a new district did not admit of much idle window-gazing. My church was only a temporary one, and I made it my business to call in succession on my parishioners, not only to make myself personally acquainted with each, but to invite them all to worship. I began this mission at home; for, although my landlord's mother was a regular attendant at church, the son never once made his appearance within its walls.

Old Mrs. Bevil was a large lady of pain-

fully timid temperament, whose existence was passed in one of the sunken kitchens and whose mission on earth was apparently to cook glue for the shop, vouchsafing any of the time to be spared between the steaming of the pots in attendance upon me. One Saturday morning I expressed my regret to her that so excellent and industrious a son should appear to be negligent of his Sabbath duties.

"He isn't," said Mrs. Bevil, sidling toward the door and feeling with a hand outstretched behind her for the handle.

I should mention that Mrs. Bevil was so much "put out" when spoken to by any one above her in station that when you showed symptoms of engaging her in talk she winced and made artful efforts to escape.

"What church does he go to?"

"French, sir."

"Indeed! Then he is conversant with the French language?"

Mrs. Bevil had by this time found the door-knob, and had turned it. Her confusion was so great that her face, never very pale, glowed like a live coal.

"Of course," I repeated, "as your son attends a French place of worship, he understands French."

In the midst of her bewilderment Mrs. Bevil stammered,

"Yes, sir—French polishing."

I then asked, perhaps rather too abruptly, for I tried to help laughing, if she knew anything of the mysterious young woman opposite.

Mrs. Bevil courtseyed herself backward into the opening of the door, and, having felt that retreat was practicable, she said, "Please, sir, no, sir," and vanished with the rapidity of a large mouse let out of a cage.

It was not difficult to guess why young Bevil preferred the French church to my own. I had never doubted that the charming embroideress opposite was a foreigner. She worshipped in a language she understood best, and her admirer, more in obedience to his silent passion than his spiritual professions, followed her thither to worship her. On expatiating to him one day, however, on the sinfulness of Sabbath-breaking, he partially disarmed me by owning that he had been assiduously learning French in order to understand and join in the service. I made not the slightest allusion to the Silhouette, for I saw from his nervous and blushing manner it was too deep an affair with him to be lightly touched. I ascertained that, although he saw his adored daily and followed her weekly to church, he had never had courage to speak to her, nor to address her in any way whatever.

My interest in this case deepened daily. I pitied young Bevil. Supposing, after he had proceeded to the extremity of avowed courtship, his idol should prove a wicked little French coquette and jilt him? Such a presentiment did not want foundation. Although the summer had arrived—and warmer, more congenial weather I never remember—the Silhouette disappeared entirely from behind the fairy curtains. During all the cold weather, when she must have shivered while sitting there, she was never absent; but now, when the window is the only endurable part of the room, she is utterly invisible. Is she skilfully manœuvring Love's sensitive telegraph, conscious that she has secured her victim? and now, after

the manner of finished coquettes, she leaves him to the throes of despair. Or does she doubt the truth and ardency of his love, as expressed by his silent watchings of her window and by his regular church-goings, and does she disappear from his longing, loving looks to lure him quickly to the overt act a verbal declaration? If the latter, her tactics will fail. Young Bevil's passion is not a mere flash of romance: it is earnest and practical. He does not stand idly gazing and sighing and hoping and despairing. The more he loves, the harder he works. Until he has placed himself in a position to speak to her with confidence as to the future he will be silent.

Here I am probably asked, How could I know all this? I answer, From substantial evidence. When one sees a man running a race, it is certain that there is, far or near, a goal. Young Bevil raced manfully, and the winning-post he kept in view was matrimony. Early and late his tools were in use. When I first took his lodgings, they were scantily furnished, but the rooms were rapidly filling —evidently not for my use and pleasure. The capacious tea-caddy, curiously inlaid and splendidly mounted, did not signify much to me; neither was I ever likely to require the Gothic work-table that I found one evening slid as if by accident into a recess; and to what earthly use could a bachelor in lodgings put that frame on swivels studded all round with cribbage-pegs? Every addition to the apartments was of a feminine gender. I looked upon these novelties as so many notices to quit, for I did not doubt that the rooms were being quietly prepared for a cherished occupant. This supposition was confirmed when, curiosity prompting me to examine the work-table, I saw, exquisitely inlaid in cypher on the inside of the lid, the word "Manette."

All this while the Silhouette remained obstinately invisible. For a few Sundays she continued to go to church, but so thickly veiled that a sight of her face was impossible. Still he followed, but refrained from speaking. The time had not come. He would not offer his rough but honest hand while yet without a home to which it could lead her.

Poor Bevil had soon to live on not only in silent but in sightless despair: the little black profile ceased to appear not only behind her snowy transparencies, but bodily on Sundays. From this time Bevil's intelligent but sad and thoughtful features struck me with pity. I could not but see, during my daily gossip with him in passing through the shop, that he was staking his very existence on a cast which might turn up a deadly blank.

On one occasion my hopes revived for him. It was toward the close of a lovely summer's day. The whiteness of the gossamer curtains made them dazzle in the sun. The figure in black approached, and after a hesitating interval appeared in distinct outline close behind the gauze. All this while the sharp cuts of Bevil's chisel were audible in busy succession under me. The Silhouette's eyes only appeared just above the short curtain, darting a long devouring gaze upon the toiler: they were red. The chisel goes on clipping away without one intermission. I would give a quarter's stipend if Bevil would only be idle for a second and look up, for as the gazer strains her eyes upon him tears pour out of them and sparkle in the sun like falling diamonds. Presently she disappears.

With this anguish, whatever its immediate cause, I felt certain that Bevil was connected.

"Surely this mystery is not impenetrable I will unravel it." Accordingly, next morning I took our opposite neighbors out of the regular order of my visits, called and questioned the woman who rented the house. I learnt that the girl's name was Manette. She was an orphan; her father, a French teacher, had died recently in a hospital. Her embroidery was fetched and carried to and from the warehouse by my informant's husband. Her industry was extraordinary, and she earned a comfortable subsistence. Lately she had been ill—something that had altered her face; for she had taken to concealing it. I asked to see her, but was told she admitted no person whatever into her room. My inquiries, therefore, darkened rather than cleared up the mystery.

As I left the house I observed that my landlord had been watching. He looked wistfully into my face as I passed him on the doorstep, and I answered his appeal by desiring him to follow me to my room. A short conversation proved that all my observations and deductions had been correctly made. He owned everything. It was painful to see a fine, muscular, handsome man suffused with the shame—honest shame though it was—trembling with the weakness, we only expect in young and tender girls. I reasoned with him. I showed him the full risk he ran in nurturing so perfect an ideal out of a mere image. I pointed out the uselessness of his self-imposed penance. She might be all he thought her; she might be everything the reverse. How could he know without some acquaintanceship? It would be madness to give rashly a pledge of matrimony without some probation. In the end he promised to try and see Manette the following day, and, descending to his shop, worked away harder than ever.

Even now I see Bevil as, next morning, he stands at the door opposite. His lips quiver, but his brow expresses a firm but anxious purpose. The woman who admits him tells him something which surprises and disappoints him. Manette, for the first time for a month, has gone out. The next day was Sunday, and the lover abstained from intruding himself. On the Monday he had as little success. In the evening he consulted me as to what he had better do. Should he write? I advised him by no means to commit himself in that way, and offered, if he would wait, to use the influence of my cloth to obtain an interview for him. When the morning came, Bevil desired to accompany me. He would, he said, go himself, but would feel comforted and fortified by my presence.

Accordingly, we sallied forth across the road at noon the next morning. I would not wait to hear the answer of the landlady, but, pushing by the driver of a spring-cart that had just stopped at the house, went straight up to Manette's door. Bevil followed. I knocked. No answer. Not a sound within. I knocked again, and quietly called her by name. Utter silence. I then tried the door; it yielded, and we entered.

The picture of neatness and prettiness which I had drawn as existing behind the dainty muslin curtains was not realized: it was reversed. The room was in the greatest confusion, and was untenanted.

"Why, you see, sir," said the woman of

the house, who had ushered the carter up behind us, "Madam'selle went away the first thing yesterday morning. She was so weak that she could hardly get into the cab as took her away. She sold her bits of things to the broker—you'll have to get the sofa-bed out o' window, Mr. Bracket—and never give us no notice in a regular way—now mind the walls with them saucepans—leastways not a week's; but my husband never went for to charge her, poor thing! for she was so very petickler. She paid as punctual as the Monday morning cum."

"Has she left her present address?" I asked.

"Oh dear, no; quite contra-ry. Says she to me, says she—leastways, as well as I could understand her French brogue, and she had her han'kercher a-kivering of her face—'Mrs. Blinkinson,' says she, 'don't,' says she, 'answer no questions as may be asked about me. I am going,' says she, 'to where I hope nobody may find me out.' And then she pulled the street door to, and I never see no more of her, and never shall."

I looked at Bevil. He gazed round the room slowly, vacantly. The bird was lying at the bottom of its cage, dead; the flowers, no longer tended, were drooping. He stretched forth his trembling hand and plucked a geranium. He then turned and without speaking descended the stairs. With unsteady gait he entered his own house.

For more than a week I missed the sounds from below. Bevil had shut himself up in his bedroom. His mother now, instead of tending him with glue-pots, was constantly on the stairs with broths and coffee and tea, and other sloppy sustenance, but her son would partake of them but very sparingly. I determined to rouse him, and advised that as he would not, or could not, work, an active search after the lost damsel was better than stolid inactive grief. This did rouse him, and he followed my advice.

Weary days and weary weeks were spent in the search. The cunning Silhouette eluded him like an *ombre Chinoise*. Bevil first addressed himself to the shop for which Manette had worked. The master of it said that he never saw Manette but once, and then she came with specimens of her embroidery to get work. It was so good that he had employed her ever since, and was both surprised and chagrined at her sudden desertion. He had, through her landlord, offered her a good salary to work at his house, and had hoped she would have accepted it. Her strange disappearance was therefore the more unaccountable. The clergyman of the French church, when Bevil sought him, was as surprised as her lover at Manette's absence from service. He could give no information. Neither could the officers of the hospital where the girl's father had died in the winter give him comfort.

"There is nothing for it," I told him one day, "but time and work."

Bevil did after a time resume his work, but his tools were taken up and laid down with a slow, intermittent apathy which showed that the heart and the hands did not go together.

Work, on the contrary, grew so fast on my hands that I hardly had time for sleep. My successor to the curacy I had left in Southwark was taken ill, and, besides my own duty, I had volunteered to do a part of his. This occasionally consisted in adminis-

tering consolation and prayer to the inmates of one of the borough hospitals.

During one of my visits to the female ward I was attracted by a few words which fell from the clinical lecturer who was addressing a knot of pupils standing at the bed on a case of tumor of the face. He had, in fact, warming with his subject, glided from details of the operation which had been performed and of the after-treatment to an involuntary allusion to the beauty of the patient, which the consequences of the disease and its remedy tended to impair. I got a peep at the damsel between the shoulders of a couple of medical students, and saw just above the bedclothes, which were held up with extreme care to conceal the lower part of the face, a pair of familiar black eyes. They quite thrilled through me. The students were dismissed, and I overheard a sweet voice ask something of the surgeon.

"Don't let it trouble you for one instant," said Mr. Fleam as he left the bedside; "it will hardly be visible, and in a week you will be as well—and almost as pretty—as ever."

I looked again. Those piercing black eyes met mine point-blank. The little head was instantly concealed under the bedclothes. But that was enough. I felt convinced that Manette was found.

About a month from that date there was joy at No. 1 Peppermint Place. It is November; on one side of my fireplace sit Bevil and Manette. Old Mrs. Bevil has gradually pushed her chair back to the window, and bit by bit has nibbled in her nervous hand folds of the curtain, until she is completely hidden behind it in that comfortable obscurity in which she alone delights. They had assembled to hear a lecture from me.

"Personal vanity," I began, with all the solemnity to be invoked in the presence of a pair of eyes which sparkled so brightly with joy that it seemed impossible for their mistress to school and temper them for the occasion—"the vanity of mere personal comeliness—had nearly wrecked the happiness of both of you. Because you, Manette, were afflicted with a disease that distorted for a time that which you seemed to cherish more than your worldly welfare—your beauty—you sold your worldly goods and deserted your home and means of subsistence rather than the deformity should be seen by one whom you secretly loved. Had you no confidence in the attractions which never fade, that you depended solely upon those which, despite all your efforts, will assuredly pass away?"

"*Non*," said Manette, lifting her eyelids with a sort of timid courage. "He love me only for my face; he 'ad nevare spoken. When he saw and loved my face, it was *comme il faut. Eh bien!* if he 'ad seen my face when it was horrib' disfiguré, would he not have hate me? *Oui.*"

The end of this, like that of most other romances, was marriage. With marriage, as is well known, all mysteries vanish.

Manette's story was this: Her father was a political refugee from the storm of 1848; he had been a staunch Orleanist deputy in the French Chamber, and had to fly, with his daughter, for his life. In England he taught his native tongue as a means of livelihood till overtaken by illness. Then Manette practised an accomplishment she was

proficient in, with so much success that she supported her father till his death. She knew the time would come when the family property they possessed near Bordeaux would be restored, and she did not wish to let her situation be known; hence she kept herself a recluse till her terrible sufferings and disappointment drove her to the hospital.

I was not allowed the honor of officiating, the minister of the French chapel having been preferred. Of course I was obliged to remove to another lodging.

Passing the shop the other day, I was surprised to find another name over the door. The owner of it told me that Mr. Bevil had gone to live in France, in order to superintend his wife's estate on the Garonne. It appeared, then, that my piquant Silhouette had regained her patrimony. The next holiday I get I shall certainly pay her and her husband a visit.

W. Henry Wills.

MORNING.

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,
That ere the glorious sun be born
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell;

Thou rustling breeze, so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And, brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing;

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven,—

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight,
Who, day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of heaven and you partake?

Oh, timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise,
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray—
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever in its melodious store
Finding a spell unheard before—

Such is the bliss of souls serene
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all t' espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

Oh, could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

John Keble.

DEATH OF FESTUS.

FROM "FESTUS."

FESTUS. The last high upward slant of sun on the trees,
Like a dead soldier's sword upon his pall,
Seems to console earth for the glory gone.
Oh, I could weep to see the day die thus:
The deathbed of a day, how beautiful!
Linger, ye clouds, one moment longer there;
Fan it to slumber with your golden wings:
Like pious prayers, ye seem to soothe its end.
It will wake no more till the all-revealing day
When, like a drop of water greatened bright
Into a shadow, it shall show itself
With all its little tyrannous things and deeds
Unhomed and clear. The day hath gone to God—
Straight, like an infant's spirit, or a mocked
And mourning messenger of grace to man.
Would it had taken me too on its wing!
My end is nigh. Would I might die outright,
And slip the coil without waiting its unwind.
Who that hath lain lonely on a high hill
In the imperious silence of full noon,
With nothing but the clear dark sky about him,
Like God's hand laid upon the head of earth,
But hath expected that some natural spirit
Should start out of the universal air,
And, gathering his cloudy robe around him,
As one in act to teach mysterious things,
Explain that he must die—that having got
As high as earth can lift him up—as far
Above that thing the world as flesh can mount—
Over the tyrant wind, and the clouded lightning,
And the round rainbow, and that having gained
A loftier and a more mysterious beauty
Of feeling—something like a starry darkness
Seizing the soul—say he must die and vanish?
Who hath not at such moments felt, as now
I feel, that to be happy we must die?
And here I rest above the world and its ways—
The wind, opinion; and the rainbow, beauty;
And the thunder, superstition. I am free
Of all; save death, what want I to be happy?
And shall I leave no trace, then, of my life?
The soul begetteth shadows of itself
Which do outlive their author, and are more
Substantial than all nature and the red
Realities of flesh and blood, as echo
Is longer, louder, further, than the voice
Of man can thunder or his ear report;
And oft the world hath deified its echoes.
A year, and who shall find them? Can it be
The mind's works have been deathless, not the mind?
Or will the world's immortals die with me—
The sages and the heroes and the bards

Whose verse, set to the thunder of the seas,
Seems as immortal as their ceaseless music?
O God! I fain would deem thou livest not,
And that this world hath sprung up from chance seed,
Unknown to thee, and is not reckoned on.
Hell solves all doubts.—Come to me, Lucifer!

LUCIFER. Lo, I am here, and ever prompt When called for.

How speed thy general pleasures?

FESTUS. Bravely! Joys
Are bubble-like: what makes them bursts them too.
And, like the Milky Way there, dim with stars,
The soul that numbers most will shine the less.

LUCIFER. No matter; mind it not.

FESTUS. Yet, joys of earth,
That ye should ruin spirits is too hard.
Who can avoid ye? Who can say ye nay
Or take his eyes from off ye? Who so chaste?

LUCIFER. They have wellnigh unimmortalized myself.

FESTUS. Yet have they naught to sate the pining spirit
Which doth enamour immortality.
No; they are all base, impure, ruinous,
The harlots of the heart. Forgive me, God!
I am getting too forlorn to live—too waste.
Aught that I can or do, love shoots by me
Like a train upon an iron road. And yet
I need not now reproach mine arm or aim,
For I have winged each pleasure as it flew,
How swift or high soever in its flight.
We cannot live alone. The heart must have
A prop without, or it will fall and break;
But nature's common joys are common cheats.
As he who sails southward beholds, each night,
New constellations rise, all clear and fair,
So o'er the waters of the world, as we
Reach the mid-zone of life, or go beyond,
Beauty and bounty still beset our course;
New beauties wait upon us everywhere;
New lights enlighten and new worlds attract;
But I have seen and I have done with all.
Friendship hath passed me like a ship at sea,
And I have seen no more of it. I had
A friend with whom in boyhood I was wont
To learn, think, laugh, weep, strive and love together,
For we were alway rivals in all things—
Together up high springy hills to trace
A runnel to its birthplace, to pursue
A river; to search haunt old ruined towers
And muse in them; to scale the cloud-clad hills
While thunders murmured in our very ear;
To leap the lair of the live cataract
And pray its foaming pardon for the insult;
To dare the broken tree-bridge across the stream;
To crouch behind the broad white waterfall,
Tongue of the glen, like to a hidden thought,
Dazzled and deafened, yet the more delighted;
To reach the rock which makes the fall and pool,
There to feel safe, or not to care if not;
To fling the free foot over my native hills,
Which seemed to breathe the bracing breeze we loved
The more it lifted up our loosened locks,
That naught might be between us and the skies;
Or, hand in hand, leap, laughing, with closed eyes,

In Trent's death-loving deeps; yet was she kind
Ever to us, and bare us buoyant up,
And followed our young strokes, and cheered us on—
Even as an elder sister bending above
A child to teach it how to order its feet—
As quick we dashed, in reckless rivalry
To reach, perchance, some long green floating flag
Just when the sun's hot lip first touched the stream,
Reddening to be so kissed; and we rejoiced,
As breasting it on we went over depth and death,
Strong in the naked strife of elements,
Toying with danger in as little fear
As with a maiden's ringlets. And oft, at night,
Bewildered and bewitched by favorite stars,
We would breathe ourselves amid unfooted snows,
For there is poetry where aught is pure;
Or over the still dark heath leap along like harts
Through the broad moonlight; for we felt where'er
We leapt the golden gorse or lowly ling
We could not be from home. That friend is gone.
There's the whole universe before our souls:
Where shall we meet next? Shall we meet again?
Oh, might it be in some far happy world
That I might light upon his lonely soul
Hard by some broad blue stream, where high the hills,
Wood-bearded, sweep to its brink, musing, as wont,
With love-like sadness upon sacred things?
For much in youth we loved and mused on them.
To say what ought to be to human wills,
And measure mortals sternly; to explore
The bearings of men's duties and desires;
To note the nature and the laws of mind;
To balance good with evil, and compare
The nature and necessity of each;
To long to see the ends and end of things,
Or, if no end there be, the endless then,
As suns look into space,—these were our joys,
Our hopes, our meditations, our attempts.
And if I have enjoyed more love than others,
It is but superior suffering, and is more
Than balanced by the loss of one we love.
And love itself hath passed. One fond fair girl
Remains—one only; and she loves me still,
But it is not love I feel; it is pure kindness.
How shall I find another like my last?
The golden and the gorgeous loveliness—
A sunset beauty! Ah! I saw it set.
My heart, alas! set with it. I have drained
Life of all love as doth an iron rod
The heavens of lightning; I have done with it
And all its waking woes and dreamed-of joys.
No more shall beauty star the air I live in,
And no more will I wake at dead of night
And hearken to the roaring of the wind
As though it came to carry one away,
Claiming for sin. Ah! I am lost for ever.
To earn the world's delights by equal sins
Seems the great aim of life; the aim succeeds:
Here it is madness, and perdition there.
And, but for thee, I had renounced these joys—
These cursed joys—my soul now writhes among
Like to a half-crushed reptile on a rose;

Ay, but for thee, I might have now been happy!

LUCIFER. Why charge, why wrong, me thus?

When first I knew thee,
I deemed it thine ambition to be damned.
Thine every thought, almost, had gone from good
As far as finite is from infinite,
And then thou wast as near to me as now.
Thou hadst declined in worship and in wish
To please thy God, nor wouldst thou e'er repent.
What more need I to justify attempt?
Have I shrunk back from granting aught I promised?
Thy love of knowledge—is that satisfied?

FESTUS. It is. Yet knowledge is a doubtful boon—

Root of all good and fruit of all that's bad.
I have caused face to face with elements—
Yea, learned the luminous language of the skies
And the angelic kindred of high Heaven,
The bright articulations of all spheres,
Impetuous-hearted orbs and mountain-maned,
Aye circling onward breathless through the air,
And wisest stars which speak themselves in signs
Too sacred to be explicable here;
And now what better am I? Nearer God?
When the void finds a voice, mine answer know.

LUCIFER. Say, dost thou feel to be mortal, or immortal?

FESTUS. Away and let me die alone.

LUCIFER. I go;
And I will come again, but spare thee now
One hour to think. [*Goes.*

FESTUS. On all things. God, my God!
One hour to sum a life's iniquities!
One hour to fit me for eternity—
To make me up for judgment and for God!
Only one hour to curse thee! Nay, for that
There may be endless hours. God! I despair,
And I am dying. Let me hold my breath;
I know not if I ever may draw another.
I feel Death blowing hard at the lamp of life;
My heart feels filling like a sinking boat;
It will soon be down—down. What will 'come of me?
It is as I always wished it: I shall die
In darkness, and in silence and alone.
Even my last wish is petted. God, I thank thee;
It is the earnest of thy coming— What?
Forgiveness? Let it be so, for I know not
What I have done to merit endless pain.
Is pleasure crime? Forbid it, God of bliss!
Who spurn at this world's pleasures lie to God
And show they are not worthy of the next.
What are thy joys we know not, nor can we
Come near thee in thy power nor truth nor justice;
The nearest point wherein we come toward thee
Is loving, making love and being happy.
Thou wilt not chronicle our sand-like sins,
For sin is small and mean and barren; good
Only is great and generous and fruitful.
Number the mountains, not the sands, O God!
God will not look as we do on our deeds,
Nor yet as others. If he more condemn,
Shall he not more approve? A few fair deeds

Bedeck my life like gilded cherubs on
A tomb beneath which lie dust, decay and darkness,
But each is better than the other thinks.
Thank God! man is not to be judged by man,
Or, man by man, the world would damn itself.
What do I see? It is the dead. They rise
In clouds, and clouds come sweeping from all sides
Upward to God; and now they are all gone—
Gone, in a moment, to eternity.
But there is something near me.

SPIRIT. It is I.

FESTUS. Go on; I follow when it is my time.

There is no shadow on the face of life;
It is the noon of fate. Why may not I die?
Methinks I shall have yet to slay myself.
I am calm now. Can this be the same heart
Which when it did sleep slept from dizziness
And pure rapidity of passion, like
The centre circlet of the whirlpool's wheel?
The earth is breaking up; all things are thawing;
River and mountain melt into their atoms:
A little time, and atoms will be all.
The sea boils, and the mountains rise and sink
Like marble bubbles, bursting into death.
O thou Hereafter, on whose shore I stand,
Waiting each toppling moment to engulf me,
What am I? Say, thou Present! say, thou Past!
Ye three wise children of Eternity!
A life? a death? and an immortal? all?
Is this the threefold mystery of man,
The lower, darker trinity of earth?
It is vain to ask. Naught answers me—not God.
The air grows thick and dark; the sky comes down;
The sun draws round him streaky clouds, like God
Gleaning up wrath. Hope hath leapt off my heart
And overturned it. I am bound to die.
God, why wilt thou not save? The great round world
Hath wasted to a column beneath my feet;
I will hurl me off it, then, and search the depth
Of space in this one infinite plunge! Farewell
To earth and heaven and God! Doom, spread thy lap!
I come! I come!

GOD. Forbear! Man, die!

The age of matter consummates itself;
All things that are shall end, save that is mine:
As with one world so shall it be with all,
For all are human, fallible, and false
As creature toward Creator must be aye.
But for the whole prepare ye not the less
Grade upon grade of glory, sons of God.
And Earth shall live again, and like her sons
Have resurrection to a brighter being,
And waken like a bride, or like a morning,
With a long blush of love to a new life.
Another race of souls shall rule in her—
Creatures all-loving, beautiful and holy.

FESTUS. So, Soul and Song, begin and end in heaven,
Your birthplace and your everlasting home.

SON OF GOD. Let all be God's!

GOD. World without end, and I am God alone—

The Aye, the Infinite, the Whole, the One.
I only was: nor matter else nor mind
The self-contained Perfection unconfined;
I only am: in might and mercy one,
I live in all things and am closed in none;
I only shall be: when the worlds have done,
My boundless being will be but begun.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

THE CALIPH AND SATAN.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

IN heavy sleep the caliph lay,
When some one called, "Arise and pray!"

The angry caliph cried, "Who dare
Rebuke his king for slighted prayer?"

Then, from the corner of the room,
A voice cut sharply through the gloom:

"My name is Satan. Rise! Obey
Mohammed's law; awake and pray!"

"Thy words are good," the caliph said,
"But their intent I somewhat dread;

"For matters cannot well be worse
Than when the thief says, 'Guard your purse!'

"I cannot trust your counsel, friend:
It surely hides some wicked end."

Said Satan, "Near the throne of God,
In ages past, we devils trod;

"Angels of light, to us 'twas given
To guide each wandering foot to heaven.

"Not wholly lost is that first love,
Nor those pure tastes, we knew above.

"Roaming across a continent,
The Tartar moves his shifting tent,

"But never quite forgets the day
When in his father's arms he lay;

"So we, once bathed in love divine,
Recall the taste of that rich wine.

"God's finger rested on my brow:
That magic touch! I feel it now.

"I fell, 'tis true. Oh, ask not why,
For still to God I turn my eye.

"It was a chance by which I fell;
Another takes me back from hell.

"'Twas but my envy of mankind—
The envy of a loving mind.

"Jealous of men, I could not bear
God's love with this new race to share.

"But yet God's tables open stand;
His guests flock in from every land:

"Some kind act toward the race of men
May toss us into heaven again.

"A game of chess is all we see,
And God the player, pieces we.

"White, black—queen, pawn—'tis all the same,
For on both sides he plays the game.

"Moved to and fro from good to ill,
We rise and fall as suits his will."

The caliph said, "If this be so
I know not, but thy guile I know;

"For how can I thy words believe,
When even God thou didst deceive?

"A sea of lies art thou—our sin
Only a drop that sea within."

"Not so," said Satan; "I serve God—
His angel now, and now his rod.

"In tempting I both bless and curse,
Make good men better, bad men worse.

"Good coin is mixed with bad, my brother;
I but distinguish one from the other."

"Granted," the caliph said, "but still
You never tempt to good, but ill.

"Tell, then, the truth, for well I know
You come as my most deadly foe."

Loud laughed the fiend: "You know me well,
Therefore my purpose I will tell.

"If you had missed your prayer, I knew
A swift repentance would ensue,

"And such repentance would have been
A good outweighing for the sin.

"I chose this humbleness divine,
Born out of fault, should not be thine,

"Preferring prayers elate with pride
To sin with penitence allied."

Translation of JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

LOVERS FIND LOVE HATH NO PHYSICIAN.

A RESTLESS lover I espied
That went from place to place,
Lay down and turned from side to side,
And sometimes on his face;
And when that med'cines were applied
In hope of intermission,
As one that felt no ease he cried,
"Hath Cupid no physician?"

What do the ladies with their looks,
Their kisses and their smiles?
Can no receipts in those fair books
Repair their former spoils?
But they complain as well as we:
Their pains have no remission;
And when both sexes wounded be,
Hath Cupid no physician?

Have we such palsies and such pains,
Such fevers and such fits,
No quintessential chymic grains,
No Æsculapian wits,
No creature can beneath the sun
Prevail in opposition?
And when all wonders can be done,
Hath Cupid no physician?

Into what poison do they dip
Their arrows and their darts,
That, touching but an eye or lip,
The pain goes to our hearts?
But now I see, before I get
Into their inquisition,
That Death had never surgeon yet,
Nor Cupid a physician.

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

SELECTION FROM MIH TEIH.

From the Chinese Classics.

MIH TEIH was a native and an officer of the State of Mung. The time in which he lived is a matter of dispute, but he probably flourished about 400 B. C. His theory was that the root of all social evils is to be traced to the want of mutual love.

UNIVERSAL MUTUAL LOVE.

Suppose that universal mutual love prevailed throughout the empire—if men loved others as they love themselves, disliking to exhibit what was unfilial. Would there be those who were unkind? Looking on their sons, younger brothers and ministers as themselves, and disliking to exhibit what was unkind, the want of filial duty would disappear. And would there be thieves and robbers? When every man regarded his neighbor's house as his own, who would be found to steal? When every one regarded his neighbor's person as his own, who would be found to rob? Thieves and robbers would disappear. And would there be great officers throwing one another's families into confusion and princes attacking one another's States? When princes regarded other States as their own, what one would begin an attack? Great officers throwing one another's families into confusion and princes attacking one another's States would disappear.

If, indeed, universal mutual love prevailed throughout the empire, one State not attacking another and one family not throwing another into confusion, thieves and robbers nowhere existing, rulers and ministers, fathers and sons, all being filial and kind,—in such a condition the empire would be well governed. On this account how many sages whose business it is to effect the good government of the empire do other than prohibit hatred and advise to love? On this account it is affirmed that universal mutual love throughout the empire will lead to its happy order, and that mutual hatred leads to confusion. This was what our master, the philosopher Mih, meant when he said, "We must not but advise to the love of others."

Translation of James Legge, D. D.

ERINNA.

ERINNA, who flourished about B. C. 600, was a Lesbian, and was the intimate friend of Sappho, whose measure she adopted. She composed, however, in a variety of styles; and, in hexameter verse, was thought to rival Homer. She died at the early age of nineteen, and must certainly have been a prodigy of genius.

EPITAPH ON A VIRGIN OF MITYLENE WHO DIED ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

From the Greek of Erinna.

The virgin Myrtis' sepulchre am I;
Creep softly to the pillared mount of woe,
And whisper to the grave in earth below,
"Grave, thou art envious in thy cruelty!"
To thee, now gazing here, her barbarous fate
These bride's adornments tell; that with the fire
Of Hymen's torch, which led her to the gate,
Her husband burned the maid upon her pyre.
Yes, Hymen, thou didst change the marriage song
To the shrill wailing of the mourners' throng.

Translation of Bland.

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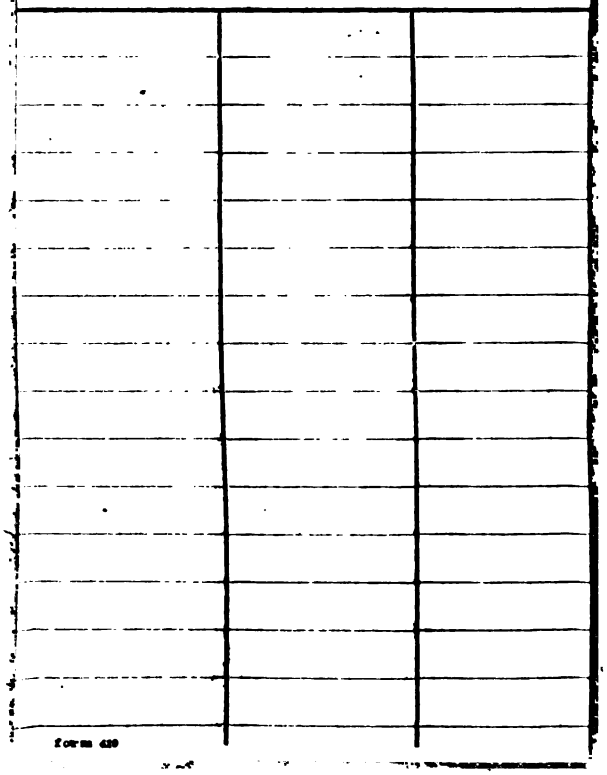

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